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PREFACE.

My friend, Robert Carlton, has been several times solicited to fulfill a promise given in his other work, viz., to write the Old Purchase. In reply, however, he has always said in substance, that, "not having got such a bargain as he had expected, he is resolved on making no more Purchases: that, beside, the Old World is all written up, since in there every person did his own writing, and manufactured his own poetry, authors being as plenty as readers; hence, that all sorts of folks were seeking to sell literary wares; ready, indeed, to exchange commodities, giving usually boot, and not rarely bestowing their surplus of wit, science, and incidents, gratuitously. Like the opposition barber that shaved for three pence and gave a drink of beer for nothing, many often lecture at an *expense* (!)

to themselves, provided you will merely *buy* their books and charts!"

"Nay, every elevation, hill or mountain," he contends further, "has been ascended, and from the summit every scene of lake or land described, poetized, painted! Every meadow has been measured, every water befished; every woman, in or out of pantalettes and tournures, besonneted; every thing galvanized, phrenologized, mesmerized: in short, that every body has seen all places, is acquainted with every body else, and knows, in all matters, more than ever was known before, or ever can be known again!"

The reader will readily perceive a good deal of common-place in such a reply; and, perhaps, a little peevishness; still my friend insists that he will not do the Old Purchase, and so the world must be, this time, the losers.

I am happy, however, in having gained his consent to the publication of certain letters written, for some time past, in answer to letters of my own, designed, on my part, to elicit his sentiments and opinions on certain points, which may be learned from a perusal of the present volume. A few of my own epistles are inserted where it seemed important; if I have mis-

judged, it is hoped the presumption is not unpardonable.

The reader may rest assured that the incidents, narratives, and illustrative anecdotes in the letters are strictly, nay, some of them almost verbally, true; such alteration in names and places merely, being adopted, as might best screen the true individuals and scenes of their action. My friend's earnest desire is to instruct, far more than to amuse. Hence, before the reader forms a decisive and final judgment about the present work, it is expected he will attentively read the whole.

Mr. Carlton had wished to revise and give a more essaical form, with a slight elevation of the style, to these letters: but it was at last concluded, that the more familiar style would be generally more acceptable, and therefore more generally useful. Letters designed to be published to the world are in great danger, through fear of the public ever before the mind of the writer, of becoming starched and formal; and, it must be confessed that some of the theological and philosophic letters in this collection seem, from that fault, to have from the first been designed for more readers than one.

My friend, who has abundant materials on hand, and who speaks rather threateningly about writing

more, when next he appears before the public, will, possibly, present himself without the intervention of the subscriber.

CHARLES CLARENCE.

Somewhereburg, 1846.

LETTERS FROM KALEIDAVILLE

IN

THE OLD PURCHASE.

LETTER I.

Dear Charles,—You insist that I am an incorrigible skeptic, and seem inclined to deliver me over to the secular arm. "What!" say you, "shall we disbelieve the evidence of the senses, and the testimony of reputable citizens?" "What," you triumphantly ask, "can be more satisfactory than experiments, such as the citizens of Somewhersburg have lately witnessed?—men, and even young *women* (!) rendered incapable of speaking! and a very mercurial dancing master arrested at the mere will of the mesmerist, and made to stand as if petrified, in the act of cutting a pigeon-wing!"

You tell me, also, that your judges, lawyers, and even *clergymen*, begin to be convinced that phrenology and mesmerism "have something in them;" and that at your special desire the clairvoyant was led to Kaleidaville, where she saw, in a kind of a place, a remarkable looking gentleman with something like a feather or something else in his fingers, or somewhere near him;—in which very lucid description you at once recognized your humble servant,—and that without doubt the lady saw me writing a letter!

Very near the truth this, Charles, for on the identical night I certainly was "in a kind of place," being at a phrenological lecture; and at the earnest request of the company, I did consent to sit for my phrenology! It is certainly a

most delightful art, and does one as well as a flattering mirror. Whether the head-fumbler had previously ascertained my character, or whether struck with my appearance and port, is uncertain: but he made so decided a hit, as to draw forth the applause of the company, and *tickle* my vanity not a little. And then the said lecturer did unhesitatingly declare, what every body already knew, that my developments showed the author, and that I certainly must have written one book at least, and would doubtless write another! Your clairvoyant came very near seeing a feather, or something like one.

But notwithstanding this admission, and that I did then and there see some marvellous sights with my own natural eyes; as, for example, several interesting young men nailed to the wall, by the tips of their forefingers, with their eyes open and yet asleep; also three or four magnetized personages go off quick as a percussion cap, the instant their bumps were judiciously touched by a proper wand; and, although I did moreover distinctly see a "set to," in which the combatants could not hit each others' faces, while they did most desperately aim to do so, coming indeed so near, that one of the parties *did* flinch—(which, by the way, was contrary to rule, as the youngsters were supposed to know nothing of the external world all the time)—and, although a very modest young lady did prophesy in her sleep—(*modest*, I say, because she only did such things in company when not exactly herself)—and did prescribe medicines, and visit the fixed stars, and disclose more wonders than the man in the great moon-hoax ever saw; and, although Mr. John Smith, whom all know, and deacon Goodman, and the Rev. Persuasive Creditworthy, all testified to the unimpeachable character of the illuminati, and all by acclamation voted the whole no humbug—I remain a skeptic! and as to this subject, like Gibbon on another, entrench myself behind the skeptic's "impregnable barrier—suspicion."

The fact is, I seemed so tickled and looked so stupid and silly during the search after my developments, that the wise man never discovered my doubting-organ—a real Mont Blanc amidst my other pigmy cranial protuberances—for I have felt it myself: hence I am a born doubter, even as many are *natural* believers of these modern wonders; and

like them I merit neither praise nor blame for my propensity, as I cannot help it.

Nor am I quite so unphilosophical as you hint; because, in accordance with the Baconian rule, if I find one cause sufficient to account for the phenomena, I am excused from looking for others. But this cause I do find in man's perverse love of imposition, whether in its active or passive sense; for in certain matters men love no less to be deceived than to deceive: and in such cases the deceivers and deceived will, on the one side, scruple at no contrivance and artifice, and, on the other, will yield readily to any specious trickery. This holds, all the way from popish miracle down to mormonism and mesmerism, including cures from galvanized rings and watch-keys, and magnetized cough-drops, and by water processes both hot and cold. At all events, Charles, I find it easier to admit the belief of trickery than to call absurdity and impossibility, truth: and so, if you *will* call me incorrigible, I answer—feel my organ.

As to your reiterated argument that the brain is the special seat and house of the soul, I *doubt*. If I believe at all here, I rather incline to say with Professor Bush that "the soul is not like a bird in a cage but water in a sponge." In this way, it is manifest that the soul can more conveniently on some occasions be *absorbed;* although it is possible that men of *little souls* have the article confined to the head.

Time was when qualities both moral and intellectual were deemed resident in different quarters or parts of the body, as for instance in the breast and bowels; and popular opinion was then equally good authority and guide for systems of mental and moral developments from exterior signs. Nay, to this very hour we all speak of *good hearts* morally, as of *sound heads* intellectually; and my own consciousness persuades me, not infrequently, by certain motions and emotions within my chest and parts adjacent, which movements both precede and follow certain mental states, that my spiritual part is as really present there, as in my head. This, too, is countenanced by the popular mode of praising generous men by naming them "*all* heart and soul"—"*whole*-souled fellows"—and "fellows that *feel* all over."

Hence, I do verily believe that a system of moral and mental philosophy, indicated by external signs, may be con-

structed, as ingenious, as honest, and equally popular, truth-like, and successful as the reigning system. The new one shall rest on the shape, size, tension, relaxation, flaccidity of the chest, and the size of the breast, the palpitation of the heart; and it shall set forth what food and exercise shall have the proper tendency to the development of the signs, and by consequence to the development of a good conscience, and the largest charity. At first sight, the proposed system is not a whit more worthy of contempt, than the old, which is built on the shape of a skull, or the size of its swellings, or the hardness and softness of the bone: and as to seeming facts, the new would, in three months, outnumber the other system.

Science would, perhaps, fumble for its data, even more in the dark than it does now; but the great advantage would arise that we should be delightfully *tickled* into the knowledge of our virtues and—vices.

However, I must not get too deep, lest, being dubbed philosopher, I lose the credit of obeying my natural bumps. In my next, expect, Charles, some narrations showing the influence of imagination; in which will be seen that the *truth* in here at Kaleidaville, is strange as your *fiction* out there at Somewhersburg.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER II.

Dear Charles,—Many years ago there lived in our beautiful village a very respectable family called Dorson. Its members were intelligent, and for the times well educated; and their circle of acquaintance comprised the best families. One thing, however, greatly marred their happiness. The eldest child, a young lady of engaging manners, affectionate heart, and pious spirit, became, on her approach to maturity, a prey to a strange disease that baffled all skill of the physician, and threatened to lay her in an early grave.

She received the information of her speedy death with no alarm, and calmly prepared to obey the summons, which

at any moment, was likely to call her home. The family, however, could not so easily consent to part with this beloved daughter, and, hoping against hope, were prepared to deceive themselves, and were also willing to be deceived with expectation of cure from any strange, mysterious, or even supernatural source. They were, indeed, honest; yet desire obscured the perception of truth, and invested falsehood with its semblance. Perhaps truth was secretly disliked, and that would make even error pleasing: for we *do* believe as we wish.

In this state of mind the affectionate family, consisting of the parents and several brothers and sisters, were, a few days after the sentence of the medical friend was pronounced, all standing around the bed, and gazing with broken hearts on the emaciated face of the dying girl, when suddenly the window of the room, that opened into a piazza, was darkened by the apparition of a strange man. He was apparently a beggar, uncouth in his figure, and wrapped in a tattered and filthy cloak; destitute of hat and shoes, his hair matted, and his dirt-begrimed face illumined by two fierce and fiery eyes.

Raising the sash, in a sharp voice he demanded, "What is the matter with this girl?"

"She is dying!" replied the astonished friends.

"Dying! yes, so she is—but I can cure her," replied the mendicant; and at the same time passing to the door, he, uninvited, entered the room.

The afflicted party, willing not only to catch at any straw of hope, but even to create one, and imagining they discerned something mysterious in the sudden appearance of this squalid beggar, eagerly asked if he really could do what he had said, and voluntarily offered to reward him liberally if he would give life to the dying.

"Yes," said the fellow, "I *can* cure her, and all I ask as pay is—one quart of whisky."

To be sure, Charles, this reward was asked long before the temperance era, yet it must seem strange, to all having little or no acquaintance with facts illustrative of our love of deception where we wish to be deceived, that the Dorsons, a family who in other circumstances would probably have instantly turned such an insolent intruder into the street, did not only allow him to try his jugglery, but agreed to pay his price!

It was determined, however, to ask the permission of the family physician, the friends not fearing that, as he had pronounced the case hopeless, any objection on his part would be urged.

Beyond measure amazed at the folly of the proposal, it for the first suddenly occurred to his mind, that as so much imagination belonged to the parents, possibly the disease of the patient was imaginary: and as all had faith enough to be healed in *any* way, he resolved to anticipate the beggar, and save the family from the ridicule his preposterous attempt might bring upon them. The physician, therefore, assuming a mysterious air, and looking very intently on the patient said, in a confident tone,

"Mary! I think I can cure you,—but the means are strange,—will you make the trial?"

"Can you indeed cure her? doctor," replied all.

"Yes—I think so—indeed I am confident; I now understand the case—yes, I have the remedy."

Well, Charles, the physician went to his office, and in due time returned with the medicine. Standing by the bed, and in the presence of the anxious friends, taking a small box from his pocket, he thus addressed the patient:

"Mary! you are a religious young woman, and happily in possession of a Christian's hope; death to you, therefore, as we all believe, can only be gain. Indeed, I well know you are not afraid to die, and that for some time you have even been desirous to go to your Heavenly Father. Now, Mary, I have in this box three pills, and you must take them exactly as I prescribe, and the effects will follow precisely as I tell you. In all human probability, after you have taken the pills, you will be cured,—but if not, you will instantly die. If you do not take the pills at all, you will die, but perhaps not quite so soon—what do you say? Are you ready for the trial?"

A deep and solemn silence now reigned in the chamber, broken by an occasional sob of some anguished heart, in that group of agitated friends; in the midst of which Mary calmly and faintly replied to the physician's proposal, "I am ready!"

"Well then," replied the physician, "take this smallest pill and swallow it; if you are to live you will, in about half

an hour, feel as if the pain in your hip was falling down your thigh: then, quick as possible swallow the largest pill. But if the pain after the first pill does not go down, you need not take the second one. If you take, however, the second after the favorable symptom of the first, you will pretty soon find the pain going still lower towards your knee—and that very instant swallow the middle-sized pill, when the pain will seem to shoot from your foot like a bullet, and then—you are cured!"

The doctor now took his leave, as other patients awaited his attendance, promising, however, to return in a few hours, when he confidently expected, as he said, to see Mary restored to health.

In two hours the physician returned, and was instantly overwhelmed with bursts of gratitude and wondering exclamations by the whole family, who fairly carried him into the girl's chamber; and there, sure enough, she sat smiling and talking, and eager to give her beloved physician a minute account of her almost miraculous cure.

"Yes, doctor," said she, "it was just as you predicted; after the first pill, in *less* than half an hour I distinctly perceived something moving about an inch downward, as if the hip bone were sinking; but directly after the second pill, it fell away below my knee—and then when I quickly swallowed the third pill, the whole went right out of my toe, and I felt I was cured!"

And, Charles, she *staid* cured, and that for many years; and this miracle, far surpassing any mesmeric or even popish miracle, was owing to the most potent energy of—*three wheat bread pills!*

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER III.

Dear Charles,—And so you sneer at the "bread pills," as mere stuff! and ask me to account for the wonders of your phreno-mesmerist! But, sir, do you account for the efficacy of the pills, and then I pledge myself to account for your amazing

fact, that "the young man of good character did, in a mesmeric sleep, go to Miss Prude's chamber, and actually describe on the toilet a something like an enormous sausage, swollen in the middle, with tails at each end like tape-worms; and when Miss Prude indignantly denied all knowledge of such a monster being in her room when she left for the lecture, Miss Foril, the milliner, rose and modestly begged leave to say, that 'calling at Miss Prude's and finding her out, she had left on her table a *new tournure!*'" And "is not *that*," you triumphantly ask, "demonstration palpable, visible?"

But, Charles, is it very wonderful that a clairvoyant, even if but half asleep, should think he saw "a sausage" affair in a lady's dressing-room? The wonder is he should see any thing else; for the whole female world is nearly encompassed in—bustle. And, moreover, I do stoutly maintain that it is, for me at least, easier to believe that "the young man of good character" had made an arrangement with Miss Foril to call and leave the article, than to believe his spirit went forth from his body on a bustle-hunt! Neither nature nor science can be so essentially impertinent.

When clairvoyants reveal where treasure is hid, or murdered victims are buried; where are springs of water or mines of gold, or tell about the spiritual world—why in such sort of matters we can give in to the deception; we are willing to be deceived, for after all, the clairvoyant sees no more than a thousand waking dreamers see and believe every day, nor half so much as some learned and philosophic religionists see even now, and believe:—but that the spirit of a *man* should be let out, and sent to pry into a lady's bed-chamber, and tell where her slippers lie, or "something like a long and hollow leather something,"—bah! Clarence, you can't be such a dunce.

Come, I will tell you another story, but alas! not with an ending like the first.

Some twenty years since, and within fifty miles of Kaleidaville, lived a man known as the Indian Doctor. He did not, however, confine himself to a mere herbal practice, but he professed, in all cases where it was impossible or inconvenient for patients to come to his house, that he was able to cure, even without a prescription, all sick persons who would

believe in his power and give him in a letter a description of the complaint, with their real name, precise age, and their height and complexion; and incredible as some may deem it, cures, or seeming cures, were effected in this way.

Forty miles from the faith-doctor's residence, was a substantial farmer, whose wife, for many years, had been what is often called "ailing;" and who, after in vain having tried the "regular doctors," prevailed on her husband to try Doctor Herbal. The husband consenting, on a certain day a letter, properly written and with the fee inclosed, was handed to the farmer's man, who, mounting his horse at the door, set out on the journey. In the meanwhile the wife, wholly unable to rise from her bed, on seeing the man ride away with the letter, called her husband from the door to the bedside, and thus addressed him:

"Husband, when do you think John will reach the doctor's?"

"Well, Molly," answered he, "I have ordered John to ride exactly so many miles an hour, and making all necessary allowances for stops and so on, he will reach the doctor's to-morrow evening at sundown."

"And then, husband," rejoined the wife, "I shall be cured—I know—I feel it; yes, husband, as soon as the doctor reads and wills me to be cured, I shall get right up out of this bed!"

The morrow came, and just as the sun was setting, the farmer's wife, to the utter amazement of the husband and the whole family, did actually arise from her bed! and relieved, too, from all her sickness and weakness! Nay, she deliberately, and without aid, dressed herself and engaged with cheerfulness in her domestic duties. Nor, from that hour, did she take medicine, or complain of any pain or disorder.

Full six months elapsed, and then the wife, wishing to celebrate her miraculous cure, made a feast, and invited her numerous friends and neighbros, who, full of joy and wonder, came. Never had the wife been apparently so well. Her spirits were exuberant, and with a thankful heart, she spoke of her recovery, and was loud in praise of the wonderful doctor and his miraculous cures. At this moment,

the kind husband, playfully and affectionately taking his wife's hand, said :—

"Molly ! I do believe you are, indeed, well ; and we are all happy—but, wife, I cannot allow the deception to go any further—the letter we wrote never went to the doctor's at all—John only staid out of the way for two or three days—and here is the letter now !"

"Rash man !" I exclaimed, to the gentleman who knows the incident to be true, and who related it to me ; "rash man ! he endangered her life !"

"Alas !" replied my friend, "you are but too correct in this apprehension : the woman was on the very instant seized with all her former symptoms ; she took to her bed again, and in ten days we laid her in the grave !"

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER IV.

Dear Charles,—Are you in earnest in defending phrenomagnetism ? Are you drawing me out merely ? Surely you will not insist on it, as argument conclusive, that "good and pious men believe and practise it ; that we ought not *impertinently* (!) to propose experiments, but be content with such manifestations as nature may be pleased *voluntarily* to exhibit ; that you yourself have witnessed the drawing of teeth, the removing of tumors, and other surgical operations on patients in the mesmeric state," &c.

My dear fellow, if "good and pious men" were never weak ; if such had never been deceived, and could not be deceived ; if "old Adam were never too strong for young Melancthon ;" I would give a more logical answer to your proton-pseudos. But come, sir, what have you to urge in defence of witchcraft ? Pray, did not "good and pious men," men of piety and intelligence, too, far transcending the present good men, who think there is something in mesmerism, did they not believe in witchcraft ? Were they not furnished with facts innumerable, incontrovertible, and attested *under oath ?* They themselves saw the possessed,

talked with them, watched with them, prayed with and preached about them; alas! condemned some to imprisonment and death!

Why, Charles, the seeming facts in favor of witchcraft, were a thousand-fold more numerous, and ten thousand times better attested, than facts establishing our modern wonders; and yet we very sapient men of the nineteenth century, *we* sneer at the Puritans! And you, brother, are a cool and philosophic disbeliever in witches, readily ascribing all wonders in the by-gone era to delusion, and error, and weakness, and malicious trickery, and yet you pretend to believe in phrenology, and mesmerism, and clairvoyance! "Oh! consistency, and so forth!"

Reverend sir, have you forgot the history of the golden tooth? Wise, and scientific, and learned men saw the tooth in the fellow's jaw with their own eyes, (whether the tooth may have been in the jaw of an ass is not so clear, but we know where the eyes must have been,) yes, saw it with their own natural eyes, and then examined it with their spectacles on, and afterwards went to work and set forth their opposite theories to account for the *lusus naturæ*, in which was proved the *possibility*, and then the *probability* of a man's having a golden tooth! and yet, after all, the tooth proved to be a tooth neatly covered with gold-leaf—gilded for the occasion!!

And, sir, are not the holy coats, and the bottles of blood, and the thousand pieces of the true cross, and the heels of Peter's sandals, and the hairs from the beards of Moses and Aaron, and the specimens of the lice and flies sent to plague Egypt—are they not all believed in, and sworn to, and gazed at, and worshipped, by professedly good men, and wise, and learned? Yea, are not cures wrought by touching, smelling, and even looking at the relics?

Charles, let men of your cloth not tamper with delusion and trickery. Science, falsely so called, will sooner or later, with cool impudence, account for the miracles of the Bible on principles of frenzy-mesmerism, if the world can be seduced or deluded into admitting its principles; and you men that are set for the defence of truth should not countenance error.

And why will you, in so pitiful a way, entreat that we shall not demand of mesmerism any other proof or ex-

periment than its professors choose to allow? What! Charley, shall Miss Martineau's entranced maid-servant tell of the shipwreck of an hermaphrodite brig, with a cargo of rum, ginger, and slate-pencils, and may we not ask her what has become of the President? Be satisfied, say you, with such developments as nature may be pleased voluntarily to exhibit, and wait her time! Oh! shame, where is thy blush? Charles, if you do persist in this sort of supereminent nonsense, I will turn Diogenes in Lucian's dialogues, and sing at you all the best classic—*O tempora! O mores!*

Pray, sir, what does nature give in philosophies, that is not rigorously demanded from her? Is that not her own law and will, that we must pertinaciously seek what she conceals? And what principle in morals and science is true, that flinches from the test of severe and rigorous examination? Whatever here will not bear *torturing* is false. Nature's secrets are yielded only to the *rack:* and if mesmerism and its kindred fooleries are stretched tightly, and twisted inquisitorily, they will yield up nothing but the ghost!

Animal magnetism, it is affirmed, is nothing new; and claim is set up for an antiquity of many centuries. Why then has it not made more progress in the world? Why is its life spasmodic and periodical? Every thing in it is agreeable to our nature; it gratifies our love of the marvellous, our excited curiosity, our cupidity, our love of power, of gold, of pleasure, of fame, of ambition. Nor has it lacked determined advocates and enthusiastic disciples, who have said it is true and it shall be true, and men must and shall and will believe it. Steel pens, if not iron swords, have been drawn in its defence;—and it certainly needs *steel* in the pen as well as *brass* in the face—but still it only marks time in its movement, rather than marches in the world: for after the dust its occasional appearance raises is scattered, there is mesmerism just where it was when Mark Antony was mesmerized by the touch of Cleopatra, and ages before that when Samson slumbered under the fascinations of Delilah.

Now take a true science, and mark the difference. Take electro-magnetism for instance. Does that skulk into a corner, and in a sulky voice say, "You needn't ask me any more questions, for I shan't answer"? Does that go before a jus-

tice of the peace and depose under oath, like a quack doctor with some everlasting elixir of life, or some infallible corn-plaster, with power, if all exerted, sufficient to pull the very toe out of joint, and then and there swear that on a certain night in Dark Alley, at No. 39, in the third story, it did indeed and double deed cure a fit of the wind colic? No, sir; look at its open, manly countenance—it cannot stoop to that. It asks not, like your New Purchase politicians, for support to its character from certificates, and oaths, and affidavits: but it comes into your house and keeps the hour, and, twenty-four times every day, *strikes* conviction through your eyes and ears. It plays between the galvanic piles before your eyes for ever. It whirls about on the circumference of a wheel and grinds your knives and scissors. It stretches nerves of iron along your streets and across your fields and over your houses; and by means of its invisible fiery ink it *thinks* your wishes for you a thousand miles away in a moment! It ever stands in the public places and says to all comers, "Ask me what you like."

But that other thing has its nauseating tricks cut and dried—and calls them experiments! and its furnished answers, and says they are developments! It is placarded like another quackery, as from Paris or London—a sort of royal corn-cutter to majesty—and a pimple eradicator to highness! And keeps on swearing itself to be true—though it looks exactly like a lie!

And what, if now and then a patient of a peculiar temperament, be lulled by soothing words and looks, peradventure by subtle essences inhaled through the nostrils or swallowed by the throat; or who, by having the mind so absorbed in contemplating something else, is comparatively insensible to pain: for *that* is possible, and especially where the operator is pre-eminently skilful and his instruments perfect! How often, too, where we anticipate and dread an operation, supposing it necessarily to be very painful, and find it actually much less than our expectations, how easily do we say the pain was none? Why, Charles, you remember the tooth pulled for me by the Hoosier doctor on Big Bear Wallow Bottom—don't you know how I magnified the torture by anticipation, and yet, it was so little in reality that I jumped up and cried, "Doctor, it did not hurt at all!" Unlucky fel-

low, why did he not mesmerize me beforehand?—Falsehood thus could have been established for truth; and he could have emptied all the jaws and pockets in the Big Bear Wallow settlement!

I shall, however, conclude this *lengthy* letter by making it a little *lengthier* with the addition of an incident or two.

Not long since, in this very village, a man had the artery of his arm taken up and tied—an operation known to be painful in general, but in this case uncommonly painful and tedious; and yet, so quiet did he remain, with his eyes closed, that some of the attendants said he was asleep, and the operator himself feared he had fainted: but he was neither asleep nor in a swoon, for he was wide awake! Suppose our surgeon, knowing the man's character of fortitude, had previously arranged with him the behaviour of one mesmerized for an operation, how easy for even medical bystanders to have been deceived, and then to have given certificates to the world? And even learned and scientific human nature will stoop to trickery for gold and glory.

We had, also, among us in by-gone days a poor creature called Betsey Coblit; from the following incident, however, better known as Bet Possum. Ashamed to beg openly, and yet unwilling to work, she affected to be "sickly:" and in this vocation so wrought on the sympathies of our good ladies, as not only to be pitied and visited, but liberally supplied with food and clothing. Desirous to ascertain how much she was valued, poor Bet resolved to die. Hence, one sad morning, the doctor was summoned in much haste to her house; and on arriving was met at the door by several of the sorrowing ladies, or sisters of charity—(for Protestants have many such, though unincorporated)—and with the exclamation, "Doctor, you are too late, poor Betsey is gone—she has breathed her last!—poor thing, we did all we could—but alas! she is gone!"

The physician thought, however, he would take a kind of professional look; and so he entered the chamber of death. And sure enough there lay the poor creature, her jaw fallen, her eyes half open and glassy, one hand on her breast, and the other one extended towards the outer edge of the bed. A lady was near who had been holding a looking-glass over the face of the dead—but in vain, its surface was

undimmed. From habit, our doctor took the arm that was extended, and was in no small degree surprised to find a pretty fair pulse with a regular beat!

He made no remark at this, nor even changed a feature, but stepping to the table picked up a vial of liquid hartshorn, and while the kind-hearted ladies stood around, some with elevated and mourning eyebrows—others with sad tears falling on their cheeks—and others again audibly sobbing—(for poor Bet was no better than she should have been)—the doctor suddenly emptied the whole of the liquid into the open mouth of the subject!

The explosion of combined cough—sneeze—gasp—and strangled exclamation from poor Bet was really terrific: and the astonishment of the company baffles description. And so our heorine *acted* as well as a *mesmerized* woman under the best artists could have done, and richly deserves for ever to stand at the head of the Betsey Possums.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER V.

Dear Charles,—And could *you* remain a witness of such a scene as described in your last, and not rebuke the gross folly and impiety? Surely you need no argument against insanity so monstrous or hypocrisy so diabolical!

Charles, there is a short way for us of dealing with all such matters, and that is this: "Let God be true and every man a liar." When I am well satisfied that any seeming science, with all its array of seeming fact and wonder and miracle, *is* opposed to the Bible, I coolly and most determinately call it—*a lie!* Its believers and advocates and admirers and professors, in return, may then call me what they like—a bigot, a fool, a fanatic, a poor dawdling nincompoop unworthy the age, or worse.

Do they call on me to look at the evidence in its favor? I say, No; what is opposed to the plain, obvious, common-sense view of the Scriptures, *can have no evidence.* This, sir, is my philosophy, and this is all that can prevent us

plain folks from being "blown about with every wind of doctrine." For instance, I know there is a God. I know this from reason, from revelation, from feeling. Now, when an atheist comes into my neighborhood, I shun him as I would *hell*. He may be learned, and bland, and argumentative; and he may offer to show me most cogent reasons for his atheism, if I will only listen. But I will *not* listen: he is a liar, and the truth is not, and *cannot* be in him. All this he may deem obstinacy, discourteousness, and the like; and he may regard me as priest-ridden, and as afraid of the devil; and he may sneer at me, as led by faith and not by reason, —I am unmoved. I will not even *hear* him advance proof of a lie.

Does any one, therefore, say, "Mr. Carlton, do you not believe that a person in the mesmeric trance can behold things in the spiritual world?"—I interrupt him and say, "Begone." Does he offer me proof that the thing is possible? I say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Does he then become angry, and call me agreeable names? I say, "Bah!"

Not only does Scripture assure me of the impossibility of such things, but my whole reason revolts at the idea; and from my very soul, I either pity the frightful delusion, or abhor the awful profanity.

Charles, clergyman as you are, I tremble at the possibility of your being caught in the snare, if you go into the way of the tempter. Have not many professedly good men, yea, have not several ministers of the gospel been utterly befooled by this outrageous nonsense? And what is usually the result? Most neglect their clerical duties; and others go wondering after the beast, till they get a mark to carry with them to the grave. One, I am told, attributing all the influences of religion to *mesmeric influence*, instead of a divine influence, abjures not only his clerical character, but his very christianity, and becomes an itinerant mountebank and idler, selling phrenological charts and other gammons and guzzles to the silly and the vain, while *one*—aye, Uncle Toby's recording angel would have dropped a tear in writing it—*one*, alas! noble and mighty in the intellectual and theological world, *thinks* he expects, by the wondrous disclosures of mesmerism, to introduce a religion vastly more ethereal and sublimated than that of the Old Church! *Animal* magnetism it is, most truly,—and of the earth, earthy!

Oh! Charles Clarence, the spirituality of the moral man inwrought by a divine agent, is something measurelessly different from the *spirituel* of French vivacity, German transcendentalism, poetic elevation, papistical fervor, or Swedenborgian vagaries. What pride and self-complacency is that, which would make our refined earthly airiness equal, or even superior to, a heaven-produced sanctification! Aye! these profound and learned gentlemen say—"Blockhead! your skull is too thick, you do not understand us—we are too deep for your sounding-line—stick to your last." Granted, learned masters,—but if we understand the other, that is all the light we crave—we know then that we are "of the light, and the world—(in all its forms, and under all its names,)—*is* in darkness."

If any animal magnetic fluid be abroad, it surely is of an intoxicating nature; for many completely saturated do cut strange antics, and perform wonderful somersets.

Do, dear Charles, never again countenance such exhibitions as tend to throw, directly or indirectly, discredit on our holy religion. Amuse yourself, if you must, with the common *pawing* or *paw-wowing* of phreno-mesmerism, clairvoyance, and the like:—fumble about, in combed or uncombed hair, for developments—put friends into gentle slumbers, and then draw their old snags or cut their corns—make them tell, if you can, where a pot of Kid's money is buried—or send some well-travelled clairvoyant to Kaleidaville to see what we may be a-doing—or touch the sleepy people off, first on one organ and then on another, till sparks of mental and moral qualities are drawn from all the conductors—do any or all of these grave and solemn and dignified fooleries—but do not, my dear fellow, ever again, in any shape whatever, have to do with pretended disclosures respecting the Spirit Land.

Let me tell you something that has just happened about seven miles from Kaleidaville.

A friend of mine whom I occasionally visit, not exactly in a professional way, but pretty near it, has a sick wife; and as she has for a long time been an invalid, he is very naturally inclined to quack nostrums and the like, as he despairs of the regular treatment. For a long time, however, he obstinately refused all proposals to try our village mes-

merist and his clairvoyant; but, at long last, after earnest persuasion on the part of his wife's relatives, he consented that the couple should come, and in his presence prescribe for the sick in the neighborhood; agreeing, if convinced of the truth, that the "grand medicine" should prescribe for his wife.

Well, the conjurer and his imp came. At first they confined themselves to the easier parts of the vocation; such as describing the furniture in the room, and then venturing up stairs and describing something square and flat against the wall, with such oracular accuracy that it would answer for a looking-glass, or a picture, or a box; then also something longish and rather roundish like, hanging in a dark closet, where certainly the parties never could have been, and which compendious description would apply to a bag or a breeches; till having got their hand in and the credulity of the folks up to *believe-all point*, they ventured to peep into the interior of several sick neighbors, brought thither for the purpose.

With astonishing precision they told on which side was liver and spleen, and the size and shape and situation of the kidneys—finding in one a hole, in another something like a worm, and in another something like gravel; then they described the involutions and evolutions, and, indeed, all the crinclecumcrancle of the intestines; and how this man's articles had a wrong twist, and that one's had alternate layers of unmentionable things packed within: and finally they prescribed for the sufferers, in some cases, brandy and water—(like Miss Harriet's *seer*,)—in some, three shads' heads and two cats' tails boiled into a jelly, and to be taken ten mornings, before breakfast; and, in one case of great danger, the oil of forty weasels condensed and to be rubbed on the part affected; till at last our friend, who was most essentially bamboozled at the rattling fluency of the little sleeping rascal, and his intimate acquaintance with his secret chambers and the dark regions of the human frame, asked the *seer* if he could tell any thing about Henry Gaddy?

Now said Gaddy, detected in certain criminal ways several years before, had been forced to "make himself skerse in these here diggins," and after wandering about in different parts of the world for a long time, had been reported dead.

Here was an unexpected question; and certainly no collusion could have taken place between the mesmerist and the clairvoyant; and yet the wonderful little fellow went on without embarrassment and without delay: "Gaddy!—Oh! I see a man a wanderin about!—there he goes—to France—I see him in England—Oh! goody—there he's dead—and now I see him in *heaven!*"

My friend was convinced, and he resolved that next day the *par nobile* should look into his wife, and see what *did* so baffle the regular doctors. Well, the next morning bright and early he went down to the Great River, a few rods from his dwelling, and there met, coming from on board a small coasting vessel, a man—and that was *Henry Gaddy!*

Charles, a malicious unbeliever would say the chaps told a deliberate lie! It looked like it—didn't it?

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER VI.

Dear Charles,—I still insist, with all due deference, that human nature can do any thing, however base, wicked or deceptious, to excite wonder, attract admiration, or get money. Of this there is no more doubt with me than that fire burns. Careful observers can recall innumerable instances to verify my remark. Not only every city and large town, but every village and hamlet, and even every nook of our retired settlements, has been repeatedly the theatre of the grossest impositions. Indeed, one folly succeeds another, just as fashions change; for men love variety in humbugs as they do in dress: and humbugs have their artists as any other pet of the public. Hence among us veteran doubters, *trick* is believed in preference, not only to impossibility, but even improbability; and where folly is evident, we cannot be induced even to examine pretension, unless to expose it.

For my part, Charles, I must say that the phrenological and mesmeric tricks are vastly inferior, in amusement and adroitness, to those of legerdemain. These latter have, in reality, more the semblance of a supernatural character than the others; and certainly they are more amazing.

Does your mesmerist triumphantly ask, "Sir, will you not believe your very senses? Did you not *see* that entranced person stop at the order and stand like a statue? And did you not *see* the other leap up and dance a hornpipe the instant his organ of saltation was touched? And did you not *hear* that fellow squeal out when his ear was pinched at one time and not at another, because the mesmerist so willed it—and could you or any other man have endured such a pull without crying out?"

I answer, "Oh yes! I must believe my senses to be sure. But, Doctor Rubmybump, what do *you* say to that pancake affair the other night? Did we not *see* the conjurer with our own identical eyes break two dozen fresh-laid eggs into a bran new beaver—wave over said hat his wand—*hear* with our own ears fat fry and splutter—*smell* with our own noses the essence of pancake that came steaming out of the hat—and then did we not see Mr. Sleightohand turn up the said new beaver and empty out four dozen greasy, smoking, savory slap-jacks? And did he not hand round the delicacies, and did we not actually *eat* them? Yes, doctor, and we saw him hatch from a *goose*-egg, a full grown *ring-dove*, all formed and feathered like a Minerva from the brain of a Jupiter—and then we saw that orphan dove fly around the room! Yes, sir, and we also saw the magician lick a red-hot iron poker with his own veritable tongue! Now, Doctor Rubmybump, why shall I not believe that the conjurer's tricks are as much animal magnetism as yours? The only reason, perhaps, is, on your principles, that my friend Mr. Sleightohand *said* his were *tricks*—but you call yours inexplicable mysteries, or natural developments, and so forth. Had he averred that his wonders were in obedience to the laws of an invisible, intangible, subtle fluid, moved and directed by his will and motions, and had he called in testimony to his own character and added several affidavits, his disciples, sir, would have been more numerous than your own; and how would Sleightohand have been confuted?"

To argument like this, the doctor replies, "Oh! aye! —hem! yes, but that is altogether another thing—every body *must* see that is all trickery—our *senses* were deceived." "Doubtless," we answer; "and in the other case, where we *must* know all is trickery, may not the senses be deceived?"

Above is a heavy kite, but we will fly it with an ample bob-tail:—in other words, Charles, we shall illustrate with a long tale.

In an obscure region of the adjoining county is a settlement remote from the polish and intelligence of Kaleidaville. Here are congregated some forty or fifty families, who, among other primitive habits, retain a reverence and fear of witches. Often, while riding through the district, may be seen a cracked horse-shoe nailed to the lintel of the door, forbidding all entrance to the venerable dame on a broom-stick. Here doubtless was it, that folks used to sit on Bibles to escape enchantments; although even that care did not always prevent the evil, as in the case of a respectable neighbor who, on rising to depart home, after a visit to a suspected house, found to his unutterable horror a large quarto Bible on which he had seated himself by stealth, strangely adhesive to his inexpressibles—his host's unlucky urchin of a son having unseen maliciously placed on the Bible a large plaster of shoemaker's wax!

Here, too, must have lived the poor fellow who, night after night, for months, was saddled and bridled by an old witch, and ridden, as her hobby, to a meeting of some sort, and there fastened by a halter to a worm fence; till once, in outrageous anger and vengeance, he attempted to eat off the halter and kick down the fence: at which he so entirely succeeded as to discover in the morning that he had chewed off a piece of his bed-cord, and kicked out the tail-piece of his bedstead!

Farming and churning, and blacksmithing and carpentering are, with many other matters, all done according to the waning and waxing moon. Radishes there, if planted at one time, go down deep; and manure, if spread at another, rises up and rests on the top of the grass! Worm fence itself refuses to rest, if laid in the ascent of the moon! And a friend of mine, a carpenter there, by way of experiment, shingled opposite sides of a roof at opposite times, and within three months the shingles on one side were immovable, whilst on the other, they were easily blown away—the nails driven at the unpropitious time all coming out! And my friend, a very worthy and an intelligent man, believed this as firmly as Miss Martineau believes in clairvoyance—and certainly on as good evidence.

In such a community, unusual diseases are very naturally attributed to witchcraft, and cures sought from spell and incantation; and hence deceit, whether in counterfeiting sickness, or in pretending to miraculous healing, easily gains credit. Indeed the success of any imposture indicates, not only a people's ignorance, but their wishes and tastes; nor could trickery exist if folks had not a relish for it.

But "don't forget" the story. Well, in a comfortable frame house, at the foot of a lonely mountain, lived not long since a respectable family called Herwig. A daughter was the only child. She was very pretty, but very self-willed; and often, when restrained by her parents, would become frantic with passion, and sometimes fall into a fit. On one occasion, being refused permission to attend some merry-making in the neighborhood, she became affected with violent spasms, which continued for several days, and in despite of the physician's skill. One morning this gentleman was hastily summoned to the patient; and, on his arrival at Mr. Herwig's, he was told by the terrified parents that the fits had indeed suddenly ceased, but that their poor daughter was bewitched!

Dear Charles, I had designed to make this a very long letter: but the sequel and conclusion must be reserved for my next.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER VII.

Dear Charles,—I have acted like a Turkish story-teller; and without doubt you are *on pins* till you know the rest!—and it is a *pin* story too.

Well, in proof of her daughter's bewitchment, the affrighted mother showed to the doctor more than fifty pins which she had that very day taken from the feet of the girl! And the girl herself affirmed that her whole body was full of the same, and that they felt as if they would all work down and come out at her feet!

The marvellous story soon spread through the country, and

presently multitudes of wondering folks arrived, as eager for the sight of the bewitched young woman's foot, as devout papists for the sight of a martyr's big toe. And all had ocular demonstration—for there were the pins, and there the pin holes in the feet of the damsel. And when asked how the pins came into her body, her invariable reply was, "I don't know how, only Satan filled me with them when I was in fits!"

Here then was a plain, manifest, decided case of witchcraft; and to doubt, was felt by the whole community to be madness. Indeed, every body had corroborative instances of witchcraft to relate; and all the old women, aye, all the old men too, of the settlement, declared it was high time to be looking out for the witch. And one very acute and knowing old patriarch took the doctor aside, and in a very solemn tone offered to impart to him, in confidence, a mode of detecting the witch that had been tried by his own father in detecting "old Peg Steinburg."

And as this method is perhaps the most efficacious of all known recipes, I shall, by way of episode, garnish my epic with it. The direction is as follows:

"You must," said the worthy old farmer, "take a corn cake, about the size of your hand, and then you must make on a good fire of hickory; and when you have plenty of coals, you must make a hole in the fire and chuck in the cake. Well, when your cake is covered up, you must think of the witch, and then the cake will work out; but you must keep it well covered with hot coals; and though you feel ever so sleepy you must watch all night; and then the old witch you suspect will be burned over just like the cake! And I tell you, doctor, it will do it; for my father told me before he died, that he made a cake for Old Peg Steinburg—and when he put it in the fire he heard noises about the house; but he was determined not to be frightened; and that it was as much as he could do to keep awake; and that he could hardly make the cake stay in the fire; and the next morning he went to Peg's house, and she was in bed, and when she wouldn't say what was the matter with her, he pulled down the bed clothes, and she was burnt all over just like a red blister!"

Potent and certain as was this method, our doctor declined

trying its effects: and although he was somewhat puzzled, yet observing what others in their *willing and pleasant* blindness had not cared to remark, that *the pins were all without heads!* he thought he had a clue to the mystery.

Nothing is so common as the fact that we believe and disbelieve as we wish; and very often our very senses are affected by our desires. Truth has always its evidence, and falsehood its follies and inconsistencies, if we possess sufficient skill, perseverance and *honesty*, to discover their criteria: but our skill, perseverance and honesty depend so much upon the state of our feelings and wishes, that our first care must ever be *to keep cool*. Hence it happened that, of all the hundreds of visitors and examiners, none except my friend the doctor, saw that the pins were headless; or if they saw, they drew no adverse inferences—why? Because they did not *wish* to see; or, rather than give up the theory of witchcraft, the popular and darling theory of the day, they were ready to believe that Satan, in a strange fit of tenderheartedness had clipt off the heads and used them in lieu of needles, of which article he was probably in want.

Hence the self-styled doctors and professors of mesmerism and clairvoyance, rather than abandon one folly, will propagate another; or, for instance, they will deny the attraction of matter, or will contend that matter is only another form of spirit; and offer even to tell out of what the world is made! Nay—they will irreverently and with shocking impiety discuss the mysterious existence of the Most High! And the mob, willing to believe one folly, will admit the others!

My friend did, indeed, venture to express his dissent from the popular opinion that the girl was bewitched; but his resistance was about as efficacious to stay the current of opinion, as would be these letters of mine, to break up the business of an impudent and shameless mesmerizing rascal, who was picking the pockets of willing fools, under pretext of looking by his clairvoyant into their inner man, and prescribing for their imaginary diseases. The simpletons *wish* to be guzzled, and *purposely* keep their eyes and ears closed against truth!—Aye, Charles, the gullable part of the world tie "red flannel" over their own eyes and ears, as well as over their pump noses—an allusion, perhaps, you cannot un-

derstand unless you have been favored with as extraordinary *gooses* out there as in here; which is hardly possible, as with you schoolmasters are not *so* abroad in the land as with us, nor your folks so learned and scientific as ours.

But to return. After some days our physician, accompanied by an intelligent friend, repaired to Mr. Herwig's house, where he found the mother in an outer room alone, and greatly distressed at the state in which her daughter continued, fresh pins daily being taken from her feet. The doctor informed the mother that he had come, not as a physician, and with no intention of curing or dis-bewitching the girl, but with a wish to show her that the whole affair was a case of wickedness and imposture, in which Satan had no other agency than that of instigating her daughter to commit sin.

Leaving, therefore, his friend in the outer room with the mother, our doctor entered the chamber where the girl lay upon a bed, awaiting the visits of the wondering neighbors. He closed the door, and indeed locked it: and then with a solemn air advanced and addressed the daughter:

"Harriet," said he, "I know very well that you are practising a wicked deception—"

"I am not, doctor," was her reply, "and I don't know how the pins got in me."

"Yes, you do know—and I insist on the truth—you shall tell me," rejoined he.

"I have told the truth, doctor—Satan filled me with them," was, as usual, her answer.

On this, the doctor looking her in the face, said, "Harriet! do you know, that although you are not sick as you pretend to be, you may possibly die very suddenly? If you are not sorry for the deep affliction of your mother, have you no fears of the bar of God before which you may possibly stand in a few hours?"

Here the poor creature, suddenly seized with great agitation, as if conscience was struggling with pride, at last, bursting into tears, cried out,

"Oh! doctor! doctor! I am wicked!—I did it all—I ain't bewitched—I did it myself!"

And that, Charles, was the case. This foolish girl had actually counterfeited spasms as of a fit! And, with her own hands, after cutting off the heads, had inserted scores

of pins laterally into the soles of her feet! And all for revenge! and the satisfaction of being the wonder of an hour!! But such *is* human nature; and we doubtless *will* suspect lying where we are called to believe impossibilities or follies.

The doctor now opened the door, being desirous of conveying the confession of the penitent to her afflicted mother, when lo!—to his astonishment, his friend sat in one corner of the room, and Mrs. Herwig in another!—and both pale and speechless! For, while the doctor had been exhorting the girl to the confession, a very large black-snake arose slowly and spirally through a knot-hole in the floor, and after looking around him, spitefully moved towards the girl's chamber door! But when the confession was uttered, amid sobs and tears, the serpent, retreating from the door, quickly withdrew from the outer room, as he had entered! And so amazed and terrified were the two persons, as to have neither inclination nor power to kill the reptile!

Charles, it was not so wonderful that both, but especially the mother, should have thought the serpent was Satan, and that he had come to prevent the cure of his victim, and when disappointed, had hurried away in a rage!

Had not the girl confessed, this singular accident would have established the truth of witchcraft, even as a thousand accidents strengthen men's belief in phrenology and mesmerism; although I do *not* mean to say the devil has *nothing* at all to do with them.

Yours, ever,
R. Carlton.

LETTER VIII.

Dear Charles,—Your rebuke is not merited. I am far from attributing "*all to deliberate imposture.*" In regard, for instance, to certain systems of medicine, as we must call them, I believe that sometimes practitioners are deceived as well as patients.

Cures are not unfrequently the result of accidents, the doctor being as much surprised as any one else; and then it

is, that cunning and dishonest persons avail themselves of such accidents, to laud what they term a system matured after many years of hard study, and tested by innumerable experiments! Soon they obtain disciples, who, duped themselves by the surpassing effrontery of the originator, or rather machinator, buy the books and set to work applying the rules to the killing or curing of other simpletons.

A very large proportion of diseases are imaginary, arising wholly from derangement of the nervous system. These diseases are of course healed, or cease to be imagined, from very different and even opposite causes; and, of course, they seem to be cured often by seeming medicines, or a prescription that administers—*nothing*.

Confidence towards a physician is highly important in the cure of many real diseases; but in regard to imaginary complaints, not only is confidence in the physician and his remedy important, *but* it is very often the only thing that cures. In such cases, then, the physician, regular or irregular, true or false, must administer, not a dose of medicine, but a dose of—*confidence*. And that dose, whether taken in pill or potion, or reduced to a powder, effects the cure.

Now, Charles, scarce any form of quackery exists, that will not, again and again a thousand times, light on patients with seeming, that is, imaginary complaints: and, beyond all doubt, when such patients have full confidence in the proposed remedy, a quack nostrum (if otherwise harmless) will cure as well as any other medicine; and any remedy is just as efficacious as *nothing*. I speak not now of the permanent injury often done, when men, by tampering with quack potions, and pills, and the like, exchange a seeming disorder for a real one; nor of the constant failure of such remedies when they meet with real and especially violent diseases: but my wish is to convince you that the quacks and quackeries you allude to, owe, in great part, their popularity to the cause just named.

It is a gross error, if one supposes that regular, and learned, and honest physicians go always by inflexible rule, and ever administer the same drugs. Such a man is intimately acquainted with the history of imaginary diseases, and even treats them as imaginary: that is, he *seems* to give medicines, because that semblance is necessary, but he gives

nothing. He treats seeming diseases as seeming ones, and real disorders as real; and in this consists one important distinction between the true medical man and the panaceist and every other quack.

Charles, I have on divers occasions quacked a little myself—but alas! my disease was too real, and would not stay cured—it was toothache! For you must know, your reverence, that I once had "the worm taken out," and that by an old lady in the South, who had learned the art from the Indians, or some other savages. But ah me! that hateful maggot, by some contrivance, crawled back into the grinder; and so tooth and worm had to be wrenched out together, and that so effectually that neither one nor the other has ever since reappeared! On the old lady's book, however, among 'squires innumerable, with a smart chance of ladies, and a clever sprinkle of generals and other magnates, is recorded an humbler name, as one *cured* of the toothache by the extraction of the worm!

In a similar way are obtained myriads of certificates. And rarely does one ever erase or recall a name. Indeed, I do happen to know, also, that certificates are given for the cure of one disease, when the person had been healed of another: for certain vile rascals threaten to expose licentious men, if such give not, for instance, a certificate in favor of "Doctor François' corn-plaster and shin-oil," when neither plaister nor oil had been "exhibited" or applied, but the man of pleasure had used "a specific without mercury."

Is it right, your reverence, for *the cloth* to lend their name in approbation of any mere *nostrums?* Pray, what do clergymen know about such matters more than we plebeians! And is it not more than possible—is it not certain—that innumerable plasters, and oils, and other greases, and pills, potions, lozenges, and so forth, gain a very undeserved notoriety, and a very injurious use, merely from clerical influence? It is something like an impertinence, that learned and regular parsons should not confine themselves ad "consilii medicinam," for the morals of the community—in other words, mind their homilies, and allow learned and regular doctors to take care of our bodies.

For my part, as age advances, the more my organ of anti-quackitiveness enlarges; and hence I have settled down

to a fixed resolution to be killed or cured secundum artem. If others choose to be *quacked* off the stage, the laws of our state do not forbid: but assuming that the regulars themselves cure only by accident, our sages have let loose upon us a horde of irregulars to aid in the butchery; believing that when all the patients are killed, the medical art will end, and, therefore, that such desirable consummation will be more speedily brought on by throwing down all barriers.

But, Charles, it will be found that well-educated physicians, like all well-educated persons that make a profession a science, as well as an art, are necessarily and of choice, open, and honorable, and philosophic in their course. Every thing with such, is the result of study, and is tested by experiment; and such have no arcana, or mysteries. They do, indeed, often fail, and are mistaken; but have they ever said failure and error are impossible? Now, the arrogant pretension of quackery should certainly be, with *educated* clergymen, *the very* reason for despising its pretension.

Some physicians of my acquaintance have met cases in their practice, where a reputation for specifics, or for a specific practice, could easily have been established, and hundreds of dollars been extorted, where the ordinary fee has been almost refused. For one other important distinction between science and quackery is, that the latter has an eye solely to money; the former does regard honor also, and, at least, the *esprit du corps*.

A portly citizen here became nervous some years ago; and one evening, being in company with the widow Snively, he complained of his symptoms; on which, the matron, by way of condolence, replied: "Aye, Mr. Biggins! that's just the way poor Snively felt after he was taken with the dropsy!" Instantly Mr. Biggins hurried home, and huddling into bed, summoned the doctor; upon whose speedy arrival he exclaimed, "Oh! doctor, I've got the dropsy—look here—I'm swelled!" Our man of pills fortunately knew his patient's nerves, and calmly replied, "Well, it does look something like it, to be sure; but here, this powder will set all right, and by to-morrow at this time the swelling will vanish," and then he administered a Dover powder: and next day Mr. Biggins called in person, at the doctor's office, to let him know that the dropsy had gone, and that he felt the swelling had subsided.

What a chance this to have obtained an affidavit before some justice of the peace, a solemn testimony in favor of "The unparalleled North American Hydragogue, discovered after five and twenty years' unwearied study of Doctor Jonathan Eastman!" and now offered to the afflicted as the only remedy for draining waters from the body and—money from the pocket.

A case of hernia lately occurred, in which a warm application was important: but no credit was given to the suggestion, till a by-stander affirmed that the best cure was to make a poultice by boiling together two pounds of pork, one and a half of beef, four beets, and half a dozen small turnips, and then applying said poultice as *warm* as could be endured. This was done; but the good result was attributed to the *jumble* and not to the *heat!* and in that settlement the natural doctor is valued more than the regular. Here, too, a patent could have been obtained for "The Wonderful Emolient-Medicated-Cataplasm!" But the natural doctor, in this case, had no wish to quack on a large scale—and so his plaister may enrich another.

This is the steam-age, metaphysically as well as physically; and folks *will* go by the steam, even if we burst ever so many boilers per diem. We have a distaste, too, for what we understand, and demand in medicine what we demand in all other things—quackery.

I shall conclude this long letter by an account given me lately, by a medical friend, corroborative of my remark, that regular physicians, if dishonest, could often avail themselves of accidents to obtain credit for a specific practice or a specific medicine; and that where, strictly speaking, *nothing* had been done or given.

My friend, one morning, was hastily summoned to attend a gentleman several miles from Kaleidaville, with an earnest request not to delay a moment. Of course he set out instanter; but scarce had he got a quarter of a mile when he was met by a second messenger, and before he could reach the patient's house he encountered a third, who stated that Mr. Wilton was in imminent danger.

On entering the gentleman's chamber, the doctor found the patient in bed, and in great alarm, as if from visibly impending death.

"Why, Mr. Wilton," asked the physician, "what is the matter?"

"Doctor," was the reply, "I am just returned from New-York, from the yellow fever—and I have taken it. I know the symptoms well—(the gentleman had once himself practised medicine)—and I wish you to arrest the progress of the disease before it gets too strong a hold."

My friend, after making his observations and feeling his pulse, replied,

"Mr. Wilton, there is positively nothing the matter with you: here is some mistake—"

"No, sir," interrupted the patient, "I am not mistaken. This morning I was apparently as well as usual; but, while shaving, I perceived, all at once, my whole face and hands to be as yellow as saffron—and that *is* the beginning of the fever.'

The doctor now stepped to the toilet near a window, where the shaving apparatus lay, and instantly found his own face and hands dyed a saffron color! "How so?" you ask, "had he caught the fever from Mr. Wilton?"

Not exactly, Charles, but he had caught it from a beauteous soft mellow light reflected from the changing leaves of a delightful autumn morning—which was giving all things in that quarter of the apartment a somewhat *jaundiced* hue!

Yes, that was the secret. And the knowledge of that secret could have been turned, by a quack or a dishonest man, in several ways, to his own advantage. The mistake of the patient, however, was soon corrected; yet so powerfully had his imagination been wrought upon, that it was necessary for the physician to divert his attention by a long ride together, and several hours of conversation.

Doubtless, Charles, the humbugaths would wrinkle up the nasal appendage at all such stories and incidents, with an "oh—ah!"—but I am not easily *nozzled* out of a deep-seated conviction that all usually comprised under the head of nostrum, mesmerism, and quackery in general, may be traced to trickery; or to a selfish cunning taking advantage of accident and the wonderful readiness men every where show to aid imposture. You and I may lack skill or opportunity to detect the trick or the accident—but that one or the other, or both exist, is, to me at least, certain.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER IX.

DEAR CHARLES,—You are a very modest man in offering me a recipe for a *multum in parvo* letter, as if my *consilii medicina* might have been condensed, and so saved double postage. Why, sir, that expense and the breadth of the plaister, being thus spread over two sheets, will of themselves effect your cure: and I had an eye to that when the blister was sent.

But what a blister of both sorts does that sentence in your last demand?—that I "*obstinately* refuse to join the anti-gallows society!" And, does your reverence really believe, I have no good reasons for withholding my name and influence, from the "Murderers' and Assassins' Friends Society?" Have *you* joined, Charles, and are you sincere in wondering at me? The mania has invaded your order, I see, judging from the smart sprinkle of *reverends* prefixed to the names of the officers; and all the grand rascals with black hearts and bloody hands are soon to have "the benefit of clergy."

You are right enough in supposing that I have not read all the "papers and pamphlets;" but not quite so near the mark, in thinking the perusal must of necessity change my opinions. Wise men do, indeed, change their opinions—but wise men, I presume, do sometimes adhere to their old friends: and to the latter class we belong. Somehow being fully confident that common sense, common humanity, natural instinct, the sense of justice, the good of society, and an old fashioned book called the Bible, are all in favor of the death penalty, *my* logic infers that the contrary opinion is trickery or error. I stand and say come to me; for I cannot come to you. Not that I am "unwilling to have my opinion overthrown;" but, that if my foothold be not now on rock, it never can be: and so I am not willing to waste time with "the unanswerable arguments."

Think not, Charles, that quackery is confined to philosophy and medicine; it is found in morals, and education, and religion. And a distinct mark of humbug is the *vox populi*, in manifest opposition to the *vox Dei*. In many moral questions the agitator excites popular clamor in order to conceal his false principles, to promote his selfish ends, and even

to cover his hostility to revealed truth. *Majority* is his logic; and with that he votes in his quackery.

And pray, reverend sir, in what consist the wondrous moral excellence and refinement of our age over all ages past and future? Why are we too good and elegant to have the gallows? Granting all that is claimed for our superiority in such matters, does supreme excellence in fine arts, poetry, music, painting, statuary, *dancing*, *dressing*,—for these two and other similar things are reduced to rules and taught and practised as arts—does supreme excellence here seem inconsistent with a bad heart, with bad morals, or with open irreligion and even atheistical thoughts and practices?

Is the worldly-mindedness generated, and kept ever at fever-heat, by an endless round of amusement and refreshment—concert rooms—operas—play-houses—museums—bowling greens—and oyster cellars, where they hang up indecent paintings, and retail "*thunder and light!*" by the gill, in little glass goblets—and all the *et ceteras* of "Five Points," both vulgar and polite—is all this, and the like, proof of transcendent moral excellence and extreme sensitiveness? And this refinement is shocked by the gallows! And yet, Charles, does such refinement never open a plain way to the gallows? Some eyes are keen enough to discern, amidst all the flowers and elegence of such a society, the hideous forms of vindictive malice and revengeful hate, and brutal lust, and all-grasping avarice, and godless idolatry; and this, though all are bowing with blandest courtesy, and moving with matchless grace, and smiling with witching faces and speaking honied words. And where there are these, there will even be *murder!*

True, this society will not call the fiend by his right name, and they will sanction his deeds and palliate his crimes; yea, they will so laud his honor, and his bravery, and his manly spirit, and so soften his rage into a morbid and unfortunate state of "insane affections," and they will so represent his provocations, and the superhuman force of the temptation and the potency of the circumstances, that the world shall say, "Alas, poor wretch! let him not die for that!—how *could* he help it?" And then the fashionable and the rectified humanity of the times will exclaim, with unuttera-

ble scorn in word and action, and with ineffable self-complacency for its own virtuous self, "What! strangle the gentleman for that!!"

And because men now all "hasten to be rich," and are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," will they necessarily, when *hanging* is abrogated, and the fear of man as well as the fear of God is removed, will such men immediately "cease to do evil and learn to do well," and will they *not* "fall into many foolish and hurtful lusts, and bite and devour one another?" "Whence come wars and fightings?"

Come, sir, how will you prevent crime?

"Construct suitable jails and imprison the *unfortunate* criminals for life," you reply.

And why not add—tax the widow and orphan to maintain the murderer of the husband and father? To this you say, and with most devout eyes turned to the clear sky, "Well, that would teach men to return good for evil! They ought not to be tempted and encouraged to foster a spirit of revenge!"

What a moving picture does Christianity, thus ennobled and refined by moonshine, present, as the Rectification stands; the hands meekly crossed on its philanthropic, milky bosom; its face, in humble pride, sweetly turned with a complacent smile of a mouth puckered at the corners, and its eyes calling up a look under the graceful curvature of brows ready for a daguerreotype!

But, Charles, suppose a governor should pardon the unfortunate, or that the poor deluded criminal should murder his keeper or a fellow-prisoner?

"To be sure," you reply, "but these are extreme cases; and after the new era commences, governors will doubtless be immoveable by any argument addressed to his pity, or ambition, or covetousness, or—*infidelity;* jailers, too, will be incorruptible, and criminals so pervaded with the sense of gratitude as to render such fears as the objection hints wholly needless."

But what *if* an unfortunate criminal *should*, in a new fit of insane affection—for how can a man prevent insanity—what *if* he should kill his jailer or a fellow-prisoner? You would perhaps say, "Put him straightway into *two* dungeons."

Your folks, the anti-hangers, often speak of Draco;

whom, after all, they seem to imitate in sentiment. He deemed the smallest crime worthy of death, and for the greatest had no higher punishment; and your senators, deeming perpetual and solitary confinement the highest possible punishment for one deliberate or insane murder, have none other for any additional repetitions of "the *fault*," or crime. And why should a wretch care how many murders he committed when one murder sentences him to a punishment, severer than which would not await a dozen? He would say, as the philosopher in Lucian said to Tantalus, "Why should I fear any other doom? there is but one imprisonment."

One of your papers sent to me affirms "that executions in *private* argue *shame* in the public mind!" and infers that the rational sentiment is thus shown against the punishment of death itself.

Are all things men conceal *therefore* shameful? And ought such things ever to be abandoned and avoided? May not some things be inconvenient and unbecoming in one place that are in all points suitable for another? Corns (*in pedes*) are not cut in public; is it a shame, and hence a sin, to eradicate them in private? Pleasantries wise men freely indulge when together; which innocent recreation is ceased from when a fool approaches. Why? Because in the one case good arises; in the other, injury.

All deliberative bodies—political, legislative, ecclesiastical—sit at times with closed doors, and yet no person believes their secret councils necessarily traitorous or immoral. Animals designed for the shambles bleed not in public, because, in addition to inconvenience, danger would arise, doubtless, to morals; but is it wicked to slaughter such animals in private? A Grahamite can here find a powerful reason, in the principles of the anti-hangers, for considering our carnivorous tendency shameful and wicked.

Many good reasons exist in favor of private executions, without inferring or saying "governments are *ashamed* of the death penalty."

Admit, reverend friend, for argument's sake, that punishment is, as the Murderers' and Assassins' Friend Society affirm, to *reform* the criminals; then, pray what time is considered necessary to reform the said gentry—the criminals I

mean? How and when shall we be satisfied that the reformation is complete, so that the unfortunates might be let out with safety to our pockets and throats?

Will a whole lifetime in solitary confinement be too short a period? Where then is the boasted efficacy of the remedy? Will a less period than a whole life be sufficient? Then why confine a man after he is reformed—if that be the *sole* end of the penalty? Would not that be cruelty? Would it not be tantamount to punishing an innocent person? What! keep a poor unfortunate cut-throat in fetters and dungeon after he has become as worthy a citizen as before his misfortune! and when to make amends he is ready even to marry the poor widow of the murdered man and to take charge of the fatherless little ones! Shocking inhumanity! savage barbarism!—and we in the nineteenth century! Well enough for the dark ages of Moses and the ignorance of early Christendom—but for these times of canals and railroads and magnetic telegraphs!!

Oh! yes, Charles, you deem all this just like Carlton,—but, Sir, *will* no modern philanthropist full of the milk of human kindness and running over till his chin calls out for bibs, *will* none such ever construct a jail-delivery system on something like the above argument; and deeming his pet jail-birds sufficiently reformed, determine to send them with bran new wings, forth-flying again upon society? Are there not persons now ready to agitate, and petition, and lecture, and print, and to stuff mail-bags with very sapient twaddle; and all to prove that it would be cruelty to keep a murderer confined if it were perfectly certain he was reformed and would never murder again? Would not such men practice with *meek* governors and *patriotic* legislatures to pardon, years before the end of life, whenever it *seemed* certain that murderers had reformed? "Law," it may be replied, "would forbid pardon." How long would that law stand unrepealed, or how soon be disregarded in an age just coming even more enlightened and humane than our own?

I despair not of seeing phrenological science so improved, that the time necessary to reform criminals may be known *a priori*, or rather *a capite*, and sentence and treatment of murderers of insane sensibility or affection be according to the *dicta* of philosophers. Even now, judges and jurors are

addressed and cautioned to decide on *such* philosophic evidence; and facts and testimony yield to the *developments*, or are explained, and diluted, and warped, to suit the *organs*. Perhaps no direct attempts are here made, but the indirect are not wanting; and the secret persuasion of judges and jurors seems wrought by the kind of marks and tokens that belong to phrenology, if not to mesmerism. At all events, we shall have then—forgive the pun—as now, *capital* punishments.

I can and do with you, dear Charles, weep over those unhappy men, who, perchance, may have been condemned and executed wrongfully: for it seems possible, and is doubtless true, that here and there an innocent man has perished on the scaffold. But mistake, or even wilful advantage taken of a good law, ought not surely to overturn all law. Or if it overturn one, why not another? The mere error or warping of the rule does not prove that the rule itself is wrong. The risk men run of enduring evil or injustice, or of losing life wrongfully, in a civilized state, is immeasurably less than in the savage or barbarous state; and none but an extraordinary simpleton, or most obstinate anti-gallows advocate, would venture to say he would prefer savageism or barbarism to a condition in which what they term legal murder, is occasionally done on an innocent man; nor can such prove that the occasional error or injustice is, *per se*, argument for the injustice of the law itself in putting to death the truly guilty.

Far from me to reflect on the character of some innocent victims to a needful law, now in their bloody graves; but yet is it most undeniable, that many, who to the last, deny their guilt, are men of most base character, and have ever been bosom companions of the utterly vile and abandoned; and having by their own act destroyed the force of presumption in their favor arising from a good and virtuous life and proper companionship, they owe their death to their own folly, rather than the mistake of the law. Nor is it going too far to believe, that some such companions of thieves and murderers, if guiltless of the one act, may have been accessory to others, and would be, if life were spared, accessory again.

One of the papers you forwarded to me, whilst it fero-

ciously advocates the anti-hang doctrine, doth actually praise military companies!—praises trained butchers of the human species! Nay, said paper advocates firing on mobs!—kills by wholesale to *prevent* murder! Yea, it goes for the "whole Oregon!" When your editor reconciles his inconsistencies, we will pay attention to his other "conclusive arguments."

I do not know who your sapient traveller was that knew by spying a gallows in the distance that he was approaching a civilized land, and was *so* shocked that *he did not* go back to the barbarians! but I do know he was either a veritable ninny himself, or the fiction of some ninny *story* teller. If the traveller preferred savage life, where murder is done by wholesale, and the avenger of blood *ever* lives, why was he coming back to civilization, where he knew the gallows must of necessity meet his eye? I will answer for him: that very gallows assured him that justice and protection reigned; that a whole community were pledged for his safety; and so, with a most puerile slander on a wholesome law, he *willingly* came snugly under its guardianship.

I know this letter will cost double postage, Charles, but that will be a proper punishment for your inclining an ear to our modern New Lights. It will not be very surprising if you become even an advocate, if not a member, of the Moral Suasion Society. If you do, Charles, I will positively lick you; I have a rod in soak.

Yours ever,
R. Carlton.

LETTER X.

Dear Charles,—No: "it is *not* so surprising that there should be fears about your becoming a member of a Moral Suasion Society." Have you yet to learn that these affairs go in clusters? Begin where you choose, either at the centre, or any point in the circumference of modern abolitionism, and you will go the entire circle—in other words, the whole figure.

The real out-and-outers, who originate certain moralities, are very often persons who, in various ways, run opposition

lines against puritanism, and even against the Scriptures themselves. Hence such persons affect to get up something double-gilt and very glittering, and therefore very attractive; and they are desirous to pass, if not for puritans or Christians, yet for something as good, and, perhaps, a little better —splendid philanthropic artists, and with confidence in man! And no wonder their pretensions are admitted, for they have patent contrivances for changing the spots of leopards, and washing Ethiops white! and the world all run mad after pills, potions, lotions, plasters, not only for the beautifying of the physical man, but also of the moral and spiritual.

I am not deeply read in their slang and cant, yet I have heard their whine about the dignity of that human nature which my Bible says is "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked;" about confidence in men, when that book teaches me to "cease from man, and not put confidence in princes;" about our equal tendency, "when every thought of the imagination of the heart from youth up is evil;" about the efficacy of persuasion, irrespective of a divine efficiency, when "we hate the light, and as did our fathers, always resist the Holy Ghost;" about the grandeur of our morals and good works, when we are often "whited sepulchres without," and filthy graves within.

True to their *proton pseudos*, as you learned clerks call it, —belief in the native goodness of man,—they give us scheme after scheme, some impracticable, some insane, others worse,—all based on the wondrous potency of moral suasion and circumstance; and all, more or less, eschewing force and punishment. These self-complacent philanthropists all begin at the centre, and in due time, by a thousand radiating paths, thrust their meek visages out of the grand circumference.

Others, like my reverend friend,—come, do not wince, Charley,—very good sort of folks, and with no evil intention, caught by the seeming truth, and confounded by the glare of a dozen common-places, streaming like light before their eyes, and adroitly flourished on the wheel, attach themselves, in an unluckly moment, to some point on the circumferenee, intending to *stand* there. But once within the influence of the wheel, away they whirl, through all the kindred moralities of modern abolitionism. An active fellow may, indeed, oc-

casionally leap off at a tangent, or may be he is hurled off; but usually the good sort of folks do once at least go the entire circumference—nothing save one whole revolution satisfies.

Sometimes, for instance, a man will begin with an ultra-peace society. There are made to glare with a strange light some very plain matters ever believed by wise and good persons, such as, war is a great evil—peace a great blessing,—revenge demoniacal, and the like: and from these plain principles, after a good deal of argument, and parade, and flourish, comes forth, by some sort of logical legerdemain, the most preposterous conclusion, that self-defence is sinful! A man sometimes begins with such a society; and soon he becomes an anti-slavery man, in the worst sense of the term, and ready in defence of his abstraction to cut the throats of all the slaveholders, and coolly to dissolve the Union itself!—an intemperate temperance man, so *tee*-total as to give up even *tea*; and so fierce for humanity as to slander and revile any one who, at his own table, should, once in a year, drink one thimblefull of wine!—an anti-renter prepared to give landlords lead for gold, and gunpowder for flour!—a universalist!—an anti-hanger!—a moral persuader abolishing all rods from families, and ferules from school-rooms!

Let a man get the *whirl* fairly into his system, and he will go it, like a mammoth humming-top moved by steam! Do not misunderstand these remarks, Charles; for I do think men of your cloth may join *some* moral societies, and *ought*, perhaps, to join others; as, for instance, certain peace and temperance societies. But I am well satisfied that the clergy should never commit, or rather *abandon* themselves to mere *phases* of morality. That will put the *whirl* into you; and you will become, almost of necessity, a giddy fanatic; or if you get violently thrown from the wheel, you stand a chance of being deemed crack-brained the rest of your life, and your influence becomes for ever impaired.

Hence I am not at all surprised to learn that my old townsman, Solomon Lacsuck, so dislikes Mr. Birchem, the new schoolmaster, elected by your trustees. But your village can never recover from the bad effects following from Mr. Smoothey's administration, who was recommended to your board by the Moral Suasion Society, till a return to the

old rod-enforced discipline. I am glad you had firmness to resist the rigmarole about corporal chastisement in schools; and that you had common sense enough to know that legislators do not *ex officio* possess a knowledge of the art and mystery of school-keeping. That is a kind of government beyond the abilities of most representatives elected by majorities; and our venerable law-makers would be still more venerable, if they would stick to their own last, and let Birchem stick to his. And so ought we to be unmoved by the humdrum of a thousand lecturers and editors, many of whom would be benefitted by a judicious switching themselves, and who owe the little wisdom they really do possess to the honest scourging of their schoolmaster.

Were not the matter too serious for sport, it would be very edifying to behold some theoretical schoolmen practising in certain schools on the sugar-plum and do-it-my-little dearee-system: or on the more plausible system of mere appeal to the moral sense, or the sense of honor in pupils. As far as my observation extends, young ladies and gentlemen are very much like sinners of mature age, and they often not only sin wilfully and deliberately, but even *con mucho gusto*, against both honor and conscience, and all the utilities at the same time. The sense of honor, and the moral sense of most pupils, resides in the palm of the hand, or even lower down; and the rod and the ferule is the moral persuader to touch that sense.

Some pupils are malicious and scornful; some are profane, indecent, lying, quarrelsome, and even thievish; and not a few are desperately addicted to crooked pins, shoemaker's wax, paper fly boxes, and all the instruments and doings of idleness and fun: and most are in all and every respect as crooked as a grape-vine, as knotted as a crab-stick, as prickly and rough as a thorn-tree, and sour as vinegar, and with "folly bound up in the heart."

Mr. Smoothey is competent now, I presume, to deliver a course of lectures on the miraculous efficiency of oil and milk in the training and government of the young. The Secretary of the Moral Persuaders says that Smoothey is not appreciated, and, that in contradiction to your folks of Somewhersburg, he will affirm that Smoothey taught the alphabet in twenty-six lessons, and the *and-per-se* in two;

which feat he accomplished by small cakes baked for the purpose in shape of the letters, and eaten at proper intervals on every successive day! Others say, however, that while that was, indeed, true enough, yet when he attempted to teach syllabication without the gingerbread, the thoughtless and ungrateful urchins would not learn. Hence the master deserted our little darlings, and put off with his cake-bag to your village.

He was, at first, very popular, as he never spake a cross word in the school-room; and he had a scheme for the nicest adjustment of disagreement among the larger pupils on principles of law and honor; but, at last, the dishonorable and lawless—and these were a very respectable minority—made him a king log: and so much time was wasted by working the complex machinery, that little or no improvement was made in the several studies. The school became a miniature house of *lords*, of which he, however, was neither governor nor chief speaker; and all made very considerable attainments in self-conceit, self-importance, and impertinence, and entertained great contempt for brutal pedagogues that dealt in oil of birch or strap-grease.

Under special and favorable circumstances, and especially where family government has been uniform and judicious, a preceptor may teach and govern with no resort to the rod and its cognates; although even then, corporal chastisement must be deemed possible; but most commonly, resort must be had to such chastisement.

With some children in all schools, and in many schools for a time, mere kindness and tenderness, and appeals to common sense and virtuous feelings and sentiments will do wonders in reforming and governing; but he that hopes, by shedding tears over the generality of bad and disobedient scholars, to win them to his purpose, must have a good fountain head of tears, and a tear-pump that works remarkably easy; and then he will discover, after the exhausting of his well, that most will remain as idle and vicious as ever, and with contemptuous feelings toward an inefficient and weeping master. Charles, you cannot *cry* folly out of a child's heart —all experience teaches that it must be done by the rod of correction.

Charles, I rather suspect, from some hints in your letters,

that my crudities are read to certain of your friends out there. Well, as you like ; but do not show this to poor Smoothy, unless you do think it would do him some good.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XI.

Dear Charles,—You ask, if I do not believe the blessed founder of our religion would have countenanced the societies that you name.

This, dear friend, is a grave and solemn question ; and merits a grave and solemn answer : and in that way and yet with all honesty will I give an opinion which you may use as is deemed best.

Let me say, then, first and without offence, that I have been sometimes disgusted and even shocked, in hearing the confident asseverations of certain public speakers and their admirers, as to what would have been proper for the Saviour to have done in given circumstances, and as to what he would now do if he were upon the earth. For, evidently, it can be but presumption in us to lay down any plan for the conduct of the divine Redeemer. It is his province to act, and ours to imitate ; and if our wisdom cannot extricate us where moralities are complicated, it is great irreverence to say, or even think, His wisdom would be at fault, unless it took lessons of ours.

We may safely say, indeed, that Jesus Christ would have always countenanced all that is morally good, whether found in societies or individuals : but we are by no means competent to prescribe the manner in which that encouragement and approbation would have been bestowed. That *we* do it, in a certain favorite mode, is no safe reason for saying that would have been or ought to be the divine mode : that mode must be inferred from what is plainly revealed or done in the Scriptures.

Thousands of evils and abuses, incidental and inseparable, are inwrought with our best schemes ; and he that is pledged to a moral society, or a moral principle, or mode of doing

good, appears to the world pledged with what is accidentally or unavoidably wrong in that system. He is, unless he protests, held responsible for the error as well as for the truth. Do we err, then, Charles, in believing that our blessed Master would have stood aloof, even from many moral organizations, in which was much that we do know he would have approved?

Jesus Christ, dear friend, loves all his true-hearted followers, and that wherever found. But who, except Romanists in principle, do not believe that such followers are in churches and communities and countries differing by many varieties? Wide apart too are the modes of thinking and acting produced by education, rank, and a hundred other circumstances. Can we think, then, that the Redeemer, always so distinguished for his tenderness, would have hurt the feelings of some among his disciples by seeming to pass unqualified approbation of a part only, and thus censuring the others? If he, indeed, should say what was truth, all would cheerfully acquiesce: but his word is in the Scriptures, and that word admits unity and variety.

To a careful reader of the Scriptures it will become more and more clear, that Christ *intended* to lay down general principles only; inference and the use and application are left to his followers, who have, indeed, the promise of the Holy Spirit for their guidance into all truth. Hence the Saviour, on one occasion, refused to be "a divider of an estate;" and on another refused to pass sentence on the woman taken in adultery, leaving the condemnation to the existing law, if the accuser saw fit to lay the case before the proper tribunal. Hence also the apostles never intermeddled with politics or government, wishing to show, in all things, that their master's kingdom was not of earth, but that it was a spiritual kingdom, and would, if admitted into men's hearts, in due time regulate all external actions according to the law of love.

If, therefore, Charles, this be true, and it appears so to me, surely we cannot think, if Jesus Christ were now on the earth, or had made his appearance for the first time, that he would in any degree depart from a line of conduct which he manifestly has been pleased to prescribe for himself. The inference, then, does not seem improper, when we say our master would not now attach himself to any one society or

party in morals, or even any one creed in religion. Infallibilists will reject this inference, especially so far as religion is concerned, but we fallibles must adopt it.

The present state is not the one for the divine adjudication of the comparative amounts of truth and excellency in systems and societies: that is reserved for the day when every man's work shall be tested by principles already fixed in the Word, and when, if a man's work be good, he shall receive a reward; if less good, or faulty, or wrong, he shall suffer loss; while himself, if a true believer, and having done works in faith, shall be saved.

Indeed, Charles, all exertion of mind must be destroyed; all trouble of thinking, all exercise of forbearance and charity must cease, if one could at a word know from his divine Master when he was right or wrong. This very exercise of the mind, and of all Christian graces, is necessary to the perfection of the good man's character; and all this would be wholly impossible if Christ's living voice did settle every question. Nay, my friend, the Bible would not be so read, and examined, and weighed line by line, word by word, and letter by letter, if the truth could be had with less, or rather no trouble and pains. It does seem to me that our expectation of unity so perfect as to admit no variety, is preposterous. The unity of the spirit and the bonds of peace have always obtained among believers; but that unity is not inconsistent with many differences and varieties in the modes of exhibiting truth, teaching the disciples, and governing the church. And, to me, the very fact that the true church has always had these differences and varieties is proof, not only that they are allowed, but actually designed, by the Head of the Church. And hence, I do not think that blessed Head, if now upon the earth, would decide which form of government or mode of worship was the true one; because, in the first place, several modes may be equally true ones; and secondly, because he has given us all the directions deemed important; and it would be irreverence in us to ask for any clearer ones than Infinite Wisdom has given.

How intolerant and intolerable would be the overbearing insolence of many professedly moral and religious people, could they boast a name on their books, or to their pledges, such as the sacred one in question, and in the partizan sense

contemplated in this inquiry! A miracle of grace might prevent, but most would act more tyrannically than ever. Many things in moral and religious schemes are worthy of the divine approbation; but the name of the Saviour would be used for intolerance and persecution in general, and for pushing forward such parts of a scheme as are actually anti-scriptural.

There is a very important sense in which the Supreme Being is the God, not of the Jews only, but also of the Gentiles. Poor, fallen human nature, however even partially renovated, tends ever to making God the head of a party, and not of the good and pious, wherever found. We ever want to take and make Jesus Christ a king, not of the heart and conscience, but of our sect and our society; and while ready thus to do him honor, it is only as we would honor some great, and rich, and influential persons who had headed our paper with their names.

Woe! not to the wicked, or the ignorant, or the obstinate only; but woe to the cautious and prudent inquirer after truth! aye, woe to the scrupulous and conscientious, if Christ were *politically* of our party, and we had the power! Many are Romans who are not of Rome; and he is a Roman who is one inwardly, if not outwardly! Charles, even good and worthy disciples would not know their spirits; and although kept meek and kind by existing circumstances now, would then flame out with strange zeal, and "call down fire from heaven," to destroy all not apparently of their party! and all the Garrisons, and Burleighs, and Folsoms, with all other infidels of their stamp, would, in the name of Christ, literally trample under their feet the real followers of the Redeemer; and, like fiends, even bathe their hands in blood. Such men want but the sanction of Christ's name to destroy Christ himself.

No, my friend, our blessed Redeemer is the head over all in too godlike a sense to admit the idea that he ever could become a head in the low, and partial, and oftentimes pitiful sense intended by some who, directly or indirectly, propose the query you have asked.

For my part, I am well satisfied that great irreverence is ever manifested in affirming what a divine lawgiver would do, further than as a matter of clear inference from his own

laws and rules; and I feel that the confident and arrogant speeches of certain pseudo-reformers and philanthropists are shocking to taste and religion. I fear that many mere partisan philanthropists, if Christ were on earth, and would not attend their meetings, and sign their papers, and second their resolutions, would drive him out with hisses and execrations. Nay, I have with my own ears heard one such affirm that "there are on earth now many men as good as Jesus Christ; and that if no more Bible had been written than the Sermon on the Mount, it had been better for the world!" and that man was a self-styled minister of the gospel, and led off in a great *moral* reform!!

It seems to the superficial and self-righteous very plausible, to debar *all* slaveholders and *all* dealers in ardent spirits from church communion. But *if* that be the *sole disqualification*, and the person be, otherwise, *externally* a pious man and honest citizen, such prohibition is contrary to the Bible and to common sense. Suppose, now, our Saviour were on earth, and were enrolled as a member of some Anti-Slavery and some Total Abstinence Society, what a rod and sceptre of iron would such societies wield over us! And yet we do know that an inspired pen has recorded for our use, an exhortation to *pious* and *believing masters* of slaves and *owners* of *pious slaves*—both members of one communion. True, we do not regard such exhortation as either allowing or disallowing any species of slavery: but it is a plain admission that both master and slaves may, at the same time, be genuine Christians and going together to the same heaven. Some may *hate* the apostle for penning such words and epistles; but pseudo and ferocious philanthropists and moralists will ever be found opposed to the Bible.

I honestly say, it is my belief, that our Saviour would ever smile on whatever is really humane (and there is *much* of that character) in an Anti-Slavery Society, and also in a Colonization Society; but were he on earth, it is evident to me, that judging from the past, Christ would attach himself to neither society. And whilst he would ever reiterate—"no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven"—he would not sit *only* and *specially* in churches where men are debarred from communion *solely* and *simply* for making, or temperately using, certain drinks, and when *nothing else* could be laid to their charge.

Sentiments like these, I am aware, would make ultra men call me "a winebibber and a gluttonous man;" but that is a slander every conservative must willingly bear. The fury, and malice, and billingsgate of partisan moralists will soon become proverbial—and dictionaries of hard names may easily be compiled from their speeches. The nineteenth century is remarkable for many changes, but not the least remarkable change is the transfer of blackguardism from the illiterate wicked, to the lectures, and essays, and sermons of the learned (?) good (? ?) men! But with some saints, pious frauds are holy artifices; and their ends justify all means, there being usually, however, a decided preference for bad means, and a bad use of good means.

Doubtless your neighbors out there will excommunicate me for such opinions, even as they have one of their number who ventured a book on slavery: but they could not be more willing to get rid of me, than I of them.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XII.

Extract from a letter from Charles Clarence.

Somewhersburgh, Intermediate Purchase.

Dear Robert,— * * * but you have turned theologian. Suppose we tax your time and patience on some of our clerical topics? What if I ask whether you believe in Special Providences?

* * * * * *

By the way, how do you get so much into company with learned doctors of medicine? Do you go among the learned gentlemen of the law, too, dear Robert? I know you like our cloth as well as ever; but our model Bishop, poor Shrub, is gone clean over the dam. Alas! I had learned to love him, from many years' intimate acquaintance, and I love him yet; but being an orthodox man myself, of the stern old school divinity, I can but condemn the bishop now. His mind seems of such a nature as to fill entirely up with one idea at a time, to the exclusion of all cautions, exceptions, and consequences; making him forgetful, that in most matters,

the truth and its value to us, is in the whole and not the part; as if a man should contend that the hand or the foot was all. Separately, things may be useless, or pernicious, or false, which, when combined, are the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Our friend seems not to take the whole at once; although like your circumferential men he bids fair to go the whole figure in another way. And yet, we may rather call him tangential, for he flies off continually, first in one direction, and then in another. Let us hope, however, that after having fairly run down all his hobbies he will, weary with the exercise, return to the good old way. Perhaps if his friends prayed more for him, and scolded less, we should again have him among us, preaching as before. For my part, Robert, I dare not say he went out from us because he was not of us; because his spirit is so like that of a Christian, as to make one hope all his aberrations may yet be consistent with grace in the heart—at all events I will never voluntarily tear him from our charity—God be his judge.

* * * * * *

You draw occasionally, dear Robert, incorrect inferences from certain remarks in my letters. With you I full well know how easy it is for "the mighty to fall," and "the fine gold to become dim;" but I act not from mere curiosity, philosophy is often my aim. You need not fancy yourself a nonpareil, so infallible and immaculate, and talk to your fellows as if ninnies, and the like. Set not up for a Pope, or we will send you an old lady's scarlet undergown and her night cap for a tiara—fit vestments for infallibility, Mr. Carlton.

* * * * * *

Robert, is there nobody in your settlement able to write down Fourierism? Are you aware that, stripped from all disguises and under any name, and all modifications, it is a covert system of hideous infidelity? We have looked into the thing more narrowly since the vile community was established at Squabbleton, near Somewhersburg, and the result of our peep is, among other matters, a conviction that their women will become in time as shameless as the ancient Spartan women, who were notorious and infamous throughout all Greece. A community in goods does very well to start with, but it becomes before long a community in persons. The fellows at Squabbleton *cultivate* their passions! hence it is

not very surprising that they learn to *indulge* the same. But some of these shameless immoralists do not blush, in admitting consequences, and that for a very good reason—they have discovered that lewdness is a virtue! A church allowing such virtues would be wonderfully crowded! That is a very ingenious philosophy that makes evil good, and calls darkness light; and it has the advantage of enlisting human nature in its favor and may plead that it is the most *natural* philosophy.

But some of the discoveries are beyond even the vastness of the great nineteenth itself:—they have discovered the dirt age! If association succeeds, all juveniles from nine to twelve or thereabouts, will as naturally fall to cleaning gutters, hog-sties and the like, as the seniors will to lying, stealing, and licentiousness! In that case, these philosophers will have the glory of commencing the dirt century, and of "glorying in shame!" Then all the legitimate illegitimates may riot in the warm sunshine of their life as maggots in a rotten carcass! And then—stupendous thought!—orphanage will cease!—the tears of widows be unknown!—the mourning of fathers ended!—for every child, instead of being fatherless and motherless, may claim any of a thousand men and women as progenitors!—and thousands of men and women will even smile with parental love on swarms of interesting little ones, all brothers, all sisters, like so many small pigs squealing and grunting through community.

* * * * * *

Infidelity! Behind thy smooth, hypocritical blandness, some see thee as thou art—a fool and a liar! The wicked and the godless thou wilt ever beguile, but the prayerful never. May Heaven confound thee, and blight and scatter all thy shallow schemes and plots. Farewell!

C. Clarence.

LETTER XIII.

Dear Charles,—Theoretically, I have ever believed in a special providence. The denial of such proceeds from very dishonorable views of God, and tends to practical atheism.

For years past, however, my belief has been confirmed by experience and observation.

Special providences are not, however, so plain as to obviate the necessity of faith, for that would manifestly be injurious, by begetting self-confidence and presumption; but to the modest and humble, such providences are plain enough to preserve in their souls joyous hope and filial trust, and to inspirit them to watchfulness and prayer. I could, if you cared to know them, give a few incidents that to myself are corroborative of this position; but we shall not enter further into the subject at present.

Charles, you seem curious to know how we contrive to become intimate with the medical folks; well, I will tell you. One of our rules, (and we have several,) has ever been this: "Go every where; see every thing; get acquainted with all sorts, classes and conditions of men; mingle freely with your fellows; never let official dignity and that sort of consequence be a barrier to a rational intercourse with the world." Hence, reverend sir, we have contrived—with some slight damage, perhaps, to the high polish and solemn grandeur of dignity—we have yet contrived to mingle pretty freely with black men and with men of black; with men of law and with lawless men; with the curative fraternity and with some that do not cure at all; with people that are professors of all things and with some that profess nothing: in short, as far as our limits allowed, we are a kind of cosmopolite, and yet, as we would fain hope, not a *worldly* man.

It may be useful to your little people to know, that very early in life the desire which led to my forming the rule was awakened by the story of the two schoolboys that spent a half-holiday in precisely the same circumstances, but with this difference in themselves: the one kept his eyes shut, the other open. If, therefore, Mr. C. may, in imitation of the great Roman orator, speak of his attainments, capabilities, and the like, as being something worth naming, they are due in very great measure to that little story; and children's books do often produce—hem!—great results.

And, if we mistake not, our reverend friend himself must have certain rules not unlike our own. Did he not once travel in a stage-coach, and without his clerical regimentals,

and there so warmly and eloquently and successfully advocate religion and morals as to be mistaken for a *pious lawyer?* And did he not occasionally hear and see a thing or two not usually said and done before the officially religious, but which, to the surprise and may be edification of fellow-travellers, were so corrected and rebuked as to make it felt that *truth* had been offended and not a *parson?*

But apropos of doctors—permit me to introduce one, of whom the Faculty are not ashamed; a man among men, whom this guarded praise even will make blush: my intimate friend and bosom companion, Doctor Winterton. To him, Charles, you owe the incidents in my former letters, where we talked so irreverently of mesmerism and other quackeries; and those stories are true, strictly and literally, except that *names* and *places* are made to conceal persons. Indeed, my friend's store is apparently exhaustless; and could I tell his histories on paper as he tells them orally, why then I do believe the world would have another book. Perhaps, if we send them to you in our letters, you may try a hand at the art and mystery of enlightening and enlivening the world—hey? And now, I think, some incidents in the doctor's life will illustrate our position and opinion about special providence, and we shall give you one or two hereafter.

Alas! poor Shrub! and yet I am so far provoked as to say he deserves to be anagrammatized and written—Brush. If the *fine gold* there have not become dim, the fragrance, at least, of his good name is gone, and we have instead, only the crackling of the dry wood. Charles, I mean not to defend, in the general, what is called light reading, but had our dear friend dealt more in that kind of writing and literature, and less in theological writing, his mind would have escaped a species of monomania—philosophizing about religion. Nor could any light reading that *he* would have written, have done harm to the extent of his philosophical writings—nay, Shrub *could* have written only what was useful. Few men equal him—none excel him—in delightful conversation: easy, fluent, spicy, sprightly, playful, serious, religious, yes, spiritual. And what immense stores of knowledge! And what style and diction! Why, Charles, our friend could, like the Scotch reviewer, have written a whole magazine himself: critiques, heavy articles, light ar-

ticles, histories, tales, poetry, prose—all himself. And that would have made him, what he is not, a man of the world, and enlarged his organ (he loves phrenologies) of common-sentive-ness, and destroyed the bigness of his other organ, gummabilitiveness. He would have stood at the head of the review and magazine world, instead away down ever so far in the theological.

Let us subject to philosophical processes all natural things, and our own minds, as far as they are *natural;* but spiritual things, and our own minds, wrought upon by a spiritual agent, may not, without arrogance and danger, be subjects of philosophy. Here faith and obedience are reason; and the main and essential principles require no philosophy either to discover or elucidate them. It may sometimes be unavoidable, but even then, it is to me, Charles, an alarming necessity to speak of the intellect and will of God in a manner analogous to our own. Not only is there a vain philosophy, such as the apostle names, but a philosophy, true in some of its uses, becomes vain and often impious when applied to heavenly things.

Who by *searching* can find out the Almighty further than he is revealed in his word? And why should Christians know in this age, except by *faith,* other than Christians in primitive times? By *faith* then was it known that the worlds were made; are we now, in the nineteenth century, to know that fact in a different way?

Men, indeed, affect to philosophize about the manner only, and not the facts themselves. But is not the manner a fact as mysterious and incomprehensible as the other facts? And how very soon do we come, first to doubt and then to deny facts, unless such may have happened, or shall happen, in *our* manner? If a knowledge of modes were essential to salvation, philosophy would be duty, and industry here be rewarded with success; but if facts, and without inquiry, are to be admitted and believed as the rule of life, then concern about modes is vain, impious, and pernicious.

To me, Charles, it seems wise as well as reverent, to *believe* that God made the worlds. And if he says it was only so many centuries ago, that I will believe, although geology might seem to affirm otherwise. If, indeed, the Scriptures allow a variety in interpreting the five chapters of Genesis,

very well: but if that be inadmissible, geological facts must be explained on some hypothesis that shall not contradict the Bible. And so, if it be true that our mortal bodies are to be raised, a simple belief of that fact is all that is required, and I may not, and I *will not* disturb my mind as to the manner; nor, if the manner revealed shall seem to contradict our philosophy, will I laboriously bend revealed fact there to what we call reason. The resurrection is not to be judged by *natural* philosophy at all; it is to be subjected to no tests whatever; *it is simply to be believed.* If, indeed, we are asked to admit what is manifestly absurd, and plainly contradictory to our senses, we may, and must reject such a matter; but, in regard to the common and popular doctrine of the origin of the world and the resurrection of the body, no such absurdity and contradiction exist. The resurrection of the same identical body after the lapse of many ages, may *contradict all human philosophies, and yet be true;* or rather it is a fact beyond the range of human sciences, and neither contradicts nor agrees with our known laws and rules. It is a law and rule, and, if we may so speak, a philosophy and science by and of itself. At all events, I feel myself safer with the *multitude* here, than with the few sagacious men, who have had visions, and dreams, and imaginary revelations; and I shall, with God's grace, go down into the grave believing that I shall rise again, with a new and spiritual body, and yet so like the present as to be properly and truly the same.

Charles, I pardon your sneer about my infallibility, especially as you, a "grave and reverend seigneur," indulge in that pretty philippic about Fourierism. It seems that folks *not* infallible, may yet on fitting occasions have a very virtuous indignation towards fools or infidels. But, sir, I have yet to learn that one may not laugh at what is intrinsically absurd, and speak indignantly at manifest wickedness, without being maliciously ranked among the popes. Know, my friend, that a very wide difference lies between ridiculing what is true and proper, and setting in its true and proper light what is intrinsically false and ridiculous. That ridicule is not always a test of truth, and that it may be improperly applied, we admit: but it is a legitimate and valuable weapon with which to attack follies of a certain character.

When we set folly and absurdity in a true light, we do not ridicule, but we merely place a matter where it ridicules itself. And he that can fairly set a ridiculous and wicked thing in such true light and faithful attitude, does virtue and goodness a valuable service. All argumentation is only to reduce things to few and obvious principles, and much argumentation is to reduce things to an absurdity (the *reductio ad absurdum* of the logician); but if we set a wicked and silly thing where it is seen through without argumentation, we act both logically and religiously; and we also save time.

But look to it, neighbor; the nice ears and delicate taste of folks now-a-days would be greatly shocked and disgusted to hear you say "dirt age;" perhaps as much so as others would be to see the real vileness, and hear the infidel chuckle of the solemn jackasses who go the whole hog (yes, hog it is) in the Fourier conspiracy against religion and virtue.

Many folks are too refined to use or hear vulgar words, that see and do very vulgar things; and these will ever object to your decrying or opposing vice, unless it be done *tastefully!* Of such, sir, beware! for should you read my letters to your friends, I shall do the ditto in here, and here we have some very *nice* people.

Yours ever,
R. CARLTON.

LETTER XIV.

DEAR CHARLES,—Of course, you were not wrong in your guess: I had a doctor at my elbow; and, as you insist, here is an incident in his life; and one in which my friend sees clearly the hand of a special providence.

Like many persons who have been distinguished in life, he is the son of a worthy farmer. His father, who died some twenty years ago, left his children little beyond a patriarch's blessing. Hence my friend in early manhood, after having completed a course of medical reading and study under the direction of the best physician in Kaleidaville, found himself unable, for want of pecuniary means, to attend the medical lectures annually delivered in our larger cities.

While looking around for means of raising money, being resolutely bent on completing his education, the company of volunteers, of which he was a member, was unexpectedly ordered by the governor of his native state to proceed to the fort on the sea-coast, as part of the garrison.

To all human appearance, here then seemed an impervious barrier to the attainment of his object; and he appeared farther removed than ever from completing his education. Abandoning, therefore, with a heavy heart his hopes,—for he was too patriotic and too poor either to look for, or pay a substitute,—he shouldered his musket, and with the knapsack at his back, in which was stored all his earthly goods, away he marched to the scene of his new duties.

A few nights after the arrival at the fort, and after a day of severe manual labor, he had thrown himself, in his fatigue dress, upon the floor, and was sinking into a profound slumber, when suddenly the door of the room was opened, and the colonel of the regiment in full uniform entered, and asked for Mr. Winterton.

On being roused by his comrades, our friend, presuming some military duty was required, arose, made his military obeisance, and was in the act of shouldering his musket, when the colonel said,

"No, sir; you will not need your musket—follow me."

Surprised and wondering, our hero followed the officer, and having at that age more than a due veneration for the epaulettes, he kept so far in the rear, as to render it necessary for the colonel to beg the favor of his nearer company. After a walk of some five minutes, the party halted in front of the governor's head-quarters; and in a few moments our friend followed the colonel into a large room where he found a company of officers, and, in the midst, the governor and his staff and suite. In a few minutes the captain of Winterton's company arose and said,

"May it please your excellency, the young gentleman is present, that I named to your excellency.—Mr. Sarben Winterton."

What was the still greater wonder of our hero—who before had a thousand mingled thoughts and misgivings—when, upon this, his excellency, in a very courteous and conciliatory manner, thus addressed him:

"Mr. Winterton, you are appointed physician to the regiment. You will please, therefore, assume a dress befitting your rank: and as several of the men are reported on the sick list, and need immediate attention, we beg you will lose no time in entering on your new duties. You will draw on the commissary department for what shall be needful; and in due time present your accounts for settlement."

The Gubernator and his Primarii and Secundi, it would seem, as is usual among the higher ranks of patriots, both civil and military in all ages, were enjoying a feast for the good of the state; when in the midst of the hilarity, several soldiers were reported as being suddenly seized with an alarming illness; and inquiry, of course, was made at headquarters for the regimental physician. But, alas! the young gentleman, Doctor Drag, whose friends had all been anxious for his appointment, and who had in fact been recorded in the governor's book as the physician, had not yet made his appearance. Hence arose no small perplexity. It was late at night; no medical aid could be got from the city till the next day; and that delay might be fatal to the sick, and disgraceful to the superiors.

In this dilemma, Captain Bevan, who commanded Winterton's company, and who was well acquainted with our friend, and with all his family, arose, and said,

"If your excellency permit, I beg leave to say, that there is in my company a young gentleman, who has studied medicine for some years with a very prominent physician at Kaleidaville; and in this emergency nothing better, perhaps, can be done than to commit the sick men to my friend Mr. Winterton."

"Nothing more fortunate, Captain Bevan," replied the governor, "your friend without doubt will answer your expectation. Who will conduct Mr. Winterton hither?" And then turning to his secretary, he continued, "Mr. Secretary, please erase the name of Doctor Drag, and insert that of Dr. Winterton."

Captain Bevan immediately offered to summon our friend into their presence, but was prevented by the colonel of the regiment, who instantly set out for his quarters, and as we have seen, returned with the new-made physician.

Well, Doctor Winterton, without the loss of a moment

repaired to the hospital, and was so successful in his prescriptions and nursing, that the sick were soon relieved and in a few days reported as fit for duty. And what is very remarkable and creditable, so judiciously did Winterton treat the sick at that time, that, during the whole period of six months which the regiment did duty in the garrison, not a single soldier died!

An officer, indeed, of high rank was taken ill, and being deemed too important a person by his friends to be left in camp, he was sent to the city; but there, from some cause not known, he died, and that with all the skill of eminent medical men exerted in his case. Some even regretted that the officer had not been left to the care of our friend.

In the official reports of the day, Doctor Winterton was honorably named; and on applying for his salary it was cheerfully paid, and with many encomiums. With that salary he was able to attend a suitable course of medical lectures, and thus to lay still broader the foundation for becoming what he has become—a very eminent physician and surgeon.

In all this my friend thinks, as we have remarked, that he discerns the hand of a special providence; and, Charles, we cannot but think he discerns rightly.

Yours, ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XV.

Dear Charles,—I knew you would be interested in my friend, and that you would like to hear more about him. Well, here are two incidents more in his life, which are given that you clergymen may learn that other folks meet with early trials in getting into professions and trades. Scarce any man, please your reverence, but has passed through some curious affairs in youth; only the parsons, gowned and ungowned, have the ear of the world, and they contrive, in one way or other, direct and indirect, to let that world know their histories, while we laymen are regarded as *commoners*, in incidents and circumstances. If we kept diaries and jour-

nals, and had a score of religious newspapers to record and herald all our private feelings, and doings and intentions, as well as our public ones, the world would oh! and ah! over us too; but that belongs to the privileged class. However, I do not mean any offence, Charles, but yet I think no more of a *private* journal *intended* to be published, than of a *private* prayer *intended* to be overheard; for a domine's heart is about as tricky and treacherous as other men's, and he may pray and preach and sigh for *Buncum*, rather than for the church.

But let me not digress. My friend, as you know, was not born to affluence. Hence, while engaged in his elementary medical studies, he labored under many disadvantages from want of books and bones: for in his master's office was "no skeleton." His progress was therefore, of course, slow, since no deep impression was left on the mind from mere text-books; and our hero became haunted, not with a ghost, but with a desire after a veritable raw head and bloody bones. Not knowing, however, where that rarity was to be obtained, he became disheartened; when a friend came to his relief.

A gentleman one day, on entering the office, found Mr. Winterton in a melancholy mood, and on learning the cause he replied: "Then, Winterton, you need be plagued no longer, for about three miles from this, in the woods, I passed a human skeleton to-day. A few months ago, a poor unknown man was found dead in the woods; but as the body was almost a mere mass of putrescence, the neighbors could not bury it, and therefore they only heaped over it a mound of earth. The dogs, however, have dragged the body out, and I saw the bones to-day: there is a skeleton for you, if you dare go after it, Winterton."

Well, our friend did dare to go after it, and he determined to obtain the precious articles within the ensuing twenty-four hours. Then, as now, great repugnance existed in the community towards every thing in the way of bone-stealing, and so the skeleton was to be brought away at night. Furnished with a suitable bag, Winterton sallied forth that night alone, and after groping his way through a gloomy and tangled forest, rendered more solemn by the dubious light of a beclouded moon, he came to the desecrated spot. And there,

sure enough, lay torn from the rude sepulchre by greedy dogs, the sad relics of the unknown wanderer!

Charles, what a scene! what strange thoughts must have passed through Winterton's mind as he stooped to gather those bones! How like an unholy wizard about to engage in mystic rites, for which were essential the bones of a murdered man gathered at midnight! How strangely dismal and frightful the distant howl of a dog—a signal to the fierce demons that preside over murder and hate to hasten to the scene of incantation! How would the Roman Satirist have wrought up such an act to immortalize a neighbor that had incurred his ill-will, or that seemed worthy of censure!

Bag the bones, however, did our hero, a youth then just seventeen years old; and returning without interruption from the manes, he long preserved the skeleton to aid his studies. Is it very wonderful that Winterton should have made an eminent physician and surgeon? He would have stood the shot from Hunting-shirt Andy.

Many years after this event, when my friend had become widely and favorably known as a physician, he was placed in a situation in which were oddly and frightfully combined the ludicrous and the solemn: and where nothing but great self-possession could have saved him from violence.

Several miles from Kaleidaville, among wild hills and rude inhabitants, an aged man had died in a manner so singular, that our doctor was desirous of ascertaining the cause. He accordingly obtained permission for the *post mortem*, explaining, as he supposed, what would be done, and what was the intention; and late at night, attended by several medical students and a neighboring physician, he appeared at the house of the deceased, and with the implements of the profession.

The house had but two rooms. In one lay the body of the grandfather in a coffin; in the other, *asleep* in their beds! were the *bereaved* grandsons,—two stout young semi-barbarians, with all the prejudices of illiterate men against dissections and skeleton-mongers. Whether they had fully understood the benevolent design of the doctor is questionable: at all events the affair as yet did not seem to disturb their equanimity, for both were snoring away, leaving the grandfather to his fate.

The body was quickly removed from the coffin, and, divested of the shroud, was laid upon the table. The coffin itself was placed upon the floor immediately along side the table, and the lid of the coffin was put against the wall. And now the company stood around, to witness the dissection. Detail is unnecessary; but, as is frequent with tyros in this sort of cutting and slashing, one of the party near the end of the coffin suddenly sickened, and, before it had even been noticed, fell in a deep fainting fit, exactly into the open coffin below—a substitute for the dead man!

At the instant, aroused by the noise, the two grandsons sprang, in terror, from their beds, burst through the partition into the room—in sleeping costume, both brief and unornamented,—and changed at the sight of the bloody corpse into furies, with doubled fists and loud outcries, they charged on my friend, now suddenly deserted by the others! for, at the first alarm all had hurried away, leaving the doctor alone to confront the savages!

Imagine all this, Charles—the coffin with its new tenant; the naked body gashed with a frightful wound and stained with blood; the doctor in dissecting order, knife in hand, and blood upon his arms; before him two half naked furies, yelling and swearing, ready to tear him to pieces, and he the while self-possessed!

It undoubtedly requires courage to stand in the array of battle, confronting danger in the field; but surely he, also, that could be self-possessed and calm in a scene like that in which my friend stood, and threatened with such a danger, is courageous.

The doctor succeeded, at length, in pacifying the young men; and with their aid he restored the fallen, if not from the tomb, yet from the coffin; and then, all matters being adjusted, our party returned home. But it was several days before the terrified student recovered from this *post mortem*.

Many other passages could I give you from the "Diary of a Physician," to show that many laymen have had early struggles and curious adventures; although many excellent people seem to imagine that such matters are specially confined to clergymen. As for myself, I have been too intimate with several medical gentlemen, not to know that their labors, trials, anxieties, and disappointments equal, if not greatly

exceed, those of most clergymen. But you know, Charles, that my love for your order, and my opinion of their very great excellence, has been expressed, *ex animo*, in a public work.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XVI.

Dear Charles—I am not surprised that you "stand up" for the clergy; but why read my last two letters to that inveterate skeptic, Coolheady? Did you not know he would say, "All accident—all accident: general providences are, perhaps, well enough; but none of your special affairs for me; or, if any special ones occur, it is only on grand occasions."

And have you learned to sneer from that old infidel, when you wish to know "what special providence is illustrated by the incident of the skeleton and that of the dissection?" Why, you wiseacre, those two incidents were not told for that purpose; although, even in them, we can see goodness, and wisdom, and even specialty. Such things may be necessary to form a special character; and to act in circumstances where previous drilling in calmness and courage and self-possession were the main things needful to success.

Pray, tell me, Charles, does your *soi-disant* philosopher believe at all in a Supreme Intelligent Sovereign? If he does not, our argument is ended; an infidel of his age is past my powers. But if he does, please ask him what he means by *accidents* in the government of an infinitely wise and powerful ruler?

We all know that things, as far as we are concerned, may often be accidental; they may happen without our contrivance, forethought, wish; but that is a sorry philosophy which makes such things accidents with God. Contempt is generally felt, and by a certain class often expressed, for our views. Aye! they are the men; and devout people, with them, are little better than good simpletons. But we really pity that folly which can admit, in the government of God, a single accident; and which makes the all-wise one rectify

his mistakes and alter his plans, when accidents have (*horresco referens*) taught Him weakness or error! What a magnificent worm a self-inflated philosophist is!

My old neighbor allows indeed, "general," but not "special providences!" Possibly, Coolheady may confound *special* with *miraculous* interference. In that case his distaste of a misapprehended doctrine, is not marvellous. Some nominally good persons do seem to speak as if, with them, special providence was a miraculous interference, in which the laws of nature were contradicted, or suspended, or altered: but nothing can be more unscriptural, unreasonable, or even unnecessary.

By special providences, we mean a divine arrangement that affects and influences all persons, things, actions, and events, disposing and allotting all matters minutely and accurately, and yet in, and by, and with, the proper use of suitable and common means. Providence is so general, as usually to human sight it seems to neglect and overlook the particular; and then on the other hand so special, as if it contemplated one thing, and one only.

We further believe, that the special providence is such disposal of all things, whether rational or irrational, animate or inanimate, and of all means, agencies and instrumentalities, as shall at a precise moment, accidental to us, but intended by God; miraculous to human eye, but wholly, naturally, and well understood to any endowed with higher intelligence, or to man himself, if admitted to a nearer view; as shall at a precise moment of need, do for us or give us, what was most earnestly desired, but not expected. It is in this secret ordering and arranging of natural causes the special providence consists.

And, Charles, such special providence, more or less marked, takes place every day and hour and moment. No man is altogether destitute of such peculiar divine care, in his history. Most, however, have no skill to discern them; and too many have not piety enough to regard them, or be thankful. God, in this respect, as well as in what is deemed his ordinary and general care, has not left himself without witness; but men impiously shut their eyes, resolving all into accident, and confessing, with something like a complimentary acknowledgment, that the Supreme is a God in the

general way, yet has neither power, wisdom, skill nor inclination to enter into specialties.

Doubtless, special providences are more remarkable in the case of good men; for in this sense, as in all others, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him:" yet such providences are not confined to professedly or really good men. The goodness of God in this way leads men to repentance. If men do neglect the special interference, and particularly if they scorn it, they seem to be often given over by God to delusion in regard to his government; and come at last on this, as on all other moral and spiritual subjects, to believe a lie.

Dear Charles, it is my firm conviction, founded on evidence satisfactory to myself, that if providences are carefully regarded by us, and thankfully improved, and if we do, childlike, trust implicitly in God as a Father reconciled through his Son; it is my firm conviction that special providences will increase in number, and, if I may so speak, in intensity, so that we may look back and see them like so many distinct and bright lights in the darkness of the past, marking there the path along which we are walking to our rest. Or, perhaps, our sight becomes improved, and we clearly discern the finger of God, where the wilfully blind see only chance. In either case, we reap the good fruit of obedience and love; and thus walking with God we have a clear and blessed light, where others grope in darkness.

Mr. Coolheady "*pities* my delusion!" No, Charles, he *scorns* mine: it is I that *pity* his. How can he *pity*, when he cannot believe me a loser? I see and know him to be a loser of measureless joy and hope. Alas! poor old gentleman, I have spoken playfully about him sometimes, but Charles, I *do* pity him.

What infatuation! to suppose the Supreme Being acts specially and particularly on what we deem state occasions; or when there is a time worthy of a God. All God's creatures are dear to him, Charles. Oh! the blessed Bible!—it so accords with our natural instincts and wants and desires and fears and hope! It was sent down from Heaven for the childlike, for the helpless, the weak, the poor, the disconsolate. What a world of assurance in a few words!—"the hairs of your heads are all numbered!" "not a swallow

falls to the ground" without God's permission! No! no! philosophers never *did* make the Bible—that is true enough. And thank God they *never* did. Philosophy would have given us a *general* providence, a dignified, gentlemanly, scholar-like, statesmanly affair! Avaunt thee, Fool! Wrap thyself courtly in the robes of stateliness and formality and scornful complacency! Strut around with bespangled fan of peacock and large feet, before the wondering eyes of gaping earth-worms! In the lawful way of God's own book, "I hate thee with perfect hatred;" and "I account thee *mine* enemy," for thou art God's.

Yours, ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XVII.

Dear Charles,—Doubtless your opinion is, in the general, correct; autobiography is interesting and valuable. But do you really think mine would be as much so as other men's?

I do, indeed, see in my own life incidents corroborative of the doctrine of special providences; but a thousand circumstances partially forgotten, and many others not suitable to make known, are necessary to set in a clear light the whole of the fact. And yet the conviction in my mind arose from the whole, of which these circumstances are an essential part. I act, however, not irrationally if that conviction is retained as a general principle, even when the steps of the induction may have been forgotten. Most of the grand rules and principles regulating any man's life are, I presume, thus retained; when the reasons for his rules and principles are, in some cases, gone beyond recall, and in others, are very obscurely perceived. Nay, we sometimes in trying to satisfy ourselves and others about our principles, give very good reasons, which yet are not *the* reasons precisely that led to our adoption of the principles, although the new or modified reasons are corroborative of the principles. Perhaps, every good principle in its exercise, gives continual insight into the reasons of its own existence; for if good, it must be reasonable, and become fortified at every step.

You say, "you cannot but think I must speak from experience myself, and that it would really be gratifying, and no doubt instructive to hear that experience!" Dear Charles, do you wish me to become a Congregationalist, and "give in my experience to the church," not in a representative but collective capacity? Why, Charles, that experience contains a dream; and would, no doubt, by some pure democratical churches be regarded as a very important part. I have no great objection to give certain incidents to you, and through you, to "the few friends:" but these incidents must be taken unsupported by many circumstances, and rather as part only of the reason, fixing my conviction of a special providence.

But what, dear friend, shall be first told? To my mind the perpetual guardianship of Providence has been so marked, that I feel like a witness to the truth of a remark made once in my hearing by one of your venerable clergymen—that "God took special care of the orphans of religious parents!"

You know my history, Charles, how I was left an orphan in early infancy. But God so ordered that, although I never had any legal guardian, I was most carefully instructed by those sainted friends who acted as mothers to the deserted child. I was by them imbued in the precious elementary doctrines of the Christian religion. And *that*—mark me carefully, Charles—*that* was to me a most special providence: for that only saved me from an early perdition, and, if I ever reach a better world, did, as an instrument, insure my home. But how came I to receive that religious instruction?—I think—(how can I think otherwise?) it was in answer to a Mother's prayer!

* * * * — yes! thou hadst a crushed spirit, my mother! Thy little ones all in their widely separated graves! thyself brought down from the high pinnacle of this world's grandeur to the lowly vale—a stranger far away from thy home of the sunny South! They told me, dear faithful Africans, in after years, how thou wouldst gush into tears, when looking on thy sole-remaining, feeble little boy—and pray! Oh! I see thee—a misty dream of the dim past—yet real! I see thee—a stately form—a flowing dress in the fashion of by-gone years! Mother!—but alas! I

should not know thee!—thy face I never learned! Yet I have read that—*Prayer!* Years ago it was mine—the heedless child lost it—but *God* lost it not—He heard and answered! * * * * * * *

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Clarence, my second mothers (they were Christ's friends) used to make me kneel night and morning in prayer; they carried me to the house of God; they sought in every way to fill my mind with truth; and they did, indeed, so preoccupy and impress my soul, that years after, as shall be presently shown, the effect was visible. The seed was sown, and the harvest at last came.

Those dear friends died, and I became a second time an orphan. I became worse—a wanderer far away from God. Alas! a wanderer, not in the ordinary sense of that term, but I became an open reviler of religion! I went no more to church. I ceased even from prayer! It may not be told how very far and fast was my wandering from all goodness. Many, Charles, have gone only half my frightful way, who have never returned. And why? No dear mother ever prayed for them—no special providence staid them.

You know, my friend, my passion for the theatre in early life. Did you know, too, that I had once resolved to become a player? And what, think you, prevented such an one as I from turning to that unholy profession? How happened it, that a young man of infidel sentiments, of licentious thoughts, an habitual Sabbath-breaker, who spent that sacred time in reading plays and practising instruments of music, one who for years did not affect to pray even by rote, and dared to scoff at things the most holy—how happened it, that such a person, with strong passion for the theatre, and, as some would say, with no mean capacity for that employment, and after resolving to go to the managers of the theatre and seek admission, that such an one should suddenly stop, and far enough from being what is termed "awakened or converted," turn away in horror, as if from a deep and frightful abyss?

Hear why, Charles. Down deep in his inmost heart were dormant truths, implanted years before, which all of a sudden waked in their energy, and said in a still small voice, and yet powerful as God's own thunder—"Thou hast gone

to the verge of ruin away from God!—another step and return *is* impossible! As yet thou hast not *sold* thyself for a price! In the theatres they act on Saturday night till Sabbath morning; and during the Sabbath they rehearse to play again on Monday night. Now, if thou dost deliberately take *gold*, and do all this, it is *selling thy soul to hell!* Forbear! If thou dost not, return to God is *impossible!*"

Did I, who had scoffed at all religion, and in such a way as would have chilled your very blood, Charles, did I scoff at this? And why not? Would not every infidel in the land that should be told this scoff at it *now*, and regard me as a fool?

My answer is, a mother's prayer had been recorded, and a special and direct providence recalled the former religious teaching of my second mothers, and made it suddenly and irresistibly efficacious.

Yours, ever,
R. Carlton.

LETTER XVIII.

Dear Charles,—You say that no comments will be made till you have other incidents, and that perhaps you will then favor me with some remarks.

Well, I do not propose to give you my whole string of onions at once, or one at a time; but I shall throw specimens off as they come to memory.

From boyhood, even to the very hour of writing now, I have had a nervous horror as to certain forms of violent death. I profess not to be a brave man; and yet am I not, perhaps, pre-eminently a coward. In a just cause, I could, especially if *backed* by an officer sword in hand, face the *cannon's mouth;* but either with or without an officer, I certainly would not, and could not, stand a charge. I should die with fright! If my death must be a violent one, let my head be shot away—but oh! do not run me through with any thing like cold iron or gleaming steel! Eh! there's a shiver now!

In other words, Charles, my imagination is not utterly

overwhelmed with horror in contemplating violent death in some of its forms. Death, for instance, from a cannon ball is passed in a moment; it leaves no time for thought. My agitation, however, is very great if death approaches me slowly yet surely, and penetrates by inches to the seat of life. Let my courage be screwed ever so near to the sticking or standing point, the point of a pike or the gleam of a bayonet, or the flash of a sword, would lower my martial ardor in a moment down to zero, if not several inches below.

At all events, the bare sight of two ill-favored cutlasses once saved me from entering on a mode of life in which there is the greatest probability of departing far away from goodness and heaven. Certainly some ways of living, deemed lawful, are yet utterly and irreconcileably at war with Christianity.

In my wild oats era—and wild enough they were—I determined, partly in a fit of burning indignation at what was conceived ill-treatment, and partly in a fit of boyish heroism, to abscond from a detested employment, and become neither more nor less than a—privateersman! For many days the subject was deeply pondered; and all the chances of death, life, pleasure, plunder, honor, and the like, were calculated, till a resolution was taken to brave all consequences and immediately to enlist on board Moffatt's vessel. Having no day so opportune, I waited till the coming Sabbath, and then, instead of reading Shakspeare, I called up all the man—or demon, (?) Charles, and wended my way, sullen and resolved, to the wharf.

And there lay the vessel. I may not say there were in my heart no misgivings, no relentings before; I may not say there were no thoughts of dear and kind friends that had taught me prayers, in my dark and tossing spirit—yes, there was a fierce conflict within. But alas! what home had I? Ah! Charles, there were things in my early days bitter indeed, and which often drove my wayward and proud spirit to the verge of madness, or worse! The changes in my treatment and hopes were too sudden and grievous for a boy to bear philosophically, and with scarce a friend or adviser. I may not say, then, there were no repentings before. But at last I was on the point of entering the ship; it was low tide; the scene is before me now; but as I was about to put my

foot on her deck to inquire for the captain, my eye caught, just above the entrance of the companion-way, two drawn cutlasses crossed—a sign that she was a vessel of war!

Had no weapons been there, or had the weapons been pistols, muskets, or any species of fire-arms, my resolution would not have been shaken; but at the sight of these drawn swords, in a moment all my nervous fear of death from cutting awoke, and I became in an instant what the world calls a coward, and—I fled!

I know Mr. Coolheady will enjoy a hearty laugh at this *accident*, as he will call it. Very well; I am afraid of cold steel, it is true, but my nerves will stand his scorn and that of a ship-load or regiment of skeptics and infidels. Because use is made of my idiosyncracy, if you please, or of any other natural instrumentality, to preserve me from what is worse, in reality, than mere temporal death—the death of my morals—the care of Providence is not less wonderful, nor less to be thanked.

We do not expect Providence to use what some would deem great instruments only. It is more wonderful and dignified, (if that term here is admissible,) for Him to work with any and every means, and with very ordinary instruments to accomplish the most extraordinary results. I am, in fact, somehow or other so steeped in my belief, or rather the conviction of special and direct interference from heaven is so wrought into the very fibre and texture of my soul, that this very soul itself must be destroyed before that conviction can be. I may be pressed with many objections, some of which are difficult, perhaps impossible to answer; but that is the case with any and every moral subject where it is intended that faith should have any exercise. It is, indeed, the case with many matters of art and science. Often, very often is a thing admitted as true and beyond doubt, from the clear evidences in its favor, although, *ab ignorantia*, we or others may start unanswerable objections.

Must you have my dream, Charles? I once refused it to a clergyman who wished to publish it. If you insist, I must yield.

Yours, ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XIX.

Dear Charles,—Allow me to write a preface to my dream. I am not, in the vulgar sense, what is called a believer in dreams. Still, there is no crime nor any danger in thinking that *some* dreams have been extraordinary and have led to extraordinary results. It does not seem either unreasonable or irreligious, to hold that in regard to certain temporal matters in no apparent way connected with the gospel, and therefore in no way connected with the object of revelation, monition by unusual modes may be imparted to our minds. Many presentiments and impressions are so marked, so clear, so distinct, and have been followed by consequences so in accordance with their nature, that it is more irrational to resolve them into accident than to admit their real character—a providential interference. And if so in regard to these monitions, why not in regard to dreams?—that is, some dreams.

Certainly no impossibility can here be urged. And if good cause, or a *cui bono* can be shown, as we believe may be for some remarkable monitions by presentiment, dream, (nay, start not, domine,) or even *apparition*, it is both reverent and wise to attribute such to a special, superintending Providence.

Our day, Mr. Clarence, is Sadducean in its spirit. Men *feel* a scoffing spirit towards all views, however supported by probable and rational argument, on the intercourse between this visible and that invisible state, separated by a line almost as thin as imaginary ones between the zones. Yet strange! many infidels, who abhor the admission of such possible intercourse because it would admit a God at the same time, do assiduously cultivate mesmerism! And why? Because they hope to prove by some hocus-pocus of logic, that all miracles may be resolved on natural principles. It is granted that great caution is necessrry in treading on this solemn ground of divine interference; for not a few who admit what is now contended for, do become visionary and fanatical. But a wide difference may be discovered between modest and probable things, and the hallucinations of Swedenborg.

No new religious truth, no new moral revelation is sup-

posed to be conveyed to our mind by providential and special monition: yet by such monition we may be urged to attend to what is already revealed. Or we may be induced to shun a lurking danger, or to send relief where it is needed. And, pray, Charles, what harm if unusual hints and intimations preserve in our minds a solemn awe of that mysterious world —real, although invisible?

Is it so very wonderful and incredible that the Supreme should care about his creatures? And *a priori* is it not vastly more probable that certain unusual monitions should be vouchsafed, than that such should not be? For my part, I find it impossible to divest myself of the belief of what is now advanced; and I make the avowal, at the hazard of being thought credulous. Cooler and wiser men by far have fully believed that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophies;" and hence if shelter be necessary, I stand behind these, and am well content to be sneered at in such company.

Thus much for preface, and now the dream. Alas! in recording it, I record my shame: but like other penitents, I may, for good cause, tell of what is now sincerely abhorred and deplored. Rarely in those days did I enter a church; and then only to deride and scoff. Nay, my chosen companions would often grossly disturb and insult such religious meetings as could be disturbed and insulted with impunity. At length so guilty a pre-eminence was gained in impiety, that I often, and without much alarm, used to say, "If there *be* a hell, I am very sure of it!" Most truly was I living without hope and without God; and once in a sudden fainting fit, as I believed myself to be sinking away from the light of life, and the cold chill of a deathful shudder was quivering through my very soul, with senses all keenly awake, I thought within myself, "If there be a hell, perhaps, —I am *sinking* into it!"

Oh! dear Charles!—twice have I thought myself to be dying—once as an infidel apostate—and once as a believer in the Son of God—and how different my feelings! May the Infinite Mercy keep me from the view of the abyss once before my terrified soul!—my very blood even now curdles at the thoughts of my danger!

In the midst of this demoniacal life, when all ordinary

means seemed powerless to alarm me: and when, a few months before the time of my present narrative, in the midst of a fearful tempest, while the fierce lightnings were gleaming over the city like the sword of the Eternal, and the loud voice of his thunders was shaking the houses to their foundations, and many, in consequence of a prediction, fearing that in very deed the day of doom had arrived, lost their senses, I had sat apparently calm upon a grass plot, and to show my hardihood, had played an instrument of music in a lively tune—even in such a course of life, I was thoroughly *alarmed* by a dream!

I dreamed one night; and nothing suggested the dream that I ever recollected, for the storm alluded to happened months before; I dreamed myself as having gone with a wicked comrade, one Sabbath afternoon, to disturb a prayer meeting of Presbyterians. The meeting was held in a room up a court or alley at the north side of the church. Whilst we were engaged in making a disturbance at the window, on a sudden the heaven above was wholly veiled with a mysterious and portentous darkness! Soon, vivid and forked lightnings shot forth in all directions, and with an intensity so keen that they appeared to pierce to the centre of the earth; and loud, crashing thunder-peals made it tremble under our feet, as if all things were in the agony of dissolution! And then immediately before our eyes opened a gulf —wide—bottomless! and far away down in its terrific abyss, were voices, and wailings, and cries of strange horror! and quenchless fires were raging in vast tumultuating waves!

Fixed at the edge of that amazing gulf, we looked at each other in utter despair. We knew it had something to do with our conduct; and that God Almighty was fiercely yet righteously angry; and we seemed to be waiting only for some invisible power to plunge us into that fiery abyss! Soon I heard a sweet voice above me in the thick darkness that seemed to say, "Dost thou wish to be saved?"—on which I eagerly replied, "Oh! yes! yes!" And then I was borne up by my hair, and in an instant stood safe, across that fearful chasm!

In a moment I looked back on my poor comrade in guilt; and again came the voice from the darkness above, "If he will take your hand, he too can be saved;" on which I im-

mediately stretched out my hand, inclining myself away over the burning pit; and my comrade, as soon as he touched the point of my fingers, was brought over, and stood wondering at my side!

At that very moment the lightnings ceased; the mysterious pall of sackcloth darkness gave place to a bright, cloudless sky; and the awful gulf closed, leaving, as its edges were compressed, a long ridge in the pavement. Turning to my friend, I said, "Oh! William, this is a great deliverance! Oh! come let us go into church!" The poor boy seemed unwilling, still we both went into the house and sat together in a pew. Upon looking at the preacher, I perceived he was a stranger;—for when I did go to church it was to this church I came usually, and the preacher was not the one that ordinarily preached there. He was solemn even to awfulness; and I listened with the profoundest solemnity, while my poor comrade seemed careless as usual. And here the dream was ended.

In the morning, my very soul quaked with terror. It was with much difficulty I could perform a task. I related the cause to a young man in the same employment, and who himself was far from righteousness; but the bare narration and my looks so alarmed this man, that he exclaimed, "I would not be *you* for the whole universe!"

Within a few weeks, however, the deep impression of the dream had passed, and—oh! dear Charles, *can* it be possible?—I became again in some degree, a *derider!!* One Sabbath afternoon I went to that very church in company with that companion named in my dream, and a few others, not to worship, but to trifle—alas! alas!—to mock! A stranger was in the pulpit. His text was, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." And most solemnly did he warn and expostulate with the young; most tearfully did he mourn over the reprobate, till suddenly my attention became irresistibly fixed. My gaze seemed riveted on his face —where, oh! where, had that solemn voice been heard, that earnest face been seen? Charles, it was the face and the voice of my dream!—but my dream did not at that moment occur to my mind—yet it was that face, it was that voice!

His words, however, came like a sword of burning flame into the depths of my soul. And when he told the despair-

ing death of an infidel who had done a horrid act of impiety —like one I myself, my *diabolical self*, had done—then, dearest Charles, then did the "sharp arrows of the Almighty enter and drink up my spirit!" Then did "the horrors of hell get hold upon me!" I *did understand* "the terrors of the Lord," and *felt* throughout my whole frame that "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!" * * * * * * *

That the dream had a moral influence I know. Never did I wholly lose its impression; and never after was I so careless and callous. Indeed, my subsequent behaviour was to gain peace, by destroying conviction. It prepared me for what followed, and it exerted a restraining force, in some degree, till the hour when a voice should speak that would be heard, and a power compel, that could not be overcome.

The preacher has gone to his rest and reward. His end was that of the righteous. May God grant that your friend, a penitent since that sermon, may be made to persevere, and to embrace that beloved preacher in the better land! My comrade—he, too, is dead! But—(I shudder as it is written)—he professed no change of opinions and practices! He has stood before the Judge. We shall soon follow.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XX.

Dear Charles,—"Some persons, and perhaps the majority of religious people," you say, "would be at a loss to see special providences in such things as I relate, who yet would willingly attribute the impressions and restraints of my early life to the Holy Spirit." Such, I presume, dear friend, class all these matters under a term of their own—*common* operations of the Spirit. If by that term is meant that such operations are shared by very many, be it so: but that many are the objects of God's love is not a reason for denying a special providence. As we have said, too many men, and even among the professedly religious, can believe nothing to be special and particular unless the interference be in great

matters and for great people. But why this perpetual distrust and secret infidelity? Will not the very arguments that object to a special providence, overthrow all providence?

For myself, it is far more difficult to believe what most call a general providence, than to admit a special, direct, particular interference every hour and moment. I am persuaded that here, as in other religious things, the state of a man's own heart influences his views. And pious persons understand very differently at different times. To walk with God in close and intimate communion, day and night, as ever in his presence, admits us to many secret things never before conjectured; and among others to a clearer perception of a special providence. * * * * *

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* * * Nor are you mistaken: that people, that dear people did receive me with open arms. Not a few did almost literally hold me to their very heart; and with joyous eyes streaming tears, they did look up to heaven and bless God that the reviler was clothed, and in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus Christ! And that reviler felt fulfilled the promise, that he should, on deserting his sinful companions, find "brothers and sisters and fathers and mothers a thousand-fold." Charles, be assured that is the meaning of the promise. Are not all believers the sons of one Father, the brethren of one Saviour, the loving and sanctified people and family of one Holy Ghost—with one spirit, one faith, one baptism? * * * * * And if the departed know about repentant sinners, my own mother and those other mothers did rejoice over the returning prodigal.

* * * * * *

The most affecting of all incidents pertaining to this period of my second life, was the joy of my mother's African nurse, now nearly one hundred years old. Charles, believe me that, notwithstanding all we hear about the extreme cruelty of slave-owners to their slaves, and the invincible hatred slaves have for their masters, in many cases what is affirmed is a *slanderous and malicious lie*. The attachment between owners and slaves is sometimes like the tie of a tender relationship. Slaves may be found, who would almost die for a kind master or mistress. There are negroes that will love the children

and the children's children, for several successive generations; and who will fondle on the younger members of the family as a mother fondles on her most beloved.

Many years ago, as I was on the point of leaving the Island for the North, and while entering a boat, a very aged negress, who had most carefully dressed herself for the interview in her gayest apparel and most gorgeous turban, came near, and looking affectionately into my face, and making a low and graceful courtsey, said, "Is this Miss Betsey's son?" Poor Charlotte, she had been my mother's playmate! But when my mother, long years before, had left her native South—to suffer, to die, in the North,—Charlotte had taken the last look of her youthful mistress, called, according to the usage, Miss Betsey even after her marriage! And now she looked upon her son! * * * * Charles!—the gushing soul was in the look that came with her question—"Is this Miss Betsey's son?" Was it wonderful, tears filled my eyes? Could I have hurt or mistreated *that* woman? No! I am not ashamed to say, tears are at this very moment dropping on my paper! This may provoke a sneer,—that I can stand; but I could not endure myself if there was no love in my soul for that kind, tender, loving negro-woman, who loved my mother, and then loved her son!

Pre-eminent in attachment, however, was my mother's nurse. At my mother's marriage, being set free, she accompanied her to the north, in the capacity of nurse and housekeeper. She was a genuine African; and doubtless, also, once a zealous idolater; for when brought to America her face was gashed and scarred according to some pagan superstition. Along the seams of that furrowed face how often have I seen tears streaming! In my father's family the faithful nurse remained till all—father, mother, children, eight or nine in number, lay in the church-yard! Then the great love, divided among the dead, was concentrated in her heart, and came out in one living stream of tenderness towards the sole living remembrancer of the past!

They who became the second mothers of the orphan boy —then a mere infant of some three years—could have told how Maria clasped him to her heart; how she raved in the very frenzy of sorrow; how she filled their dwelling with the bitter wailing that melted all hearts; and how, in her

mistaken zeal, she interfered with necessary regulations, till force was used to tear us apart!

Of all this I remember little. As years, however, increased I soon became sensible, that if the whole world deserted me, there was yet one heart that ever yearned over me with a mother's strong love—one heart that could almost have dropped its very blood to defend my life—one heart that would break if I had died!

How often, when she was seated at the corner of the street selling to school children little parcels of confectionery, have I, on approaching, seen that dim eye gleam with a sudden light of love!—while tears ran down that seared face! And how often, in despite of myself, have I been snatched to that throbbing heart, amidst the wondering looks of the passers! * * * * * * * * Oh! Charles, I became ashamed of this, then—(my tears are often atoning for it now)—and in my far-off wanderings from God, I partially forgot,—no, no, not *forgot*—I partially and purposely avoided her! And yet was that so surprising—she was a devoted Christian then—and I was a reprobate! Yes, blessed be the Son of God, my mother's nurse was a Christian. For more than thirty years she belonged to the Baptist Church in ———; and by repeating the texts and quotations from the Scriptures as they were heard from the pulpit, a stranger, to hear her use the word of God, would have supposed her able to read.

* * * * * *

Well, the change came. Again I went to see Maria; and both now were happy. At one visit she said:

"Dear Massa, won't you read the Bible and pray with old Maria?"

"Most willingly, Maria," was my reply. And so, Charles, I read in the Scriptures, and then, in her little dark and humble back room, we both kneeled down together—the aged saint and the repentant prodigal—she a converted idolater, and weighed down with near an hundred years of deep and abundant sorrow, and I a converted infidel, in the prime of early manhood; and our souls were united in a prayer to the same reconciled Father!

We arose from our knees. Charles, *can* I ever forget what happened? *Never!* That dear saint of the Most High

clasped me in her aged arms, and with streaming eyes looking towards heaven, she exclaimed, "God knows, dear massa, I loved you for old massa's sake, but now I love you for the Lord Jesus' sake!"

* * * * * *

Yours ever,

R. CARLTON.

LETTER XXI.

From Clarence to Carlton.

DEAR ROBERT,—The history of your Maria reminds me of an incident in my history, which perhaps may interest you.

Like most young clergymen, my first stock of written sermons was exceedingly meagre. I commenced my clerical life with precisely four; which, as no opportunity offered of writing others, were so frequently delivered and re-delivered, that I really detested the sight of the articles. Still, being on that southern journey you have elsewhere done me the honor to celebrate, I was compelled to stick both to the texts and the sermons. The places, it is true, where the discourses had to be repeated, were often two hundred miles apart, and there was very fair chance of a bran-new audience every time; but I felt so satiated and disgusted myself, it seemed even strange audiences must nauseate the repetition.

I have lived long enough to know that old sermons may be occasionally used again, and with great profit, both to speaker and hearer; but having more vanity then, and morbid sensitiveness, and perhaps less reliance on a higher power, I felt as if my sermons were intrinsically good for nothing, and that no good could, or even ought to be done, by re-preaching them. I was, however, a minister of the Gospel, and knew it was my duty always to preach when opportunity offered; and so I got over the *task* the best way possible.

I may not say how much blame may have been in all this, nor how erroneous my estimate of the effect, but the

discourses, by the time I reached Georgia, were, to use a westernism, *used up;* and so being importuned by some relatives to preach in a Baptist church some hundred miles to the south of Charleston, I consented; stating, however, my incapacity of preaching without notes, and my fear that small attention would be paid to a manuscript sermon.

Well, after being consoled with the assurance that due allowance would be made for so young a preacher, and complimented on my *modesty!* I appeared with one of my detestable papers, and essayed to get through the affair as comfortably as possible. Never, dear Robert, was I more uncomfortable, either in mind or body; for additional to the cause already named, the meeting-house was an unchinked log building, and the day (it was in the month of January) was very cold, cloudy, and windy. There I stood, in a half shiver, wrapped, not in a bishop's tasteful and reverend silk gown, but in an old-fashioned worsted and striped plaid, and read away in a trembling voice, husky from the raw and chilly atmosphere. Indeed, Robert, I meant no irreverence, yet I felt that so mean a service could not be acceptable, and most certainly could not and ought not to benefit any one. Such, I mean, were my feelings and sentiments at the time; and perhaps might ever have been so, had I not some nine years after been informed of one remarkable result.

After wandering in different parts of the Union for about nine years, I again visited Philadelphia, and on going to see a southern lady, one of my auditors on that day in the Baptist church, she surprised me by this exclamation:

"Oh, Mr. Clarence! how glad I am to see you! Do you remember preaching for us that time—"

"Pray, Madam, do not name it. I am ashamed of the little interest I felt that day in trying to do my duty—"

"Ashamed! Why, sir, that sermon did more good than you are aware."

"Good! impossible. Such a sermon, and such a delivery! Could these do good?"

"Yes, sir; and so will you think, when you hear my story. A poor negro man had driven his master's carriage, and during the service he sat out of doors, on the carriage-box, and through the open chinks of the house he heard your sermon. And what do you think, Mr. Clarence? Why, sir,

he was awakened by that discourse, and he finally became, as we all believe, a true convert! Yes, sir, he made a profession of religion in our church shortly after you left the South; and for some years after he lived as a true Christian, when he died, not only calmly but triumphantly, and is doubtless gone to heaven."

Dear Robert! I must say this gives me more pleasure than to own a princely estate. If that poor African brother was saved by my instrumentality, it was worth all my toilsome and hazardous journey. I am rebuked, too, and corrected. But I am consoled also, with the hope that very unworthy services, and in which motives not wholly religious doubtless existed, may have in other cases effected good, without my knowledge. Possibly, some of your clerical acquaintances would be glad to have this incident. If so, read this letter to them.

Yours truly,
C. Clarence.

LETTER XXII.

Dear Charles,—The mention of *your* African reminds me of a providential deliverance Mrs. C. and myself experienced many years ago, in one of our journeys across the Alleghany Mountains.

We were travelling from Kentucky to Philadelphia. We rode in our own *carriage* (?), as my lady persisted in calling the vehicle, to her fashionable friends. And yet, that carriage was a simple Yankee wagon. As we were returning, however, to the lordly East, our "women bodies" had persuaded me "to do it up" with flashy curtains and brass nails, and with cords and tassels to match: the effect of which "fixins" was to give the machine no faint likeness to a clock-vender's cart. And to that semblance was, in all probability, owing our adventure.

One day, at the base of the Chestnut Ridge, we overtook a very genteel negro man, who begged we would carry his heavy saddle-bags some twenty miles; which request obtained, he stepped off at a brisk pace and was soon out of

sight. But hereby hangs *not* the tale. It was the story of your black friend which reminded me of this man, and he, of course, brought to recollection the day and its incident. When we overtook our dusky neighbor, the adventure was over.

At two o'clock P. M. we began the ascent of Laurel Hill. Our horse went up at the usual snail-pace; and hence, as the sky was veiled with clouds, and a mist was oozing out, our minds became gloomy and foreboding. And that was not unnatural, as robberies, even on a large scale, were then frequent; and a remnant of Lewes' gang lurked yet among the mountains. We became in fact ominously silent. I do not think it wrong to carry weapons for defence in perilous journeys, although they often seem to be useless; and for that and other reasons I had always travelled unarmed, and was unarmed then.

About one mile of the ascent now remained, when, on turning a sharp angle in the road, about one hundred paces in front, as if our forebodings had become embodied, there stood two ruffian-looking men; and each armed with a heavy bludgeon! Our thoughts were, at the sight, simultaneously uttered in suppressed tones—robbers!

I had frequently tried to imagine what one's feelings would be in such a crisis. My imaginings proved very unlike the reality. The first pang of fear, I do believe, was even worse than the attack itself could have been: and it seems possible, that men sometimes rush into real dangers to escape the imaginary.

The fellows, after a brief conference between themselves, came forward; the one a tall man with foul whiskers, the other, short, robust, and with an expression of countenance combined of cunning and recklessness. Towards our right towered the mountain, the shadow of which concealed my wife, so that the men doubtless mistook me for an itinerant merchant and alone. The crisis approached. Engaging in an intense mental prayer, I was suddenly inspired with some courage. I resolved to make an effort, which, if it did not save our lives, might leave a mark to aid in the discovery of the assassins, in case of murder. In my pocket was a large knife used to cut our provisions. This I opened in my pocket, and grasping the handle firmly with my right hand,

I determined, if a demand was made for my money, to stab the villain in the eye, instead of handing out my pocket-book. I did not expect such a blow would actually kill him. I expected the deep gash in his face would lead to his subsequent apprehension. This all was, as you will know, the thought and act of a moment. The men were now only a few yards distant. There seemed some hesitation in their purpose; for they slackened their pace; and the small man, in reply to some refusal on the part of the other, who shook his head, replied, "Well, I will then." Both then changed their clubs into the left hands; and the tall fellow inclined towards my horse's head; while the short one advanced towards the side of the wagon. Lifting my soul, as I believed in my last prayer, I became nerved with a coward's desperation; when, like a flash of inspiration, came into my mind a story told by a college chum once in my room. His uncle was startled by a negro, who sprang from the hedge and seized his bridle; on which the gentleman bowed politely, and said, "Good morning, Cæsar!" when the slave relinquished his hold, and bowing politely in return, leaped back into the bushes. I resolved to do the same. Looking steadily in the man's face as he approached, I said, "How do you do, sir?"

Whether my *seeming* coolness—or the coward-like desperation in my manner—or the discovery that I was not alone, the nearer view having shown my wife on the next seat behind—I cannot tell what—but the fellow instantly changed his purpose, and with a bitter and snarling tone returned the salutation. The next moment both, turning away, hurried down the mountain.

Mrs. C. may tell her part of the story; and how heroically I attempted to run over a suspicious looking chap at the entrance of a dark bridge over a deep ravine at the foot of the mountain; and how, a little beyond, we met travellers who said it was unsafe to be travelling so late, and advised us to stop at the next house—but I have told all that seems sufficient to show a providential deliverance.

To confirm our opinion of the character of the men, our host said that three men, such as I have described, had passed his house that morning; that one returned, saying he was afraid to travel with the others, who were armed with

deadly weapons. The landlord's son, too, had been recently robbed on the mountain. And besides, some gentlemen in central Pennsylvania, to whom our fright was told, said they recognized in my description one, if not both the men, as highwaymen belonging to Lewes' gang.

However, one thing is plain enough, that your humble servant is not as brave a man as Julius Cæsar: and yet, perhaps, if other heroes were equally honest, many would acknowledge a little pat-pat of the heart in times of supposed or real danger.

Yours ever,
R. Carlton.

LETTER XXIII.

Dear Charles,—You do deserve to have your knuckles rapped for such skepticism about the reality of my danger, and for daring to say "I was more scared than hurt." I understand your drift; you only aim to hear more of my adventures. Very well. Some of these days I will get hold of your buttons; and then will I inflict such a length of tale as will make you more cautious in future of prying into secret histories. Sir, it will be nearly as bad as cow-hiding.

A poor scholar some time since craved my assistance. In order to prevent his applying too soon again, I read him one of your long yarns—by which he discovered I had read Horace to some valuable purpose. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I say, sir, in reply, that you are as silly as Coolheady himself. Have you so soon forgot what we wrote on this very head? What if it be only by a suggestion—or a word—or a feather—or any other *little* matter; does that render the interference and care of Providence less real or less important? Would you have miracles at every turn? Must an earthquake, and a storm or tempest be the means of deliverance in every danger? As to my not being important enough to have any special deliverance wrought for me, I do say, Charles, if any thing like that is your real opinion, then my real opinion is, the sooner you quit preaching the

better. I suppose if I had been intended for a bishop, with a gown, a big wig, and a big ——, your reverence would have thought a *nodus* had existed worthy a divine interference! But if I do not cease, I shall imitate your cloth in their temperate discussions, and become personal; and * * * * * * * * * * *

Entirely, dear Charles, do I concur as to the extent in meaning of the promises. I do think a lay homily or sermon could be written on that delightful passage, "Seek first the kingdom of Heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you." There is a truth, a depth in those words few appreciate properly. A literal interpretation in the widest range of application approximates its meaning. The promise means strictly just what it says. No figure—no restriction —no spiritualizing—is admissible. Any diluting here is impiety. It contradicts from a sinful distrust; and this spirit cannot see how such promises can be fulfilled, unless "windows are made in heaven."

Doubtless a fulfillment often takes place in this promise, even where men *seem* only to be good. The promise has a very special, though not an exclusive reference, to the sincerely penitent and trustful. These can and do say to others, "Friends, make the experiment, and you too will be filled with wonder at the literal truth of the promise." Many persons are as well satisfied here, as in the existence of the Holy One Himself.

Moderate things are particularly meant: not because all things are not in the divine gift, but because our folly abuses great things, and renders the withholding of them proper. When good men, however, strive with an honest heart to do good on a more extended scale with the greater bestowments, it is seen again and again, that upon these persons are heaped a thousand and a thousand gifts, beyond the competencies and comforts of life. Our God is not envious of our happiness, as the ancients supposed in regard to their divinities. He is a wise and kind father, who bestows in accordance with our use of his benefits.

This whole world strictly and literally, and without hyperbole or figure of any sort, belongs to Jesus Christ. He bought it with his blood; and be bought it for his people. No man, either regenerate or unregenerate, saint or sinner,

can get or keep or use in any way one iota, without his permission. Good and incontrovertible reasons may be assigned why his enemies and despisers have certain portions; for all such portions are of allowance, and not of right; while truly penitent and pious men have, by their relationship to the Redeemer, a right to the world, as well in the whole as in the part. The whole no man needs; nor could he, even if disposed, use the whole advantageously; but whosoever will, utterly abandoning the world as a chief good—as an ultimate end—as of infinitely less importance than penitence and faith and obedience—whosoever will humbly and reverently, and yet boldly and fearlessly ask in that Name for such portions as are right for him in his circumstances to receive, he shall and will receive his share. In this is no mistake. Every man who follows this course will sooner or later see for himself, and feel within himself, the truth to be as we affirm.

Not a few, and even good men, resolve this promise into necessary consequence! The increased caution, prudence, industry and the like, say they, *naturally* insure success! Indeed! It is true, no success without these qualities and exertions ordinarily follows ours labors and wishes; but it is not true that success *must* follow, even where all economical qualities are properly exerted.

How comes it to pass, and that so very frequently, that diligence, and care, and prudence, and activity, and the like, are utterly abortive? Are not thousands witnesses that "unless the Lord keep the city the watchmen watch in vain?" And whence come the qualities, the mental and physical powers, necessary as means to our success? Come not these from God?

Charles, here is the very point at which a special Providence takes care of us. Men that observe these things, do repeatedly see, that, just as they cease from all anxiety about comfort, and happiness, and success, and, in a word, about the world in all its senses; and just as they devote themselves to the duties of life in a pious spirit, and lean, in the use of all means with a trustful heart upon God, just in that degree do they find comfort and happiness, and, in short, all success. On the other hand, with *good men*, devotedness to the world, in the most laborious use of the best means, and under the most favorable of circumstances, where they,

through the treachery of the heart, forget God, and begin to say, "Is not this great Babylon that *I* have built?"—with true, but blacksliding good men, such devotedness prevents not disquiet, disappointment, and usually the utter ruin of their temporal affairs.

If regenerate men would have any of the world, the rule for *such* is—*abandon the world*. This appears paradoxical and fanatical to many; and it is not fully understood unless we give the promise a fair trial. Our religion is essentially of Faith. If our religion be, however, founded on Faith, it does not follow, as Hume sneeringly and insidiously says, that it is not founded on reason. If he and his admirers cannot understand how, in being built on Faith, it is pre-eminently built on reason, that prevents not our understanding the truth, any more than their being also physically without eyes would hinder men from seeing who have their eyes. Doubtless all blind persons of their sort may imagine that religious and spiritual things *look* like "the *sound* of a trumpet!"

Nor dare I, Charles, conceal experience on this point, though at the hazard of inferences prejudicial to my intellect and my modesty. If not a believer, I wish to be one; and I do so value the things that were once bitterly and malignantly sneered at, that I will sell all and buy these "pearls of great price." It is not more wonderful that promises are fulfilled in one man's case, than another's. Whatever I may be, that have I been made; and therefore duty and gratitude both incline me to add another testimony to those of myriads of better Christians.

I *know* that to me the promise is literally and extensively fulfilled. I *know* as are my endeavors after a better life, so is my happiness and even worldly prosperity. I *know* all cannot be attributed to mere care and industry and prudence; for all these once availed me nothing. I discern many an *accident*, as we call it, which formerly rendered an untiring industry and an indomitable perseverance unavailing; and also many an *accident* that since renders these instrumentalities successful.

Should any doubt or disbelieve, I shall lament his blindness more than he can possibly lament mine. Much self-righteousness is at the bottom of this secret or avowed skep-

ticism; as if we ought to have more worthiness and be of more importance, or have some price to buy such special favor! It is, Charles, *because* we are mean, and worthless, and powerless, and miserable, and blind, and naked, and have need of all things, that God's special care is over us! A price has been paid which buys for men *all things!* And if God have given his Son, he may rationally enough give any and all other gifts; for all singly or unitedly are infinitely less than the one bestowed; and that gift is for natural enemies and profitless servants!

The good man does not exalt *himself* in believing himself an object of particular care. He exalts *God's mercy*. He exalts his Redeemer. The happy Christian, who heartily believes himself under a special care, is, and must be, an humble man. Others will discover pride and contempt engendering opposite sentiments.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XXIV.

Dear Charles,—I can furnish your reverence with sermons, to be sure; but perhaps some persons would do better to write their own, and not borrow so much from the living and the dead. No offence: yet it *is* said, some of your profession plagiarize by wholesale. (?)

As to originality, I cannot agree with you. In my "*humble*" opinion no man is wholly destitute of originality. If all would work their own mines, and not rummage in their neighbors' stores, all would bring out genuine ore: and that would be more to their credit, even if the inferior metals copper and iron came forth. Very often when we neglect the home material, we get after all from our neighbors only tinsel, or at best gold leaf beaten nearly thin as air. Even apples of gold in frames of silver cease to delight if paraded for ever; and many sermon-makers, and other writers, do little else than show off their ancestral ware. Perhaps—(take courage, my metaphor is now spun out)—copper and iron metaphysically are, to the mass of men, more serviceable than silver and gold.

Indolence and false modesty cause us to set up and worship intellectual popes. Most people tamely surrender good thoughts and sentiments, unless like current coin they are found stamped with the imprint of some autocrat in the literary world. A nearer connection than is seen at a superficial view exists between mental cowardice and slavery, and spiritual thraldom. Indolence and submission of the one kind prepare the way for the other. Freedom, in all things, requires effort. Many who deem themselves freemen are indeed the veriest slaves and tools:—in vulgar parlance, they dare not say to the magnates of the world, "My soul's my own." One indubitable evidence of this cowardice ever is, when this question is asked, "What will the world think?" for usually the fear of man, and not of the truth, is then before our eyes: and he that fears man is a slave. The majority could not continue to live without Fathers and Authority. Hence they remain children for ever; and they cannot become Fathers and Authority themselves. They are always in the bib-age.

No small amount of stereotype twaddle is current about the nicety and elegance of a pulpit style. The ignoble sentiment is prevalent in certain quarters, that some parsons had better read other men's compositions in the pulpit than preach their own. To us it seems better that these honest *gentlemen* who are unable to write their own discourses, ought to yield their office and salary to such *men* as can; for others may be found who can cultivate nicety and elegance sufficient for all practical purposes, and yet manufacture their own articles in the pulpit line. Shame! that any should plead for clerical ninnyism.

Any pious man of ordinary understanding, who will conscientiously and diligently study, will bring forth *new* things as well as *old*, and his own copper and iron will please more, and indeed profit more, than if he piled before and on us all the riches of the Fathers.

I repeat it, Charles, and that whether the thought occur in the standard authors or not, I repeat that all men have a native force, *an originality*. If every man will sedulously cultivate his own intellectual powers; if he will court and patiently endure criticism; if he will set his face like a flint against the ridicule and scorn which this boldness will cause,

he will be vastly more useful and interesting than if he serve as a mere conduit to convey water from other men's cisterns. Nay—and you may laugh away—I aver originality is an improveable quality. Talents differ, and by consequence originalities differ; but a man will ever find that he profits and delights more by being himself, and not another. We wish not all metals to be gold, nor all jewels diamonds, nor all flowers roses; but each has a separate beauty and a separate use, and all the beauties and uses combined are of surpassing glory and advantage.

Part of our originality is our experience. And if we, on fitting occasions, relate what we know and have felt, we shall both please and profit. Others may have had the same or analogous experience: still will there be a delightful freshness in our narrations to stir the souls of others, and the more, if their experience in any degree tallies with our own. In us, men recognize themselves, and that delights. Giving ourselves, is in all respects better than retailing or wholesaling the thoughts and words even of the geniuses. Therefore, let every one that writes or speaks mind his *own idiosyncracy*, and let his neighbor's alone. And if praised or blamed, let it be for natural offspring and not adopted.

This originality of mine will not furnish your leanness with the promised sermon matter; and so the sheet shall be finished with an illustrative incident or two.

Without immodesty, it may be said that like other professed Christian men, I have "given to the poor," and like others, with a deep and settled trust that it was literally "lending to the Lord." That trust has never been disappointed. So uniformly and plainly has the loan been returned, and with compound interest, that I have more than once been alarmed lest my paltry donations should be made to get gain! and for fear a reward in this life might be the sole one! A profound feeling of satisfaction sometimes exists, as if the money were deposited in a bank, and I am certain to receive my dividends. Nay, without entering into the discussion whether or not assurance companies may not be the very means in the providence of God to secure something for one's family, I am nearly ready to bestow the annual instalment that is paid to an assurance corporation upon the poor, and upon religious charities, and to trust for suitable returns from God.

I have several stories on this head, and intended to narrate them minutely, but I shall content myself with saying, that on two occasions, when in great distress, letters have suddenly and unexpectedly arrived with presents of large sums! On other occasions, claims to lands, supposed to be lost and therefore neglected, have been, without any labor of mine, acknowledged, and moneys paid me for the transfer!

Beside these larger and actually startling returns of the loans, innumerable small returns are continually making; all which rivet the conviction of a special providence, and of a literal fulfilment of its promises! I shall be chargeable with great folly and base ingratitude, if, to the end of life, I do not, according as God has prospered me, lay by and give joyously to the poor.

Yours ever,
R. CARLTON.

LETTER XXV.

DEAR CHARLES,— * * * yes, but I must again remind you that it is in the little things the hand of a special providence is discerned. It is delusion and presumption to look for extraordinary means even in uncommon deliverances, and to regard nothing as a special providence except what borders on the miraculous, is derogatory to God. Very extraordinary providences do show themselves, both in regard to persons and communities; the special care may be discerned daily.

If some men's ideas of the divine government were true, the great majority of us would be excluded from our heavenly Father's care. It would be difficult to find any very important sense in such expressions as "the steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord;" "the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous;" "take no thought for to-morrow," and many similar ones.

Are not all these words for the encouragement of *every* Christian? And are the promises fulfilled only to great men, or on great occasions, or according to our silly apprehen-

sions of fitness and decorum and dignity? Is nothing important that cannot be discerned with the naked eye? Shall all special interference be confined to the clergy, while the poor, the humble, the illiterate laymen and their affairs are too small for particular care?

Charles, if "the poor have the gospel preached unto them," then the poor are, in the sight of heaven, "of more value than many sparrows;" and yet not one sparrow falls without special permission. There is a perverse tendency, even in sanctified men, "to make God altogether such an one as ourselves;" and because we are "respecters of persons," we easily conclude God must be. Hence if a king, or a bishop, or a general, or a magistrate, or a rich man with an elegant town-house and also an enchanting country residence, talks about a special providence, (and many such persons have often just occasion to celebrate the divine care,) why, oh! ah! he is somebody, and it does seem rather natural and proper that in his behalf there should be a special interference; and above all, if "he have built us a synagogue and been kind to our nation."

But if a mechanic, who works at eight shillings per diem; or a small retail merchant; or a small farmer on a rented farm, with a rather unfashionable wife and daughters; and more especially if a shoe-black, or a servant—if this sort of folks talk with gratitude of a special providence—pshaw! it is preposterous! What! an interference for them! No! such are governed by *general* (?) laws! If not content with these laws, they may look in vain for others, unless they can be levelled up!

Human dignity, thou art often a great—Strut! Thou hast magnifying and keen eyes to discern when one in "gay clothes and gold rings" cometh into the temple; and thou dost, with marvellous grace, gallant the elegant, and beauteous, and tasteful away up to the very altar to pray; and with magnificent coldness dost turn up thy scornful nose at plain apparel and point—with such an air!—to thy footstool! Thy god is not the God of the Bible. Go it, dignity! elevate thy offended brow! pucker thy mouth and draw down the corners! pull in thy chin! and in all ways play off thy littleness. All that will not stay special and particular providences wherever men of any rank or no rank "hope in the divine mercy!"

Charles, your clerical and official gravity—(before the world)—makes you often rebuke me for "these sallies;"—as if silly things ought not to be laughed at! Now, sir, look attentively at many showy matters that pass for bigness, and solemnity, and grandeur, and wisdom; and like dissolving views, they suddenly melt away into littleness, and grimace, and puff, and foolery! Yes, sir, these vapor around like active wiggle-tails in a drop of old vinegar magnified, and sport with an indescribable activity and funniness, that gravity itself, surprised, is betrayed into a rude horse-laugh!

And these worldly things affect to look amazed when one talks of a special providence! and a devotional spirit, and an entire and childlike trust in divine promises! Were it not for heaven-born Pity filling the eyes with tears, good men could but smile at the magnificent antics Philosophy often plays—so grandly complacent!—so majestically self-satisfied! And then the awe-struck vulgar, *auribus arrectis!*—while Philosophy, "with great swelling words," rationally and on scientific principles explains the arcana of Revelation!—shows the rationale of its miracles! the lucky accidents and coincidences of its prophecies! and the necessity of *nature's* general laws!—a kind of fate superior to Divinity itself! And then the Thing smiles so profoundly benevolent at a fanaticism founded in "faith and not in reason!"

Charles, what a ferociously grand little worm! How like an active skipper in a cheese, trying to prove to the other mites, that their *habitation of curds* was an eternal cheese, from which they, like the Athenians from the earth, had sprung by the laws of nature! and would in due season be absorbed into the bosom of the divinity, sparks of celestial cream! That cheese itself was divinity! and the pantheistic lacticality was diffused through all their atomical skipperality!

To me, Charles, the intrinsic silliness of what opposes true religion is apparent. I *feel* such Philosophy must "rise to shame and everlasting contempt." In that well-deserved contempt is the ingredient to embitter the cup of fury and indignation to be poured on malignant adversaries; a constituent of the worm that, undying, shall gnaw on the conscience, and make "the wounded spirit that cannot be

borne!" If we carry with us beyond the grave an intellectual and moral nature, unsubdued to the belief and practice of truth, and have not become "little children" and "fools for Christ's sake," we carry hell with us! Truly devotional men are now by many called, and by more believed, to be fools; while such men, on the other hand, deem mere worldly wisdom folly:—this question Infinite Wisdom in that Day, will, in the presence of a whole universe, decide. That decision kindles the quenchless flame; and whoever stands the scorn and contempt of the whole universe, is then in hell!

Charles, there is at least a hint for a sermon; and here is a text: "The wicked shall rise to shame and everlasting contempt!"

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XXVI.

Dear Charles,—I acknowledge a forgotten promise. Your story is not applicable to myself. I think special providences often bring—Disappointment. Your hero who always celebrated "the *goodness* of Providence," when success followed his labors; but who was puzzled at "the *mysteries* of Providence," when disappointment occurred, was only half-learned.

The plain scriptural teaching is, that "*all* things work together for *good*" to Christ's people; that *chastisement* is a good, a needful discipline contracted for and bought, as a spiritual gift for his brethren; and that the Heavenly Father is solemnly bound by his own covenant to bestow that very gift when needed.

That there are mysteries, in the popular sense of the term, in divine providence, no one with common sense denies. Mystery, however, is as great when we receive "good at the hand of the Lord," as when we "receive evil." He is a weak and mistaken man who never discovers that we need very often the evil, as well as the good. Still weaker and more mistaken he that sees not that a failure on the part of God to bestow evil at the proper time upon

his children, would be a very great and alarming mystery. It would create a suspicion, either that the Holy One had forgotten his covenant, or that we were "bastards and not sons."

I am aware that to the cold and lukewarm, and especially to the skeptic and infidel, and to all the worldly-wise, this is a wholly distasteful and unpalatable doctrine; and that it makes all such actually *loathe* the spiritual meaning of the Bible. Ought we not, Charles, distrust our *vital* Christianity if we have not from the inmost soul *abandoned* ourselves, unreservedly, entirely, to the revealed plan of gaining heaven? And when this is done, do not good men begin clearly to discern and cordially to love Providence bestowing affliction as well as prosperity? Blessed they that hope in the mercy and trust in the faithfulness of God!

Oh! my dear friend! what is heaven? perfect love, perfect purity, perfect goodness, perfect confidence—perfection itself, complete, boundless, endless! But where is the Christian, even freely justified, and therefore entitled to sanctification, who feels within himself a preparation sufficient to join that company in the New Jerusalem?

What sanctification yet is needed! and how devoutly is offered the mental prayer, and continually, "cleanse thou me!" A true Christian comes at last to dread *sin* more than *chastisement*. And if his path to that Home *must* of necessity wind away down into the obscurity of the humble vale, or pass through dark and tangled forests, amidst dangers appalling, and difficulties seemingly invincible; or through a "furnace heated seven times more than was wont;"—that man says, with pale lips, and trembling knees, and quaking heart, and yet with some heaven-bestowed firmness, "Father! Father! if it be not possible otherwise, thy will be done!—lead on, thou kind and merciful one! in thy strength I follow!"

This *is* a hard saying; but they to whom power is given do *try* honestly to receive and love it: and the more they try, the more power is given; and, at length, they distinctly see, in a light broad and intense as a noontide sun, a special and kind Providence in bestowing evil.

But, Charles, looking no farther than the present life, and narrowing our view to the contemplation of mere earthly

good, even yet in a thousand instances can it be plainly seen, that *evil* leads to *good*. Some excellent men have failed, indeed, to note this result in their individual cases: while others have noted it for them, and have seen them emerging from darkness into light; passing from weakness to strength, from sorrow to joy, from perplexity to certainty; in a word, from all affliction to all prosperity. And good men, who before such discipline as belongs to God's friends, were comparatively worldly, selfish, conceited, and "lifted up with pride," and ready "to fall into the condemnation of the devil," have so altered, that all the world could see these men had been in the school of wisdom whilst they were in the suffering of sorrow.

Many religious persons, however, will tell you that their worldly honor and prosperity is owing to the efficacy of disappointments: and such, with adoring wonder, do often in their hearts say, "Oh! the mystery of Providence!" And this, Charles, not in the fretful and rather suspicious spirit of your hero, but from the very depth of souls pervaded with love, gratitude, and veneration.

* * * * * * *

* * * * And I have had, in truth, my "disappointments." Yes, Charles, sentiments written in this sheet are not mere words or theory. Whatever may be thought or said, the sentiments are from experience. We are ready to be ranked with "the saints," even if by such avowal we become the "sport of the drunkard." Let "malicious revilers and hypocritical mockers at feasts" scorn us; but may the Infinite Mercy deliver us from the holy and indignant scorn of the spirits of the just made perfect in that day! Oh! that we may "stand in the congregation of the righteous," both here and hereafter, even if hell now smile at such enthusiasm, and, in the invisible state, rage at the loss of former dupes and friends.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XXVII.

Dear Charles,—You think I stand committed to give you "some adverse incidents leading to good." I am not

aware of an express promise; still I am not unwilling to allow such promise to have been somewhere or other implied.

My own experience is, that from early manhood I have usually failed to get the stations which seemed desirable and were earnestly coveted. All means were used and instruments set at work and plied, in the way prudence suggested; and yet all was failure. Then on the next apparent opening, were tried different, and even opposite means;—as for instance, now was given direct and personal attention—now indirect and with the agency of friends;—and again, letters were the medium—and again, all means were united;—but nevertheless all has been failure. Few persons have had more influential, and disinterested, and active friends, who have sometimes labored for me as for a brother:—and these I have obeyed, both when my judgment was different, and when we thought alike; and for many years I have endeavored to qualify myself for the places in question; yet I am, at this hour, farther away, and to human eye irremediably, from those situations than ever; although I would here remark that the desire for those places is gone too. At present, hardly any inducement could be powerful enough to make me enter situations, once so apparently agreeable and valuable. Nos mutamur!

In all this, Charles, I have long discerned the hand of a gracious Providence. For while I may not say that I deem myself unfit for many places and modes of life, often unsuccessfully sought; yet am I not ashamed to confess, that for some such places and modes of life, I have discovered myself unfit. Hence reason and faith both say that some evil to myself, to the community, to my friends, would have arisen from the very situations for which fitness *seemed* to exist.

Charles, many lessons not given at schools, are yet highly important for us in this world, whether we would reach heaven, or do good on the earth. And these lessons are not to be learned by a man in every state of his spirit. Nay, very often, should a valued friend in a tender and delicate way hint certain subjects, he would be deemed officious, perhaps cruel and censorious. In this case, adverse providences

are the *only* instructors that can be tolerated: and happy he that can listen to, and understand, the voice of the Rod.

All praise the "know-thyself" lesson; but, Charles, a man cannot know himself by looking for ever into flattering mirrors. These magnify and beautify our mental and moral proportions, till we really imagine *ourselves* Large-Body; and the *world* or *man* in general to be Little-Body. Naturally then, we come to regard the world as a tolerably fair theatre or arena for the display of our comely selves, in all the versatility of our amazing talent! Nay, we seriously think there is need of us; that it will be a melancholy day to the nations when *we* die; and thus we stand, in quite a jovian magnificence of thought, balancing whether to bestow ourselves on this city or that village!—hem!

Aye! we now are satisfied that we do know ourselves—if the world also *did* only know us! What a scrabble for us—there would be! Of course, in this self-glorification era, we do not "condescend to men of low estate," nor mind "the day of small things:"—plenty of small talent for that sort of things;—we aim to help man in general and not to do good in particular. Meanwhile the little opportunities for doing good or showing off, are passed, hundreds in a week; and the large ones, by an unaccountable fatality, all come to *inferior* persons; and we stand perfectly amazed at the stupidity and ingratitude of the world! Do tell!

True, some people did see us; and of these, a small part pitied and would have helped; but the great majority of such said, "Let a fool pass on and be punished." In the mean while arose in our hearts "envy," not "at the prosperity of the wicked," but of the wise and good! Our peace was ever disturbed; pride and self-consequence being at work in the deep bosom, agitating its dark waters and turning up the mire and dirt! "Heaven saves all beings but himself, that sight—a naked human heart."

What, Charles, in such cases is wanting? Let me tell you—a certain operation vulgarly called, "wiping the conceit out." For what can a man do with the conceit in him? Whence come swellings, wraths, strifes, emulations, jealousies, secret envyings, *cum multis alisi?* The conceit is not wiped out.

Now, please your reverence, your friend has undergone

a *little* of this important swabbing. And when he looks into the mirror, whether the mirror be altered, or his eye has become "single," and has lost a portion of its "beam," he certainly does not appear quite so great and comely a personage as the said mirror used to reflect him. He is moderately well satisfied, that if he be never heard of, or die tomorrow, no earthquake will follow;—that scores of better men do exist, competent for the grand situations once thought to be mourning his absence—and that if he be not remembered before the Holy One, his departure—(save in one little circle,)—will be no more noticed or felt than if a moth had ceased! In that dear circle will be *lucrymæ rerum*—none elsewhere!

That friend has learned that whatever the Heavenly Father, in the infinitude, not of his *justice* but of his *mercy*, many think of him, he is as to the world an atom. And that discovery of his essential littleness, is the grandest lesson ever learned; and that, if no earthly advantage ever arose from it. But the earthly advantages are neither few nor small. Among these is the secret love and approbation of the wise, who have seen us, in both the *empty eared* and the *full eared* state; and who smote us with words like an excellent oil, healing as they wounded. There is also the better capacity of being found faithful in a few and small things—and the peace, undisturbed by "minding high things." Above all, there is a calm and settled feeling that when we have passed —as we soon shall—into that better land, a voice of condescending love in infinite mercy will be heard, saying, "Thou hast *tried* to be faithful in a few things; enter into the joy of thy Lord."

Yours ever,
R. Carlton.

LETTER XXVIII.

Dear Charles,—My false steps at Bellevue introduced me to an intimate acquaintance with poverty; and an apartment *in limbo* was before my eyes. But from this deliverance came, so marked that we all said, "that surely is provi-

dential!" And yet was it fit that we should suffer more * * * yes, in the midst of a city in the Old Purchase, Charles, we endured what we had in the log cabins of the New Purchase—sometimes with not a dollar to buy food—threatened with prosecutions for unavoidable debt—forced to sell articles of furniture to pay rents—arrested by professedly good men, and in the midst * * * *.

——— books rare and costly sold for a pittance ——— * * * and finally, my office taken from me without a moment's warning! And when these afflictions could not be concealed, they became the signal for some to push faster the falling! Nor were cruel animadversions spared, as if I *had* not strained every nerve of ability——————— although a deep anguish was gnawing into the core of my heart——— ——— and I was *trying* to say, "It is thy hand, Father! even so, if it seem good in thy sight!"

Charles, my heart had nearly failed * * * years of darkness and horror were the consequence of these mental shocks; but in the midst, and when a wall to prevent all escape seemed around, at that moment came into my mind, "Go, visit Dr. P." This gentleman I had not seen for more than twenty years, and we never corresponded; nor had I any special claim or intimacy * * * but in the despair of my crushed soul something seemed to say, "He perhaps can help you!" ——— ——— I went the journey while she and they stood on the bank ——— ——— ——— I unbosomed to my former friend; and most tenderly did he sympathize and encourage me to hope ——— ——— ——— ——— * * * * * *

A few days after my return home, came a letter from this friend; and that letter contained the offer of an excellent situation; and a request that I should draw on my friend for funds necessary to visit the place * * * By his aid and recommendation the situation was easily obtained; and that led to a prosperity, and usefulness, and happiness unknown for years!

Years, indeed, of blackness and darkness intervened between that period and this. In that furnace of raging fire, has infinite mercy walked with us and brought us forth for good. And similar, Charles, is also the experience of some very excellent persons of my acquaintance; and doubtless

the experience of innumerable good men every where, if we only knew their histories. And such, when they hear what we can tell, believe all; for they too say, "We have passed through the same."

My friend P——, it seems, had, shortly after my return home, *accidentally* met a mutual friend; to whom he *accidentally* named me, and my melancholy state; on which, our mutual friend said, "The very thing! I have just received a commission to look for such a person, as we believe him to be;"—and so the place became mine.

I am not willing to go into detail, Charles, as you wish. I know the *past* was necessary for the *present.* And that furnace was kindled by divine wisdom and love. There *is* a sense in which the rod comforts and supports like the staff. The full or adequate perception of that, as well as other important scriptural truth, is worth the furnace. Never, never, no—*never* would we willingly pass through that fire again;—I shudder even to look back—but if it be *needful*, and the Son of God *will* walk with us and sustain our hope and faith and love;—then be it so, if through that fire be *our* road to heaven! Yea! it would be compensated by the occasional discoveries of truth and holiness!—by inwrought loathing of sin!—by the unutterable peace in feeling and knowing that one was *trying* in his deepest soul to be entirely and cheerfully resigned to God!

Charles, our timid flesh cowers at the thoughts of a torturing martyrdom; we do fear lest shrinking nature *must* draw back from that test; but we have been where we did *see* what made it possible for *other Christians* to lie on the bed of fire, as on a bed of down! There are visions, and supports, and faith, and given strength, that *do* lift martyrs above all that is mortal! "Welcome cross of Christ!"

We are well aware to what the avowal of such belief exposes us. The offence of the cross is not ceased. Yes, there are yet mitred heads that, like Nero, would dress Christians in the skins of wild beasts, because the *dogs* would not hunt *men!* It is necessary to make good men look like criminals, before the secular arm dare destroy them. So sentiments like ours must be made seemingly fanatical; and then will they be despised; and, if some had power, they would be punished! But we may not trust our pen to say

all we think of the smooth villainy of that hypocrisy which forms an alliance with the state, that it may have executioners to roast and wrench, whilst the Liar stands near, and with such an air of *unearthly* meekness, and such a frightfully ludicrous snivelling, cries, "Twist gently,—burn him carefully, O secular arm!—we deliver him unwillingly, and for the health of the soul—and the glory of God!"

And men (?) of renown apologize for such things! And they make light of conscience! and call it sanctimonious scrupulosity! and enthusiastic obstinacy! and cry, "Make the dogs' beards!"

* * * * * * * *

Yours ever,
R. Carlton.

LETTER XXIX.

From Clarence to Carlton.

Dear Robert,—What is that "Furnace" named in your last? Have you, too, endured such "horror of thick darkness," and encountered the "fight of afflictions?" And have you been so down into "the horrible pit and miry clay?"

On one occasion I asked a venerable man to write the history of his life, whose mental sufferings had been great, and of long continuance; but he declined, and my judgment was, of course, then submitted to his. Robert, it occurs that my opinion was not erroneous; and hence let me ask why not write your history? At all events give me in several letters a brief outline of your mournful and yet happy trial. Some friends here, for I affect not to conceal that your letters are no secrets, say they are really profited by the perusal.

One remarked the other day, "What a pity we may not so unbosom to the world in books, as in our letters!" And he contends that the unstudied effusions of the heart do often more good, than the guarded, exact, and cold lessons of clerical wisdom in official essays and sermons. Perhaps I say it, who ought not; but if man saw your heart as we see it in your letters, they too must be affected kindly as we at Some-

whersburg. For my own letters I dare not say so much; yet I do honestly mean all that is written in them: and hence, if you deem them of any value, to your friend Winterton, for instance, why let him read.

It is, indeed, true, that many matters in private letters are thought unsuitable for the public taste. For instance, we write unreservedly of Jesus Christ—as our Saviour—our king—our master—our all: whereas in public we speak in a guarded and studied way, as though it were affectation to speak tenderly of the Saviour! It would, to be sure, be affectation and pharisaism to go out of the way to do all this; yet it is certainly something very criminal not to mention our Lord, when the occasion plainly demands it.

Far from us to think that persons are ashamed of Christ, who never directly name Him in essays and poems. But if not for circumstances we should often be at a loss to know what some admired writers in magazines and newspapers, who profess friendship for Christianity, do truly believe about its divine author. And especially is this defect noticeable in many short poems, whose writers are said to be religious people.

One plausible reason may exist for this caution:—a possibility that cold and worldly hearts, and a sensual taste in readers, would make such turn with disgust from writings too full of Christ. Hence, instead of "throwing pearls before swine," which would but turn and rend these prudent essayists and poets try to be "crafty, and catch with guile."

If we are known to be Christians, it is not contended that we are always obliged to do what might seem like a parade of our religious sentiments: still there is reason for the fear, that some secret distaste of our own too often begets a cowardice, which we term caution. And what is religion worth without Christ? And what good and perfect gift from the Father of Lights, but through the Redeemer? Is he not to be honored as the Father? and when we receive the Son, do we not receive the Father also? And when we meditate, as all true Christians must do more or less at times, on all that clusters around the cross, we can see for the time none but Christ. Then how is it that professed Christians should so scruple, on fitting occasions, in their letters, their essays,

their poems, their oral conversations, to speak of Jesus Christ as their all in all? Is literature disgraced by the introduction of a Name, at which all things in heaven and earth shall bow? Or shall good men tacitly allow the wide field of letters to be mere neutral ground? After making every allowance, and admitting every palliation, yet we fear this studied omission of names, and words, and expressions in compositions intended for the public, that savor of Jesus Christ and true devotion, is traceable to false shame.

* * * * * * * *

Robert, are we not forbidden to bring a railing accusation? Ought we not to suffer without giving vent to indignation? Blessed are good men when persecuted for righteousness' sake; theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And what will avail the lying apologies persecutors and their apologists throw like a veil of gauze around their faces? The veriest tyro in history, and the merest child in philosophy, sees through the pretence.

* * * * * * * *

By the way, do you consider the sacrifice of your books altogether a loss?

Yours truly,
C. Clarence.

LETTER XXX.

Dear Charles,—I shall not answer your letter from the *A* to the *Izzard*. I choose to begin at the latter, having a fancy to attend to the last question first.

It would be hugeously heterodox to speak against Alexandrine Libraries; especially if a librariless fellow should venture that way, he would hear "sour grapes," from the big book people. But—hem!—to speak in general terms, the loss of mine is not felt so much as was anticipated. For, *primo*, I somehow or other read not much more when I had books; and when the books went for my nourishment in the bodily sense, and were *eaten* in the ancient Greek's style, I only thought what a dreadful thing to be without my library, in case it is ever needed!

I have a notion, Charles, that most books in a man's library are never opened. Books are usually, I apprehend, little more than a cabinet of curiosities, whose use and excellence are in the outside. One may be a man of books, and yet not a book-man. In the former case, but for the name of the thing, books may as well be veritable boards, all through, as to be bound merely in boards; and the extra gilt and beauteous coloring might be put on the wooden representatives, and not on the russia-leather or calf-skin of genuine tomes. Which way economy would be consulted, I am at a loss to decide.

But *secundo*, Charles, when a man of active mind, like your *humble* servant, for instance, has no observations cut and dried on his library shelves, why, of course he begins in self-defence to make observations for himself; and having no *authorities*, he becomes authority for himself—in other words, he sets up a domestic manufactory. It may, indeed, be somewhat perilous to set up for an original; but pray, sir, if we have no books to think for us, are we to be debarred the privilege of thinking for ourselves?

Have the authors any monopoly of air and sunshine? Is *man* for their sole study? And allowing thinkers the ordinary capacities, may we not find in the present age materials, as were found in the by-gone days? Too many books may be a serious hinderance to thinking, and of course may destroy the development—yes, that is the approved term—the development of one's originality. Most books, in fact, are in no strict sense original, whether of the past or the present epoch; and you only meet with the same ideas in different dresses. As to modern books, if they differ, it is mainly in abridging and condensing the books of former days; or, perhaps, in dividing some ponderous tome into some fifty fashionable volumes, being in most instances only cases of silver for the apples of gold stolen by a pigmy Hercules from some Hesperidal garden of ancient literature.

The present art and taste is to make frames for other men's pictures; and so successful are the workmen as to draw our attention almost exclusively to the frames: in other words, gilding and engravings are prized more than thought and style. The printer, the engraver and the bookbinder make our books now; which, perhaps, answer well enough

for ladies and gentlemen constructed by the milliner and the tailor. Perhaps your reverence may say that this militates against our doctrine of originality; but please remember that the artists who make our books and our ladies and gentlemen, may be very original in their way: certainly they sometimes make very odd-looking affairs!

One danger, however, to a thinker who has few or no books, is that of supposing himself to have discovered what has been found by no others: he may easily discover what is vulgarly called "a mare's nest," or imagine his China to be the centre of the world. But a deep thinker, of well-exercised powers, sees things so naturally as to believe such must have occurred to any other studious person. Hence he often hides his discoveries, from a persuasion that they must have been already seen and told. A man of originality, with a very limited acquaintance with books, may also think meanly of his own views, and be therefore slower to speak than the man of books. In this case, a library would be useful in several ways. It would teach him that other thinkers have thought as he has, and that will prevent his supposing himself any thing *specially* uncommon. It will also, on the other hand, increase his confidence, by teaching him that thoughts like his have been deemed worthy of record, and that he need not fear to write or speak.

However, Charles, some books I have ever deemed a serious loss—my tool-books. I am now very often like a respectable carpenter or mason, that can contrive a building, and according to the laws of architecture, but he has no instruments with which to work and give just form to his conceptions. For this reason my drama "Esau and Jacob" is abandoned. The outlines of the plan have for years been with me; but my Commentators, my Antiquities, my Chronologies, my sacred Geographies, *et id omne genus*, are gone!

There is in my recollection a mass of needful facts, yet all jumbled, indistinct, misty. What I do remember is of no use, and only makes me lament my loss. Indeed, the very conception of my piece must be incomplete without a distinct knowledge of some matters; and unless I could have been buried awhile in the ancient and oriental, my conception would of necessity be too modern and occidental.

Upon the whole, I value comparatively little result-books.

Such, persons of cultivated talents and careful observation can make for themselves; or, in other words, they can *think them*. But tool-books (among which class are books of a causative or impulsive character) are, in "my very humble opinion," the only ones thinkers need in a library.

* * * * * *

Charles, I am not aware of having brought "a railing accusation" against any body. A generous indignation is often unavoidable, and one cannot refrain sometimes from saying, "Oh! full of malice and all subtlety! thou child of the devil!" Surely, the absolutely literal interpretation may not be put, in all cases, upon the scriptural precepts about forbearance and patience under injuries and insults. If so, then half a dozen wicked assassins might in open day assault and murder all the pious citizens of a single village.

It is often important that things get their proper names. And when patriarchs, or popes, or bishops, or presbyters, do forbid liberty of conscience, and finding no cause of crime in *dissenters*, except in the matter of their God and religion, and do begin to persecute under the pretence of maintaining the law of the land, and do contrive to have the law of the land spread as a strong net around good men, then may good men stand up and say, "Thou hypocrite! thou sittest to judge me according to God's revealed law, and dost thou command me to be beaten, and robbed and murdered, contrary to that law?"

Circumstances may require individuals to submit, and "take joyfully the spoiling of their goods;" but if good men are a nation, they may *defend* themselves against the assaults of persecutors as against ravening wild beasts, or any other assassins. For, while offensive war for the propagation of religious opinions is of hell, yet is defensive war, in protection of our rights, civil and religious, proper.

And that thesis we can maintain. But I shall add no more.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XXXI.

Dear Charles,—You say that in my last I not only "began with Izzard, but ended there." True: but you con-

trived to raise on that izzardine epistle more questions than can be answered in a dozen *letters*, with or without punning.

I shall not, however, intrust your reverence with "the outlines of what was to be a *chef-d'ouvre* of drama;" because, in the first place, the conception is too *lean*, or perhaps *ethereal* in its consistency, to be seen fairly. The effect would be the same as if I admitted you to the skeleton of a most beauteous maiden that was to be painted or placed as a statue; you would say with Lucian's underground philosopher: "Is that skeleton Helen?"

And because, sir, some of your inquisitive club, from whom none of my richly charged letters are concealed, might steal my skeleton drama, and dress it according to his vitiated taste; and thence would follow two inevitable evils: the drama would be spoiled, and Mr. C. would not be able to do it in his own way, when his ship-load of books comes in.

I do, indeed, agree with you, Charles, that the Bible contains subjects innumerable for poetry and the fine arts: and yet moral lessons are not always taught by the finest productions of the pencil and the chisel. Nor is morality a necessary consequence of hearing or playing the most ethereal or *spirituel* music.

Refinement, elevation, and a certain indescribable longing after something more excellent than is found in the world, may attend the beholding of paintings and statues, and the hearing of music; and in some minds this sense of want thus awakened, may possibly lead to seeking after "things more excellent and of good report." But most commonly, the mind merely luxuriates in a misty and dreamy land of playful and beauteous fancies, and returns with more of distaste to the monotonous drudgery of the tangible and visible life. Far from us, in such remarks, is any intention of discouraging the labors of artists; yet we ought not to overrate the effects of their work, or perhaps entirely mistake them: —a thing may be very proper, if it does not necessarily preach a sermon or suggest a prayer.

I grant also, Charles, and freely, that by some persons, and without counteracting efforts of mind, and by others, with the aid of virtuous resistance, *nudities* in statuary and painting may be contemplated and studied, with no present evil. Doubtless many artists and connoisseurs may be so ab-

sorbed by the *creation* itself, as to be inattentive to the incidentally *suggestive ;* and in some *creations* the *suggestive* may so far be in favor of innocence and childlike artlessness, as to *blunt* the opposite impressions, or possibly nearly prevent such : yet after all, as a general remark with rare exceptions, *nudities* should be confined to the garden of Paradise. They seem not at home when they wander away down among the sons and daughters of men in this evil generation. We, indeed, blush not in beholding their innocence ; but they certainly must blush at being thus exposed to the gaze of the fallen ! Nudities pertain to a state of spotless excellence, of entire purity, of generous disinterestedness ; and so small power has their exhibition to lift up and purify the debased spirit of the world, that it is better to look on Innocence in silk or satin, especially when the pattern of the garment is not *à la danseuse*.

It is not very improbable, Charles, that multitudes of persons who say they suffer no detriment to their morals, by the exhibitions in question, may be rather deficient in delicate moral sensibility. Many *mere* artists and connoisseurs—to say nothing of the fashionable and gay—deem entire perfection of purity in thought not only an impracticability in attainment, but all attempts towards even an approximation a puritanical prudery. My friend, this puritanism is that of the Scriptures ; and it must be soiled more or less by an ordinary contemplation of the nudities. It may have, it *does* have, a recuperative power beyond the impuritanism of the worldly ; yet does it feel in the faint stirrings of an almost dormant sensuality, the awakening of what, if not once more resolutely mastered, will become again apostacy from God ! It therefore shudders, and where possible, avoids. To such reasoning the world says, " Pshaw !—too refined !—affectation !" But puritanism thinks, " Blessed is he that *feareth* always."

Charles, good men have learned that the heart which cannot be stormed by open assault of worldliness, may be secretly and effectually sapped by insidious and winning arts. The very refinements and polished beauteousness that prevents us from being hurt by vulgarity or disgustful sin, are often no barrier to the evil that will steal into the unguarded and relaxed spirit along with the welcomed entrance of all that is admirable and innocent in the fine arts.

When you ask, "whether all beholding of certain paintings and statues, is ever forbidden, and therefore sinful?" my reply is, that each person must answer that question for himself. I now only express fear for myself. I dare not, if allowed, dictate *ex cathedra* on such points. Many virtuous persons of both sexes, both separately and in company with one another, do contemplate and even criticise classic nudities; and deference to their affirmation and judgment seems to render unwarrantable the assertion that all this is ever and uniformly wrong.

Grand ends of a political and literary nature are answered by cultivating the fine arts. The fine arts are, indeed, fraught with usefulness to individuals and to the world. Hence here, as in other things, we may risk the incidental evil that may or must attach to their cultivation. In physiology and anatomy we are compelled to see, and even study some things, that must not ordinarily be thought about; yet what sober man will say that these sciences must, for that reason, be abandoned? If a science must exist, or an art be practised, because of its many and allowable advantages, the good so vastly preponderating, then does it seem that we may incur the incidental evil.

I wish, however, to show that we puritans have something to say in defence of our caution. And I wish to say that, to all persons who look not on the nudities as artists, or who perceive not the *sentiment* embodied, the sight is perilous. Now how few can appreciate the design in these creations of art? Without intending a pun, we all know that a nude figure is a species of metaphor: hence like words they may have a double sense—the literal and the suggestive meaning. The nude figure, if understood literally, will, therefore, almost of necessity do harm; when in its metaphorical sense, it may really do good. But, Charles, men in the gross—as well as gross men—are more prone to look to the literal in these sights, than to the metaphorical. The few only are enough refined to see the etherealness of the idea, when incorporated and incarcerated in the voluptuous and earthly form. And these forms may become a part of "the pride of life and lust of the eye," by which our souls are taken captive.

In concluding this letter, I cannot forbear expressing my

surprise that no painter or statuary has ever taken the death of Dido as a subject. My very limited acquaintance with the history of the fine arts, will account for my ignorance, if that subject have been presented: for certainly that cannot have been overlooked! For myself, Charles, I never read the Poet's description of that wonderfully moving scene, without the deepest emotion, and sometimes even with tears. So imbued is my spirit with its pathos, that were I master of the pencil or chisel, oh! Charles, how I would entrance you! That scene is before me now!—the beauteous dying queen—wronged—betrayed—deserted! her head pillowed on Anna's bosom!—her eyes searching for the light in the horror of that darkness!—the gaping wound!—I hear the "stridet," but cannot express it! What moans of the frantic sister! See the court in all the regal shade and magnificence of the east—the altar—the pile—the "monumenta viri"—the maidens in attendance—their attitudes—their despairing shrieks! All are before me—and were I a master, that scene should live on canvass or in marble!

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Perhaps some one has immortalized himself with this subject—if I have not heard it, attribute my ignorance partly to my departed library.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XXXII.

Dear Charles,—You say, "let us turn from Dido to the Temperance Reformation;" and, "that you are on the point of withdrawing your name from the society at Somewhersburg, because that society has forsaken the modesty and simplicity of its first principles, &c."

Do not, my friend, be hasty in executing that resolve; although clergymen have sometimes good reason for alarm and indignation: and, therefore, while we regret the withdrawal of many sober and religious persons from us, yet must it be conceded, that such were rather driven away, than that they went voluntarily.

It is a grave question, however, whether these excellent men have not thus lost the power and opportunity of guiding the reformation. To the blind they seem opposed to temperance, and thus lose influence, when in truth and honesty they are only opposed to abuses. Clergymen ought not to commit themselves to mere forms or phases of morals: but is there not a broad platform where such can stand, and yet not be identified with clans or sects in reformations too exclusive and often vituperative? While clergymen must move very *gingerly* in attaching themselves to many moral reform societies, yet, if possible, let them not do what may seem to oppose a moral reform.

Would the clergy have been so severely basted, lampooned, stigmatized and hooted at, by certain infidel lecturers, both local and circuitous in Sabbath day meetings, as men too lordly to be seen with "renovated drunkards," if the clergy had not too easily abandoned the cause? And does not that abuse, fanatical and illiberal as it is, insensibly, for a time at least, injure clerical influence? Who then is to blame, the black coats that have deserted us?—or our rampant speechifiers, who often seem glad to have a target for their mud-balls?

Some lecturers, by the way, reap a goodly harvest of small coins by administering to our love of fun and frolic, and also to our vindictive propensities, by caricature and malediction. Such would, perhaps, be sorry to find "their occupation gone," from the want of gin-shops, tavern-keepers, and apostate deacons. A backsliding parson, with them, is "nuts and apples," and when handsomely belabored, for the amusement of the profane, lines the pockets of the lecturing harlequin with coppers and shillings. This censure, Charles, may seem harsh: but some fellows do rave in their speeches, as if other foul spirits had taken possession of the dispossessed as bad nearly as the alcoholic one lately ejected. All Sunday lecturers are not quite so *sober* as the sermonizers of the Bible. They foam sometimes as if seated upon a tripod, in place of the repudiated gin cask.

Now, good Mr. Minister, what if you would honor the Sunday meetings with your presence, and to prevent profanity suppose you "open with prayer?" And to preclude infidel twaddle, suppose you let them have "a word of exhortation;"

and to hush down ribald songs and slang, suppose you try a little psalmody—would not all that do good and prevent evil?

But I shall add no more. If you intend to answer, let your reverence answer temperately.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XXXIII.

From Clarence to Carlton.

Dear Robert,—Permit me very respectfully to ask, on which side of this question does your squireship rank? Are you writing at me or the temperance societies in your last? Perhaps you aim at being a moderate, or a conservative—a very adroit and sensible sort of a fellow that sees faults on both sides and none in himself—hey? However, I must try and answer not only "temperately," as you suggest, but also seriously, lest I be led away by your levity.

I know, dear Robert, you think with me, when I call the Temperance Reformation a noble—a holy cause; a cause worthy every good man's prayers and labors; a cause no truly good man can really oppose, but which fills his heart with joy at its success and sorrow for its defeat. Error in judgment may induce such a man temporarily and seemingly to oppose. Abuses in its administration, as an organized government of opinion, may make him abandon certain forms and schemes of the reformation; but the reformation itself, fairly understood, no man, with the benevolence of Christ in his heart, surely can either abuse or oppose. He must be a very anomalous minister, or elder, or deacon, that can seriously and habitually wish evil to the cause; and opposition in such men looks very like the folly and wickedness of not entering into the kingdom of heaven ourselves and preventing others from entering.

But in proportion as the cause of temperance is dear to a good man, he will of necessity be more jealous of every new movement in its behalf. He will scrutinize all such in their principles and bearings, before he will admit or advo-

cate them; and if deemed of pernicious tendency, he must and will openly and fearlessly oppose. He will be suspicious of all advocates and professed friends, who, from affected or mistaken zeal for this good cause, shall slight or injure, or oppose other *moralities*, or any plain law or ordinance of God. He will not tolerate for a moment any specious reasoning that shall tend to make one phase of morality superior to the whole of morality, much less to the gospel. He will not, he dares not, allow that all sacred and time-honored usages shall become merely subservient to this incidental and temporary institution. For this is a temporary institution that must of necessity end with the attainment of its object: but the others are designed to be coeval with the life of man, and will remain till the dissolution of the world.

A good man must regard the cause of temperance as one of solemnity; hence he can but oppose all frivolity and levity in all that aim to promote it as inconsistent, and, indeed, as subversive of the cause. But, Robert, is there no temperance, save in a temperance society? May a good man never be exemplary in the strict abstinence required by a pledge, and yet for reasons withhold or even withdraw his name from a society? And are there no good reasons for this course? but must a man of necessity be a wine-bibber,—according to the silly and malicious insinuations ultra advocates for societies make respecting him?

Granted, all other things being equal, that it *may* be obligatory or advisable to increase strength by union; yet when other things are *not* equal, we may fight in this war at our own charges—and certainly we may do good service as partisans. Now, Robert, at Somewhersburg, is a state of affairs rendering it proper and necessary for the clergy to withdraw—*not* from temperance, but from our local temperance society.

And, first, Robert, the tone assumed by our society in their public lectures, and papers, and even daily conversation, is vituperative and offensive. This we decidedly object to; because it is vulgar and canting; shows profound ignorance of all courtesy; is vindictive and provoking; and wholly different from the style of rebuke authorized by the Bible. It is, moreover, impolite, and hardens and emboldens offenders; for they are so over-belabored as to excite sympathy and create friends.

Again, our society has forgotten the modesty, simplicity and gentleness of its original principles. We commenced resolving to set no example of evil to men, and in no way to tempt them unnecessarily to use intoxicating drinks.

In pursuance of this plain and simple resolution we put away our bottles and decanters; and, on all befitting occasions, we persuaded others to follow our example. We began not with the maker and the vender, but with the drinker. If the drinker ceased, the makers and venders must cease. But if the drinkers ceased not, they would find and create the others, even if the others had previously no existence. Drinkers will make and vend for themselves. By dealing with the drinker, therefore, we thought was the way to "lay the axe at the root."

We gave, indeed, offence and created alarm; but as we never abused makers and venders *en masse*, or threatened, they had no fair pretext to attack us, and they only lamented that we were going too far with our rigorous notions. Hence they did not absent themselves from our churches; although in the meanwhile the business of making and vending decreased as the drinkers diminished, and we had a fair prospect it might at last be wholly abandoned. Now, however, we no longer aim to persuade, but to order—we would not minister, but rule. All whose names are not to the pledge are said to be against us. Our entire effort seems not so much for the advantage of the drinker as for the punishment of the vender. We shut our eyes to a very obvious fact, that the drinker as really creates the vender as the vender does the drinker. Nay—it is absolutely and necessarily true, if the drinker stops, the vender ceases:—the reverse is far from being a necessary consequence. If a miracle were in a moment to stop all makers and venders, and the drinkers retained their appetite and were in the majority—the whole machinery of making and selling would soon be again in full force.

It is beyond a doubt important and right for communities to remove, as far as possible, all *temptations* to idleness and drunkenness, so that the thoughtless may not be drawn away; but while all this is legally and judiciously doing, the best and safest and most lasting cure for the evil is, to make men every where sober on principle, and not by mere expedi-

ent. Water cannot be long checked in its onward course. Obstructed in one way, it will work for itself other channels; if other channels are stopped, it will rise and run over the dam. I am, therefore, willing and ready, Robert, to vote for laws regulating and restraining the selling of intoxicating drinks; partly that as many *temptations* as possible may be removed, and partly as a mere experiment: but I should still have my doubts as to the entire efficacy of legislative enactments.

Further, out here our society aims at dictating to men in many ways magisterially and looks after them inquisitorily. By public resolves passed amid noise and uproar we say, "all men who profess to be temperance men are not consistent, unless they deal, eat, travel, sojourn, employ, &c., on exclusive temperance principles!!" Mere abstinence from drinks is with us the whole of virtue! And all professed temperance men and reformed drunkards are naturally and necessarily endowed with all honesty, liberality, suavity, skill, promptitude, and, in short, all the other excellencies!! And all other men are, of course, wholly destitute of all good qualities, and shall be, as far as our society can disenfranchise them, cut off from all right of citizenship and claims of humanity!!!

The society out here has become *clannish*. *Figuratively*, they do battle, and properly so, against king Alcohol; and *without a figure*, and that both directly and indirectly, they do battle, not only against maker and vender, but against moderates and conservatives. The defence is, that they "only roll public opinion along and allow the ball to crush whatever opposes;" yet a sly and secret and oblique shove sends said ball maliciously, with its crushing momentum, against some innocent and worthy people. In the *melee*, rampant ultraists, with something like implacable hate, purposely mistake a friend for a foe, and roll this same ponderous weight over an unsuspecting neighbor. Public opinion depends for its value on the material from which it is made, and is sometimes a ball that ought to be itself broken into pieces, instead of being used to break other things. Even when manufactured of the very best articles, it may be so worked as to do some very injudicious and harmful labor; and that the ultra and demagogue well un-

derstand. Hence, when we are only opposing malice and trick in these *movers*, many with great folly think we are opposing the movement and the reformation itself!

I have other reasons for withdrawing from our society; for we may not be identified with what is doing a needless harm, although it is accomplishing some good. We cannot merge our ministerial character and influence, and jeopardize our reputation for candor, liberality, caution, charity; and become *so* bound to the interest of one class of men or sinners, as to forget or be indifferent about men or sinners of other kinds and classes.

Adieu,

C. CLARENCE.

LETTER XXXIV.

DEAR CHARLES,—Hem!—pray are you not interested in some manufactory of the *creature?* Or has not Deacon Giles sent you a barrel of something nice? Are you quite certain you did not write after dining out? Or is there no fear of some spirit-selling church-officer before your eyes?

Why, please your reverence, what's the matter? Have you gone back to the fathers and the dark ages? Look here, sir: if some folks in the old purchase get hold of your precious document, if you do not smoke for it I am no prophet!

Seriously, Charles, some reformers would almost depose you from the ministry for such a letter—they would Grahamize you. Besides, we have funny fellows in these latitudes that can take you off to a fraction! They would *act* you, calling your reverence Mr. Claret, making sermons and prayers all to match the character bestowed upon you! * * * * * * * * * They would roll, not merely public opinion against your side, but they would, in western parlance, "go over you rough-shod," and handle your dignity "without gloves!"

We thought matters at Woodville occasionally tempestuous; why, sentiments like yours have power to raise a storm in civilized places. Even a layman of eminence dares not always hint in public meeting at certain abuses, without provok-

ing an audible whisper, "Kick him out!" So, sir, if you are not partial to the argument *à posteriori*, keep heterodoxy to yourself. Why, Charles, in here we have, in addition to Sunday lectures in many parts of our purchase, temperance and negro operas; temperance tableaux; temperance theatres; temperance eating-houses, and temperance every thing, and our whole population, in places, is soused head-over-ears in temperance; and when a wearied chap emerges for an occasional sniffle of air, he drips like a water-spaniel that swims out of a canal with a stick or apple in his mouth.

With many, temperance is here, as there, the whole of virtue. A man not pledged is often suspected and deemed void of all excellence; if pledged, he is equal to the best of men, if not a *little* superior! Moderates and conservatives are often worse than even rum-sellers; and rum-sellers are occasionally called "imps of hell!" We have, too, itinerants, who wander about in very eccentric orbits and narrate their *rum* days at so much *per diem*, as if *their* experience was needed to enlighten the world as to the evils of drunkenness! So once thought the Moral Reform Society, till their disgustful and corrupting books were presented as a nuisance. Some folks are silly enough to imagine that the life and death of the temperance reformation hang on these worthies! Their lapses and relapses create a sensation, as if with their almost *unavoidable* backslidings the cause itself of temperance had gone back for ever!

Charles, is it surprising that these men should play their antics before the eyes of the world, and then fall away till the last state is worse than the first? What clergyman, even, who is well educated, and accustomed to good society, and to moderate attention and respect, and who is a truly good man; what clergyman but would be endangered by a popularity and applause and adulation, so sudden and universal as often surrounds an itinerant lecturer? Alas! how often have excellent clergymen fallen from a giddy pinnacle! What, then, must be the result when a reformed inebriate, with moderate education, never before known and not moving in what are deemed the better circles, with no excellence except his bare reformation from beastly drunkenness to mere sanity; what the result, when such a man is raised on the shoulders of better men—carried in triumph from one end of a purchase to

another—his name in grand staring capitals of sixteen-lines pica, at every corner, and in every mouth—the Sabbath and the church ceded to his nauseating history of debauchery and cruelty, while ministers, and elders, and deacons, and evangelists are in his train, and who quote his words, retail his anecdotes and line his pockets—what must be the result?

Is it a wonder that this man is *intoxicated* with fame? that he enlarges to his new sphere, filling it with himself? Is it a wonder he deems all temperance to be embodied in him, and when a treacherous calm arises in this bewildering tempest of popularity, that the man subsides into *ennui* and goes back to his cups? Believe me, Charles, it is always perilous to elevate men suddenly above their former selves; and great folly, when a wanderer returns simply to what he was, to make that return the sole reason for manufacturing, and from the *raw material*, a prince!

But, Charles, notwithstanding these and many other very disagreeable and objectionable matters, I have been a member of a temperance society; and unless I see reasons stronger than you have advanced, I shall remain a member.

Yours ever,
R. Carlton.

LETTER XXXV.

Dear Charles,—And so you have resolved to hold on to your temperance society a little longer. Well done!

Charles, I do by no means condemn your clerical brethren for their withdrawment in some places and on some occasions. It must be granted, that when rabid ultraists insist on the paramount importance of a temperance principle, and, invading the sanctity of the church, meddle with the wine in the communion; or say that the Sabbath is as well, if not better kept, by devoting it to temperance purposes, and run a sort of opposition-line against the regularly ordained and divinely authorized worship of the day; and when, in irresponsible conventions, they pass their impertinent resolutions that churches shall admit or not admit whom the conventions

affirm are or are not suitable members, then may the clergy well be alarmed and indignant, and if they cannot control the fanaticism of the voluntary moral association, based on one principle or phrase of a moral code, properly enough withdraw their name and influence.

It is, indeed, exceedingly provoking that an assembly of the most heterogeneous ingredients—some perfectionists—some very far from perfection—some that go to church on the Sabbath, and others that spend the Lord's day in pleasures—deists—atheists—profane persons—impure—(for this medley is found in some conventions professedly moral)—that such a mass meeting should dictate a church discipline! and prescribe the manner of the ordinances!!

I believe with you, Charles, that it is not demonstrable, from either reason or Scripture, that the temperate use of intoxicating liquors, and especially wine, is wrong *per se*;—and that, not as a medicine merely, but as an occasional beverage. A state of the world may occasionally exist when expediency demands an entire or very great abstinence from what is lawful. The Rechabites were praised, not for abstaining from what is unlawful, but from what is lawful; in obedience to the wish of their father, they neither bought land, nor planted vineyards, nor used wine.

Be it remembered, we are to abstain from lawful things, when *conscientious and docile* persons would be misled by our use of such things, either to use the same unlawfully, or to use analogous unlawful things. In this case, if eating meat or drinking wine necessarily mislead a brother—i. e. a conscientious Christian brother, as to belief or practice, we must abstain till his knowledge is large as our own. But if all around have knowledge, and do easily and necessarily know what is sinful and what is not sinful; if they can plainly enough distinguish between use and abuse; if, out of mere petulance, or prejudice, or to harass, they affirm that if we do what all know is *right* and *allowable*, they will do what is *wrong*—that is manifestly a case widely different from the other. Hence, while on the first principle we yield our rights and abstain from a lawful usage, we are not bound to yield, on the latter principle.

Peculiarity of circumstances, as possibly in the temperance case, may render it advisable to abstain wholly, for the

time, from wines and alcoholic beverages: but this is not, after all, on the conscientious ground. We are all bound to set a good example to men, that they may know what to do without hearing our logic; for the most efficacious logic for the mass is our personal behavior. In temperance, owing to accidental causes, the example might not be useful unless it were a total abstinence.

I repeat that an essential distinction is to be seen here. We are all bound to show, by our example, how lawful things may be lawfully used; and need only then abstain from the abuse. We are not to abstain from what is lawful and right, except when truly *conscientious* and *weak* good men must, of necessity, misinterpret our lawful conduct.

Apply this remark to temperance. We are bound to set before all men, and at all times, an example how to use *drinks temperately*. If men see, or can easily be made to see, the true distinction between the temperate and intemperate use; that is, between the lawful use and the unlawful abuse; then is the sin their own, in case they affect to plead our *proper* behavior as a good reason for their *improper* behavior. Deny this plain principle and its plain inferences, and the door is wide open for every monstrous absurdity in life and logic. An impudent fellow may then say, "If you, who can afford it, wear a fine coat, I, who cannot, will have one also;"—or, "You are rich, and eat mutton chops and oysters moderately; and, *therefore*, I will eat cold beef immoderately; and on you shall be the sin of *my* gluttony." Another may say, "If you recreate and I cannot, if you have any joy beyond my means or situation, you are a bad and selfish fellow; and, *therefore*, I will have and do the same, if I perish." Yea, a man might say, "You live in a three-story brick edifice; and, *therefore*, I shall knock down and rob the next man I meet: if you would prevent that crime, go live in a one-story frame house." And so people who do know what is sin and what is not, say, "If you drink a glass of wine once a day at your dinner, I intend, for that reason, to drink a gin-sling or a cocktail before and after every meal; and as often as I can buy, beg, or steal one."

Supposing, however, the example of the lawful use of a dangerous thing cannot be seen or be understood without entire disuse; then, for the time, and under the peculiarity

of the circumstances, the total abstinence is obligatory. In this category is, in some places, perhaps, the Temperance Reformation. Hence, if I abstain entirely from the *tabooed* drinks, it is on this principle, and not on the conscientious principle. I make a grand distinction between causing a conscientious man to sin, and innocently causing a petulant man to get very angry.

I do, of course, deem total abstinence only temporary. A time may come when it would be safe for the public, that all who can temperately and moderately drink certain liquors, may do so if they please. The use and abuse are, indeed, very near one another; but while that is a reason for uncommon caution and watchfulness, it is not a conclusive reason for entire abstinence. For, while thousands who deemed themselves wary enough, have been conquered by their appetite; yet it is also true, that very many have not been thus overcome. These opposite results only show, that some may, and others may not, drink even temperately.

This could be illustrated and enforced in many things where use and abuse are very near neighbors. Our talents, learning, appetites, propensities, all are liable to great abuse and perversion; but who contends that all these things are intrinsically wrong, and that for fear of evil we must abstain from all use of our natural faculties, powers, endowments? Perhaps there is nothing very important to us individually that is not, just in proportion to that importance, the more liable to abuse. If an instrumentality of great power, it is of course a great temptation to use it, in any way for our purposes; and if our purposes are bad, the instrumentality will become the means of great evil. The present condition of man is one of endless warfare and watchfulness; and evils arise, not from what natural or accessory powers and means we may severally possess, but from our intention to misuse and pervert. And this reaches to all the good things intended for our benefit. The only safety is in looking to God with an humble and honest prayerfulness to give us right hearts and spirits. It is both foolish and wicked to plead our easy liability to commit sin as any excuse for carelessness and presumption.

Some drinks, dangerous in the excess, may be temperately used during a long life, as has been seen in ten thousand

instances; although the persons thus using them have been perpetually in danger of falling into ruinous habits. And none need more watchfulness than those who live surrounded with gunpowder. What degree of blame attaches to the moderate use of dangerous things, where men are not of necessity driven to use them at all, is a question nice and intricate. If entire abstinence is imperative in all such matters, I apprehend the sphere of our movement will contract to a hollow point—and then unexpectedly explode like a schoolboy's torpedo.

All this may be deemed bold. But what is gained by muzzling logic? I have no reverence for a morality bolstered up by machinery and expedient; and whilst men may be silenced by authority and intimidated by opinion, they will not be convinced. And their long pent-up indignation will, at the first fair opportunity, burst forth with a violence commensurate with the mere authoritative and mechanical screw restraining it.

Charles, if any meats or drinks are poisonous, and therefore not intended for use at all, of course neither Scripture nor reason allow us to meddle with these. But while great thanks are due to the learned and excellent men who have investigated the effects of certain meats and drinks on the bodily system, and while possibly their modes of exhibiting these effects may be a kind of *in terrorem* for men of *passion*, if not for men of *reason*, yet, after all, diversity of opinion will prevail as to the fitness and unfitness of certain articles of food and drink for the refreshment or nourishment of the body.

Yours ever,
R. Carlton.

LETTER XXXVI.

Dear Charles,—You reason in your last on the manner of intercourse with the world, in the main, judiciously; although exceptions may be taken to some of your inferences. For, beyond all doubt, if the practical working of a

principle lead us into absurdity, that principle is somewhere defective or false; and that, whatever show of excellence it may have. By the fruits, principles may be tested as well as men.

Be it ever remembered, that we deal with men in this mixed state in one or more relations, without dealing with them in all; and provided we deal with any in what is lawful and good, we are not understood to deal with them in what is of a different character, or thus to countenance them in what is illegal and bad.

Men do have often some employment or office that is in all respects proper and advantageous, and with that, some other which is doubtful. But one coming into necessary and regular contact at the lawful point, does by no means touch them at the other; and even if they make use of gains acquired by praiseworthy industry, in ways hurtful and immoral, we do not give them money for such abuses, but for their honest labor.

Supposing, as ultraists say and attempt occasionally to act, we were to cease all dealings and intercourse as citizens of a mixed community with men whose whole life and doings did not quadrate with the rules of strict virtue, then may we at once "go out of the world," and profess ourselves wiser than an inspired Apostle, who does not forbid us as citizens of a community to act as such. Our kingdom is not of this world, that we should dare by these self-righteous and pharisaical ostentations, to frown and lash men into virtue; let us allow Cæsar to chastise his own subjects. Not only "is it not good to be righteous over much" in this way, but it is an attempt fraught with silliness and abortion. Nay, it is of the essence of a most odious despotism; and if not thwarted, would establish an inquisition with all its satanic implements in every village, hamlet, and neighborhood, throughout both Purchases. This self-consequential spirit, affects the character of heaven; it would, if it dare and could, cast men into hell.

It sometimes happens, that with a lawful business may be so linked and blended an unlawful one, that it becomes exceedingly difficult to know whether, in dealing with the person at all, we are not encouraging him in his wickedness; and whether he does not so understand and interpret

our course. Here all the rules that pertain to doubt in morals apply; and no greater difficulty is found in determining our duty in this perplexing case than in a thousand others. We act in cases almost innumerable only from the greater probability. Absolute certainty in most moral actions is rare. Of course, then, the ordinary probabilities are to guide us here; and no new rules are necessary or obligatory. In most cases, our established character and well known opinions on moral and political questions, will secure us from being unavoidably misunderstood; and in others, a public or private protest, as the case may be, will be sufficient to prevent evil. But if neither of these can obviate the erroneous impression our conduct would produce, then let us cease all intercourse with the man whose complex business leaves it doubtful whether he be acting more against than for law and virtue.

Upon the whole, then, as citizens subject to the same political rules, we may, in general, deal and have intercourse with our fellow-citizens in whatever lawful and good employments and offices they may exercise or discharge—provided such employments and offices are not clearly in opposition to the Bible—and we may leave to our fellow-citizens the entire responsibility of using their honest gains as they please. Adopt a contrary principle, Charles, and it becomes *reductio ad absurdum:* and impracticability proves the falsity of a moral as well as of a mathematical proposition.

The rules adopted by some moral reformers array citizens in clans, and keep the community in a perpetual state of intestine war—an evil greater than what they would destroy. The most bitter, vindictive, and fiercely censorious spirit, is generated and cultivated. The rabid reformer, on the one hand, determining to hunt, prosecute, punish, and destroy all not squaring with his perfect rule, and the others, with clenched teeth and fixed jaws, determined to resist intolerance, impudence, and bigotry.

We may enter the kingdom of heaven ourselves, and, in addition to example, we may earnestly, and affectionately, and logically, and perseveringly entreat others to come with us; but we may not, and we *cannot* scourge men into it by prosecutions or persecutions, whether by laws, or public opinion, or combinations. Fish will not bite till they are

disposed to taste the bait, even if you swear at them. And some rampant lecturers, on both sides of the Atlantic and of opposite genders, do all but swear at existing systems of what they deem political and moral evil.

In both Purchases, under semblance of encouraging reformations, premiums are paid for new virtues. Hence, not rarely do the Jonathanistical avail themselves of the offers, and find ways, by a timely adhesion to the combination, of making more money than in their former concerns. All this is very well, in the general: for, if men have not faith, and do not look for reward and approbation beyond this life, and are not conscientiously in love with virtue for its own sake, it may be right to let them *feel* the immediate reward of goodness every time they thrust a hand into the breeches-pocket. Society may defend itself even by the selfishness of its citizens. But we pause and doubt and question when the premium floods the country with lecturers who tell what all know and yet find it profitable—with "moral" play-actors—with "moral" singers—with "moral" stages—"moral" ferry-boats—while all the time these "moralists" are often infidel in sentiment and sometimes licentious in practice! Yes, Charles, some of these *new lights*, were it not for one solitary virtue professed and practised for a *consideration*, would be shunned by some truly good and pious people of both sexes, because of the many vices they practise *without consideration*.

You did right enough, Charles, when you renewed your allegiance to the Temperance Society, to stand on the "reserved rights." Yes, buy your groceries where you please—travel by what conveyance you choose—stop where you like—employ what mechanics and laborers you think fit—give not up your liberty. All other things equal, occasions may arise when it may be proper to give preferences—but if such preferences are in consequence of a systematized plan, they are always a short-sighted policy, and not rarely unjust and mean and sneaking.

What! are men who were only indifferent in any art before their fall, are they by some legerdemain transformed by a reform in their morals into the most skillful and excellent persons? Does one vice, even if persisted in, cut a man off from all the ordinary expectations he has in com-

mon with the sober? And why shall we stop at one special vice—why not insist men shall cease from all lying, and swearing, and smoking, and demagogueism! as well as drinking and Sabbath-breaking?

Do we not all incline enough to our own interests and look sharp enough after number one, to desert readily poor workmen and negligent storekeepers, and careless coachmen, without being *commanded* to do so? And if drinking make men negligent or fraudulent, we shall soon enough take care of ourselves. Let us, then, be left to judge when we are hurt or cheated; and not magisterially *forced* by a combination to take away custom from our fellow-citizens—for fear of what may happen. Our fellow-citizens who are wickedly and foolishly addicted to one or a dozen vices, will naturally go to ruin; we need not do what is equivalent to giving an accelerating shove.

In many cases, Charles, where a husband, or father, or brother is an inebriate, or sells the forbidden liquors, there the wife and children, the sisters, are among the very best people on earth;—and in any sense of the term you choose. They are religious, well educated, polished, tasteful, liberal: and will you dare to *ask* me to punish these for the sins of the relative? Are they not bowed down sufficiently? Must I be raised up, by the machinery of an irresponsible combination, and dropped down upon their crushed hearts—a dead weight? Charles, these "rectified spirits" may use others as opinion serves—but myself *never!*

Charles, men very frequently deceive themselves in thinking a benevolent regard for morals induces them to these restrictive measures. Motives, upon a severe and honest examination, will often be ferreted out of the dark works of a deceitful heart, that we shall shudder to behold—a wish on our part to be *felt* in society as *masters*—and a determination to punish rather than reform. True it is, "power steals from the *many* to the few;" but no less true that *many* love power and will exercise power when they have the opportunity. Easy, then, for such, if the cause in which they aim at supreme power is a moral one, to keep the real motive concealed from others and in a measure from themselves; and naturally taking the Supreme Being as of their party, they will soon learn to exercise his exclusive power, and *punish* as well as reign.

From the times of our blessed Saviour till now, zealots have ever been ready to call down fire to destroy the Samaritans; and secular as well as sacred papists are willing to roast any sort of a heretic either in a quick or a slow fire. Most will not wait till the harvest, but are determiued to pull up the cockle, even if they root out the wheat.

Pray, does your reverence intend to be witty, when you dared to say in a late epistle, "a conservative is a sensible sort of a fellow that sees faults in both sides and none in himself?" Now let me enlighten your darkness: know, that a conservative is neither a neutral like some folks, nor a lukewarm like others.

A neutral is a chap that cares for no interest save his own: a lukewarm is a once fiery hot ultraist that is become sick of his cause, because he can neither rule nor punish, and is ready to—cascade; but a conservative is a noble fellow that stands on the side of common sense and common decency—a man that, scorning the control of a party or a clique, is for the rights of humanity, and in defence of such rights he will dare to do battle single-handed against the insolent zealot on the one hand, and the sneaking fagger on the other. Far away from cowardice is the conservative; and he needs all the excellent qualities that constitute the true patriot and the true philanthropist; and all the perspicacity and logical coolness and acumen that characterize the genuine philosopher.

Small mental calibre is needed to admit the little shot fired by the one idea party, whether in politics or morals. Half wit and half an eye are sufficient to discern the superficial bigness which they either assault or defend; for such men see nothing but the most obvious matters; which, however, they clamorously set forth as wondrous discoveries! And as to courage, a very tiny amount serves to charge with a crowd of zealots amidst noise, frenzy, and self-glorification upon—nothing; and especially if money or eclat is to be had for the service. Shaking Quakerism lives only in—company. A single one would die.

I know these fellows boast of their "big guns;" but of course they can mean only because of the noise which said artillery makes in exploding, and the dense volume of stenchy smoke that follows. We have heard the large artillery of

ultraisms; but we were reminded, not of cannon, but of an enormous bell with a dozen clappers ringing odd changes on the veriest common places *ad dẽfendumdum*.

Ergo, conservatism is the bone and sinew and muscle of truth; and temperance and all moral reformations are to be advocated temperately. Quod erat demonstrandum.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XXXVII.

Dear Charles,—It is well for the dignity of your reverence, that your head was not within arm's length, when you wrote your *ergo*—"a conservative is the most pugnacious fellow on earth!" We would have ascertained the length and tenacity of your ears. Whereas, we are so little pugnacious that we *fight* tooth and nail against war, for instance, almost to the very verge of a Quaker's yea and nay doctrine.

And on that topic, since you wish an opinion, my opinion is that of all wise—(hem!)—and moderate persons; and of course is, I presume, your opinion. I maintain that war in pure self-defence is right—in all other cases wrong. I maintain, moreover, that in the present state of the world defensive preparations are a means of preventing war; and that any contrary opinion, while it may seem to be very meek and amiable, is preposterous and presumptuous. I maintain, still further, that the deliverance of weak nations against the tyranny and despotism of mighty ones, may be very justifiable cause of war; and provided the right and justice be on our side, and a war of defence has become inevitable, it seems not materially to alter the case whether we always strike the first or the second blow. For, if the unrighteous nation stands in the posture of an assailant, and merely waiting the most favorable opportunity to commence its assault, if it can be crippled in the means and intruments of violence, so as to render the meditated violence impracticable, there is the same obvious reason for a preventive blow on our part here, as in a private case where we, in a state of nature in person, or in a civilized state by the agency of the magistrate, cripple the threatening assassin or wrest away his weapons.

True, many errors, arising from prejudice, anger, cowardice, jealousy, suspicion, may occur in the application of this rule, or in acting according to any war or self-defensive principles; but such possibilities only teach the necessity of greater calmness, caution, forbearance, prudence, benevolence. Possible or even probable evil is by no means a conclusive argument against the practice or use of a grand and important rule. If so, most rules are wholly impracticable. And even granting that error always attaches to action on the self-defensive principle, the evils arising are vastly less than would follow from our refusing to defend ourselves or our country when assaulted with a murderous intention on the part of the assailants. The very few instances in which a refusal to defend ourselves has disarmed an assassin, and preserved both our lives and property, can be easily accounted for, without supposing Heaven designed to teach that men would always be providentially delivered, if they should remain passive! There may be times and occasions when circumstances prevent or forbid the use of the naturally appointed means of defence; and then we may, without presumption, look for special deliverance by unusual means. But in instances almost innumerable, helpless innocents, who not only made no defence, but were actually incapable of defence—nay, who were earnestly supplicating for mercy—have been brutally violated and then demoniacally murdered! In such cases, we learn that passivity is not only unavailing to preserve life, but is the very reason why life is destroyed. Charles, I apprehend if Granddaddy Thompson, of Hoosier memory, had been within rifle-shot when certain miscreants were stealing towards their victims to violate and to murder, jurors would have been saved the risk of perjury; and the rescued victims, with their agonized parents and friends, would have thought, as they clasped their deliverer to their hearts, that no harm had been done.

But, Charles, while we say all this, and are willing and ready to go far, when, with right and justice on our side, either collectively or individually, we strike aggressive or defensive blows to protect life or liberty, yet in all other respects we belong to the peace society.

I cannot, Charles, see the truth, nor feel the force of any arguments drawn from the mere love of national glory and

national honor. What is society, whether on a small or a large scale, other than an aggregated individual? It may, indeed, be conceived as consisting of a thousand hands; a thousand heads; and, if you please, a thousand hearts; or all these multiplied a thousand-fold more; but, while such a political being may accomplish, in every conceivable way, a thousand-thousand times beyond the natural and personal individual, is there, *can* there be any other law for the government and guidance of that multiplied individual, than the law that governs and guides the single individual?

The combined man, it is true, may in that capacity be a sovereign; and since no adequate *earthly* tribunal exists to which its rights and wrongs may be referred for adjudication, it may redress its own wrongs and defend its own rights: yet here regard must ever be paid to a moral law infinitely superior to any combination of human beings—nay, if a combination were to comprise all the created individuals of the universe!

The maxims, the rules, the obligations of eternal justice bind, and with no possibility of the least exception, the community as stringently as the individual; and no mere might or opportunity can confer right. Hence all must concede that communities may not take advantage of weakness in a neighbor to invade their possessions or wrest away their land; and if one community be indebted in money or produce to another, it is no less base to elude or refuse payment, than for a single debtor to defraud his personal creditor. A community may, indeed, as the individual, become insolvent; but that insolvency, without the creditor's consent, can no more morally free in the one case than the other. The doctrine that teaches contrary to this, under any pretext whatever is sheer and hypocritical villany; an eternal stigma, through all coming ages of the world's history, is indelibly branded on the shameless brow of mobocratical demagogueism—and the black scorchings of the stamp have left there repudiation. All this is *felt* to be true. Logic cannot and does not create that feeling, although sophistry is often employed to weaken that feeling or to eradicate it. Where, then, is exception in favor of national honor and glory found? Wherein does the combined man differ from the separate man, that what is puerile, weak, base, unholy,

in the latter, is not and ought not to be essentially so in the former? By what transformation, plea, or veiling, or coloring, do we so frequently, after discerning the ugliness of temper that leads the duelist into the field in defence of his honor at every paltry insult, real or imaginary, all at once discern the glorious beauteousness of national grandeur appealing to arms to assert its dignity? How comes it to pass that individual forbearance and gentleness are so amiable, while national is so distasteful? We praise the man who, rather than lose his time, embitter his temper, waste his means, or injure his philanthrophy, forgoes a small and righteous claim; but we vituperate and scorn and taunt a grand community which, acting on the very same principles, is ready, for the sake of peace, to give up an unimportant right!

Will it be said that a nation, from what is called a pusillanimous behaviour, would be exposed not only to the contempt of the world, but to fresh insult and aggression? I answer, first, that it is true of nations, and especially of great and powerful and brave nations, what is sometimes true of rich and generous men—such can afford to wear an old coat. Yes, Charles, our good old relative, Uncle Sam, can afford to wear an old coat or even a shocking bad hat, and to do some things as well as others without fear of disgraceful charges, or with a conviction that such charges will be deemed a silly lie. The old gentleman can outlive them!

But is it so certain that appeals to the good sense and religious and moral principles of Christian nations, which the example of a great nation's forbearance and patience would set to the world, must, of necessity, be answered by scorn and aggression? It is, indeed, almost certain that such a people as ours, that could magnanimously and bravely *dare* to yield a comparatively small and undoubted right, rather than wage a bloody and demoralizing war, would receive the hearty applause of the world now and through all enduring time. If forbearance and gentleness and humanity disarmed not an enemy, and that enemy misinterpreting our conduct, and imputing it to cowardice or other base motives, adventured to be unjust again, and, in common parlance, having got the inch, proceeded to take the ell, then might we fight with a safe conscience, and with the very approval of

the Most High himself. We had retreated to the wall; and if the enemy died in his unrighteous assault, his blood would rest on his own head.

Without running the doctrines of ultra peace societies to their full extent, I cannot but believe, however, that a special Providence would be exerted in defence of virtuous and pious nations as of similar individuals, who refused to take the sword in aggressive wars, or for the mere avenging of insulted honor, or to gain a military reputation: and that such communities, if defensive war became inevitable, would be victorious.

In conclusion, dear Charles, I must express my belief that sentiments like these, when they leak out, render my chance for promotion in the army rather slim: but, perhaps, this will prove no great loss, as we abound in here with conscientious and unconscientious fighting folks numerous as you do out there; and who go for all Oregon and our country—*right* or *wrong!* Several of these benevolent heroes, by the way, have drunk so much for the honor of their country and the justice of her claims, as to have acquired noses fiery enough to touch off a cannon!—Bang!

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Dear Charles,—You are determined, then, that I shall "not touch off a cannon with a loco-foco, or lucifer-nose, and retire from the contest *quasi* victor—shouting *Io triumphe!*"

Very well, then,—a national man, or the society man, is very like the uncombined, separate person in almost any point it may please your reverence to contemplate him. For instance, the multiplied or aggregated man is as soulless often as the other, and tries to shift his responsibilities upon something else;—hence the maxim by which he acts—corporations have no souls. Again, he is very humble, obsequious and submissive when poor; very affable, communicative, and generous, when he is in comfortable mediocrity;

and almost invariably very insolent, haughty, overbearing, and inclined to injustice and oppression when he is rich and increased in goods. His greatness has now a dignity to keep, and in grandiloquent phrases he spouts out his consequence, and in majestic strides steps off his importance; all which plainly declare that said dignity is estimated as worth a little more than it comes to. Very quickly the combined man, in addition to the swagger and strut and self-admiration, becomes like the individual great man, jealous of his honor; and he can snuff up into his enlarged nostrils insult at a distance, and is as brimful of spitefulness as a Fourth of July cracker. In other words, domine, the fellow "has waxed fat, and kicks."

On the other hand, when small in our estimation, we say to a *gentleman* that carelessly treads on our corns and then raises his cane to chastise us for being in his way, "Don't be angry, master, I didn't mean to be in your road;" but when sufficiently enlarged we say, "Take *that*, you rascal!"

A grand nation is exceedingly like many a grand man, in another respect: he is, in spite of all his self-consequence, artfully managed by his parasites. Multitudes of cringing demagogues and hangers-on offer incense to vanity and foment self-importance, for the gain of the service and the opportunity this affords of showing off themselves in being instruments of rewarding friends and punishing enemies.

Now, Charles, sorry am I to say that Uncle Sam sometimes exposes his weak side to the flatterer. In his saloons are every now and then some very selfish and scrubby fellows, who, for their own base purposes, play upon the old gentleman's vanity; and do unhappily sometimes succeed in persuading him that his honor and dignity are so delicate in texture as to be endangered by the slightest puncture, and that if "they were Uncle Sam, they would call 'em out and have the satisfaction of a gentleman." These parasites teach that because he is now become so big and grand, the ordinary maxims and rules that answered in his earlier days, and which are well enough for small folks and Christian pilgrims, are "small potatoes" in his case; and that Uncle Sam, like John Bull, should have a code of laws for his own use. "Religion," say they, "is well enough for the rabble; but philosophy and honor and dignity for him." These know-

ing ones, like a papal priest, are often willing to take the responsibility, if he will only supply means and opportunities: till at last the old gentleman, though a professed Christian, is influenced by *carnal* reasonings, and goes to war, goaded on and misled by skeptics, atheists, debauchees, broken-down politicians, land-speculators, desperate gamblers and *honorable* gentlemen, that for the mere glory of the thing wish epaulettes, and other military and naval trappings.

I know, indeed, that in public life are also some persons, otherwise worthy and amiable, who are not sufficiently aware that their notion of honor and dignity is not quite in accordance with the scriptural view of these matters; and hence these men hesitate not to proclaim that nations, like individuals, should try the duel, simply to maintain our honor. And innumerable thoughtless people abound, that love and praise war from its pomp and "pride and circumstance;" and others, who are tired of peace, and wish war for a change as they wish any show or amusement; and all such persons are clamorous for a *just* war, if possible—but an *honorable* war rather than no war. Indeed, most of these secretly desire to provoke a war; just as a half-horse, half-alligator, rowdy bully, who leaps into a crowd of people on an election or muster-day, and exclaims, "What! ten o'clock, and no fight yet!"

Charles, believe me, public sentiment and public opinion are, in a vast majority of cases, the private sentiment and opinion of a few, who have most adroitly set these forth as if the one thought of the nation; and then the nation, finding that a character has been read out for it in the high places of the earth, like any individual fool or grandee, is silly enough, forsooth, to think it must act up to that character! When I was quite a lad I was so pre-eminently a fool, on a certain occasion, as to mount a furious and most vicious young colt which some negro men were trying to break—not because I could ride, or had any skill in horse-taming, but simply because black Pete said in my hearing, "Ay! here comes master Carlton; he'll git on, I know!" Well, master Carlton did get on, to be sure; but, of course, he got off again in an incredibly short space of time, and lay awhile on the earth, half senseless and groaning.

It is really, Charles, uncommonly provoking that a few men—and these in no sense the best men, and some of them

inferior in talents and acquirements—that a few men should so rule the many, and that the many should appoint the few a kind of thinking committee for the whole, and for that sole reason allow themselves to be led like bullocks to a slaughter-house—or jackasses to a mill! That the few, for a mere point of honor, should ever involve us in war, is absolutely *intolerable!*

Appeals are often made by *sages* who go for the whole Oregon, whether our national *honor* is not worth *any price* to maintain it? I answer, for one of the million, no! I have felt the influence of a martial parade—yea! momentarily, I have thought I *could* charge at the sound of the clarion; but, in my sober senses, (and I say it, Charles, without blushing,) I say, if all Oregon could be mine, that rather than to get or retain it at the price of my children's blood, poured out on the battle-field, I would sell the whole for a farthing, or give it for the asking. In defence of our homestead or hearth, we would all die; but to keep or get a possession for glory, I would not spill, if I could help myself, a drop of blood!

Moral cowardice may prevent the avowal, but are there not millions of fathers and mothers whose hearts beat here in unison with mine? What, therefore, we would all do separately and individually, and what we feel to be natural and praiseworthy in parents, why may not that be done by us all in our combined capacity? What strange infatuation is this—that all *must* be otherwise in a nation, for a mere abstraction—a figment—a conventional idea? It is the law of *nations*, and therefore must be obeyed! But I tell you it is *not* the law of *God*, and therefore should be disobeyed!

But, say the demagogues whose hearts are burdened with philanthropy for the "dear people," we must war to defend our fellow-citizens away out there! Pray, what took these worthy citizens away out there? Is all Indiana, and Illinois, and Michigan, and Iowa, and Wisconsin full? Did these worthy citizens go out there for the honor of the nation, or its special advantage? Are they a new edition of Pilgrim Fathers, fleeing from persecution to find "a lodge in some vast wilderness," where to erect the altar and temple of God? or have these persons absconded from *prosecution?* and do they seek a refuge from the sheriff and his *posse comitatus?*

Have they gone to cheat the poor houseless Indian of his furs, and to introduce among them drunkenness and small-pox? In a word, have they not, out of restlessness, and idleness, and a distaste of arts and sciences and religion, and an impatience of all legal and moral restraints, thrown themselves out of the pale of a civilized life? Better, by far, that Uncle Sam order these scapegraces home, and set them at some good, honest, profitable employment, and not force the best of men to pour out their blood for these fellows! I might be willing to die for my country, in a just war; but such men are not my country!—some are a disgrace to any land!

We happen to know something of the very estimable folks who, when we were in the Purchase, ran away from the progressive civilization of the Far West, to the wild barbarism of the Farthest West; and without meaning any thing disparaging to these worthies, or any thing personally disrespectful to a lady, it would be well for the United States, and would in no way tend to our detriment, to allow these people to pass quietly under the sway of the Queen's most gracious majesty. The land, perhaps, might be worth litigation; but it would certainly be worth more without the incumbrance. Why should we buy a Botany Bay—save for a prison-house?

* * * * * *

Yes, yes! all that may be true enough about endangering popularity, and I am aware of what you will say on reading this letter. But, Charles, I am safe enough in here, and, like some red-hot abolitionists, I choose to show off my valorous sentiments at a safe distance. No, no; your rabble-rousing Congressman, who vapors with such virtuous indignation against these Tory-like opinions, will not "catch me on a stump in his neighborhood." And in case he should say, "Come out here, sir, and I'll give you a cow-hide," my reply is, in the words of Judge Brackenridge, "Thank you, sir; I would not come for two of them!"

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XXXIX.

Dear Charles,—I do not wince under your rebuke, for my conscience acquits me of all intentional irreverence towards our rulers. I cannot conceive how animadversion on logical and moral principles in regard to the spirit and actions of legislators, especially where it is in the abstract, and none are named, comes under the prohibition you mention, "that we must not speak evil of the rulers of the people."

The scriptural prohibition certainly forbids all malevolent railing and false accusation, and all studied insult and purposed disobedience to laws properly enacted. It forbids any endeavor to defeat or embarrass an administration on mere party grounds, and every thing done to make measures miscarry in order to prove ourselves right in prediction of disastrous results. But surely we may point out errors, and rebuke folly and impiety. Our very allegiance to heaven renders this not only allowable, but imperative.

The pulpit and the press are altogether blameworthy, if on suitable occasions they fail to admonish legislators of their duty; to rebuke them sharply for their sins; and to warn them most seriously of the weighty responsibility attending the administration of the government.

Charles, if a man to whom we confidently intrust our best earthly interests—our property—our life—our sacred honor—and the lives of our sons and daughters—yea, and the morals of the community,—if that man shall disregard his high trust, and, obeying the clamorous voice of passion or interest, shall jeopardize all—that man deserves to be branded Traitor!

Men eagerly aspire after the honor of becoming legislators; Charles, could they only see the far-reaching consequences of their public conduct, it would seem impossible to take a seat in the public halls of legislation without a deep and solemn awe upon the spirit. There, to speak paradoxically, one's own interest would make him abhor all selfishness. But how little solemnity and disinterestedness there! The hall of legislation is regarded as a mere theatre for the display of talents; an arena for contests of jealousy and ambition; often an elevated platform for political harlequins

to play off grotesque antics in the sight of the world! And where folly and malevolence do not appear, how very often does the sectional partisan, spouting his grandiloquence for Bunkum, mistake himself for the patriot!—"rattling" only, when he "thinks he thunders!"

The mere man of party—the man of a clique—filled to the extent of his tiny capacity with one little idea with a big name—chosen simply for his pre-eminent impudence and unscrupulous soul, with small reading, no reflection, and without talent—would pass for a statesman and patriot! What buffoonery, Charles, can equal that? And the higher the elevation whence he exhibits, the more ridiculous, the more pitiable the sight! But when the man there essays to spout forth gall and venom—like a new candidate on the stump, with a wallet full of certificates testifying to his own excellency and his opponent's demerits—all in the style of a political bully, and really mistakes his "great swelling words of vanity" for arguments and patriotism—the whole strut and inflation are essentially funny! Such a man cannot be a good man, and, therefore, neither a good citizen nor a patriot.

Can he be a patriot, Charles, who, under pretext of listening to the voice of the people, advocates measures which he knows are adverse to the best interests of the country? Can he be a wise man who mistakes the clamors of party for the voice of reason? Can he be a good man who has ever or mainly in view, a "seat in the house;" and, therefore, votes such measures as shall secure that seat?

Fully do I believe that in all political parties, are men of sterling integrity, who most conscientiously advocate the measures of their several parties; and fully aware am I that many grave questions involving most important interests are so complicated, that men of the keenest acumen see only darkly, and are forced to enter on something like mere experiment, intending thus to test principles by their results; and yet it is also very certain that some senators and legislators care little for the merits of a cause, and ever look at the popularity, and the popularity only, of a measure, affecting to believe that what is the voice of the people must of necessity be right. With them the sole inquiry is, "What do the people say? What do the people want?"

And when that question is satisfactorily answered, all trouble of thought, and labor of reasoning, and regard for consequences are at an end. The people for ever—and the people right or wrong! and that whether the people order them as sovereigns, or cry unto them with the squallings of a rickety child or spoiled pet, resolving to have "the moon and the eleven stars."

Doubtless a *vox populi* exists that may not be safely disregarded by lawgivers and administrators;—a *vox populi* in which is heard the tones of wise and good men, sounding from one end of the union to the other. For, while it may be barely possible that one man may be right on some questions, and *all* other men wrong, it is so highly improbable, that a conscientious man might, without sin, step aside or yield to the many. But he who affects to hear the *vox dei* in the artificially excited clamors of ignorance and prejudice and party, and then dares to act contrary to his own deliberate judgment in yielding to and not resisting such a *vox populi*, is—a base traitor! And if that man, in obedience to that senseless outcry of folly, shall, either by voting directly in its favor, or by a cowardly *dodging*, withdraw the barrier of his name from resisting the evil, if that base traitor shall in either way involve our country in unnecessary war—upon his accursed head will rest the blood of the land!

He may find it hard now to stand single-handed against his party, and to bear their scoffs and sneers: he will find it harder to endure the remorse of a dying hour. The blood of slain men, and the cries of orphans, and the crushed hearts of widowed mothers, and the despairing groans of the battle-field, and the ruin of moral and domestic happiness—whatever passion and revenge and the love of unholy glory and ambition may now, in the excitement of health and prosperity, say to the contrary, will all rise up and cry in that hour, "the price of honor *is* too great!" There is a voice of blood that shall come stealing into the silence of that darkened chamber, and a form of terror that shall pass before the glazing eyes of the traitor, unheard and unseen by the attendants, but loud as pealing thunder, and appalling, as the ghosts of the murdered to the dying!

In the strange light that shall then shine to the mental

eye—clearer and stronger as the light of this life is quenched—in that light shall the smiles of his partisans look like the distortions of scowling demons, and the applause of the thoughtless and revengeful shall burst like howlings of the lost! And in that hour of unspeakable and unavailing anguish, how will the man, now a reckless, selfish advocate of war, curse, even with gnashing of teeth, the folly and madness that stood impiously forth in the halls of legislation, and in the sight of the world cried out, "Nothing is too dear for honor!"

Charles, let them, in the pride of statesmanship and worldly wisdom, lay my honor in the dust—and let all the lordly train of earth's sons pass by in the mighty pomp and glorious pageantry of life, deeming me too base for their contempt—let them all show their deep loathing and disgust as they turn from what is deemed the "offscouring of this world,"—yea! let all this pass by me—but oh! Charles! let me not lie down in the death-struggle amidst the appalling shrieks and terrific visions that ring out, and start from the gory battle-fields, that were made by my thirst of power, or mere heartless love of glory!

May the infinite mercy deliver me from the alarm of William the Conqueror when he stood aghast on the very verge of the eternal state:—"Laden with many and grievous sins," said he, "I tremble; and being ready to be taken soon into the terrible examination of God, I am ignorant what I should do. I have been brought up in feats of arms from my childhood; I am greatly polluted with the effusion of much blood; I can by no means number the evils I have done these sixty years, for which I am now constrained, without stay, to render an account to the just Judge."

It is a solemn thing to stand in a high station: and it is a solemn thing to be an American Senator or Congressman.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XL.

Dear Charles,—Granting that your argument is true in part, it surely is not so in all respects.

Are we so to interpret the right of instruction as to narrow it down to an obligation to obey that small body of the people who are a legislator's immediate constituents; and shall the legislator study *their* interest to an utter disregard of the interests of the *people at large?* Can any right of instruction free the representative from moral responsibility? Must he obey his constituents when that obedience is clearly seen to conflict with their real and the ultimate good?

Is the hall of legislation a mere court of justice, with its judges and jury, where the representative appears in behalf of his constituents to make the best of their cause as if his clients; and does he hold his station as a fee for services? Is his sole and paramount duty to strive that these shall be victorious; while others are to watch whether law or equity be saved or violated? It can be this, and nothing more nor less, if we admit the doctrine of representative instruction in all the latitude for which most contend.

Why the long and thorough debates in congress, and elsewhere, if not to ascertain where the truth lies? And if the truth be discovered, is it not to be obeyed? But how can it be obeyed if the representative has yet no liberty to vote except for what he is pledged, and to please an exceedingly small part comparatively of the common country—those who are separately each man's constituents?

A pack-horse or a donkey might serve to carry up a vote as well as a representative, provided he had equal intelligence, honesty and obstinacy—i. e. provided he knew his duty was most perseveringly to kick at all reasoning, and at the end of a month's discussion, shutting his ears resolutely against the voice of truth, to deliver very solemnly and with the air of a patriot his constituents' vote. And then he might go back and claim his reward.

A thousand local matters doubtless there are, in no way affecting the public at large, in which a reciprocal kindness and good will are felt by all sections of the common country. Here representatives may and must adhere to the letter of their instructions—the whole country allows this and is mutually benefited by it. In these separate and mutually permitted sectional interests, the representatives are rather agents than representatives—they come to ask of the whole a favor for a part—and pledge that part as willing in its

turn to help the whole or any other part. But if he be mainly a legislator of the people as well as the agent of a part in some things, he *must* follow the truth when rendered plain by the discussion. If that truth accords with the wishes of his immediate constituents (for *all* are indirectly his constituents), well; if not, then ought he utterly to disregard his neighborhood or mere party instructions.

As far as the representative is an *agent* to do the business of his locality, and that business conflicts with no common interest, he may and must do that business; and, where the local interest can be regarded when it is involved in some common interest, he may, by the expressed or implied assent of the whole, honorably strive to save or guard that special interest. The whole brotherhood may be rendered willing to sacrifice part of a common good, and in some cases entirely to forego that good, if a part of the brotherhood be seriously damaged or entirely ruined. But the representative in his legislative character ought not to act with local views; and if the good of the whole imperatively demand of him to vote contrary to the wishes of his neighborhood or party, he is bound to obey the whole people in preference to a part. And that is patriotism—and requires a representative other than a pack-horse or a donkey; and yet is it a patriotism that shall become the signal for a braying loud and discordant—a patriotism, that shall save, indeed, the country, but shall utterly ruin itself. A patriotism that swims with the tide is cheap and plentiful; a patriotism that resists a current dashing onward to a deep fall, and bearing to ruin all that is great and good, is rare and godlike.

It is granted, that parties and their representatives may often be so honestly confident that the truth is with them, as to believe that the more thorough the discussion, the plainer will their side appear. Very well; and if that, upon a thorough discussion, prove the case, let the representative vote with a safe conscience: *not*, however, because it is a party view, and he is instructed so to vote, or is threatened if he vote not thus, but simply because it is in itself *right*—the truth demands it. But if the discussion show truth to be on the other side, then to the other side let him pass—he has no option, nor may he either dodge or resign; he was sent thither to obey the truth, and at the peril of displeasing God

let him in no way desert, or be coaxed or threatened to resign his power. His party will call him traitor, possibly, if he now obeys the truth;—but what is that, compared with the judgment of God and the approbation of all coming ages in the world's history?

I am aware that it is said, let the representative in the case supposed resign; and let him make way for one who will carry out the party views. What does that mean, Charles? Shall the man basely resign, and desert his country at the very moment she needs his service? Shall he refuse to obey the truth, neglect his opportunity, and give room to another who he knows *will do wrong?* He cannot throw off the responsibility of injuring the country by resigning: the Providence of God has placed him where he must act even if it ruin his political prospects, and he must not despise that Providence. After having heard a discussion for months, at an enormous expense to his country—a discussion held for his very aid, in discovering the right path—and after a laborious and diligent search, shall he be bid, at the moment he finds that path, to turn away from it? Oh! folly most preposterous! Oh! most lame and impotent conclusion!

But it may be said the representative is elected with an understanding, expressed or implied, that if he change his views after or during the discussion, he shall resign and give way to another, who cannot be converted by the truth, or who has a tougher conscience! There is, however, a more important anterior question here: has any party a right to expect or demand such a thing? Has any man a right to allow such expectation or demand? To me the answer is plainly negative, and for the very and similar reasons already urged—no society or party can have a right to do other than the representative does, who, after full and fair discussion, follows the truth whithersoever she leads. Any doctrine the contrary of this, is evidently preposterous, and fraught with evil, and evil only.

The contrary doctrine makes a hall of legislation a mere market-house, where the agents of parties buy for their employers as cheap as they can, and strive, in every possible way, *legally* moral, to defraud the other parties. It creates cliques and clans, arraying the South against the North and

the West against the East; allowing nothing to be done for the whole Republic, but teazing the representatives to consider all universal benevolence and good will as subordinate to the interests of his party or neighborhood; and even where the good of other parties and sections and neighborhoods is consulted, it is mainly on the principle of *quid pro quo*. It tempts to obstinacy and falsehood, and provokes to anger and revenge. It renders discussion a solemn farce; wasting time and money to discover the truth to men sworn to obey her, but secretly pledged, if needs be, against her; and to make plain a path which only they whose interest it is previously, are expected to follow. It dispenses with all intelligence, conscience and free agency in a representative, making him little better than a mercenary and slave.

And what moral cowardice it generates in public men! Hence the tendency, and every hour becoming stronger, to throw back upon the people, assembled in disorderly mass-meetings of different sorts, questions which ought to be decided by the legislatures. The sole anxiety is to ascertain the will of the people, as it is called; and that will shall be obeyed, right or wrong. For instance, we beg the legislature to decide for us by law, some question affecting the sale of spirituous liquors. "Oh!—aye!—yes!—hem!—Well, what do the people down your way think should be done?" "Why, gentlemen, the sober set say you ought to abate the nuisance." "Oh!—yes!—hem!—of course; but—hem!—*the majority*—eh?" "Why, please your excellencies, the majority down our way are topers; and they say if you do not let them alone, you shall see what the people will do next election!"

And then, of course, as it is the will of the people, and the evident *vox dei*, (i. e. *Bacchi*,) the legislature, created for the *good* of the people, decides that the *evil* shall continue! And yet, amiable patriots! if the majority are for the *good*, so are they, too! These gentlemen go for the people, if the people have a majority of only *one*—and that one a drunken beast, who deposits his ticket with an oath! Some infidel legislators would vote for bawdy-houses, if their constituents were in their favor. "Good souls! kind souls!"

The doctrine is every day becoming more and more settled, that laws are to be made such as the people will bear;

and we have a thousand Solons willing, not to make the best laws and compel the wicked to live according to justice and virtue, but the "best the Athenians will endure;" although our modern peoples cannot be entreated or bought to swear obedience for "even ten years," to any system of laws that can be devised. We desire new laws, new constitutions, new names, new customs, new antiquities, every year!

Tell me, Charles, is this liberty or licentiousness? Has not all this a tendency to agrarianism and its cognates? and will it not destroy representative democracy, and give us virtually now, and in form hereafter, primary assemblies in lieu of legislatures and councils? Is a representative any longer a ruler? or is he a slave? Ought sovereignty, or such portion as is delegated to our legislators and magistrates by the laws and the constitution, to be tamely cast back upon the people? And if power is somewhere, and must be somewhere, pray where is it, on this pendulum principle?—ever vibrating back and forth, between people and representative!

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XLI.

Dear Charles,—You think I must lately have been ingratiating myself with the lawyers, as formerly with the doctors. Well, suppose that to be the case; is it a sin? Your reverence might easily find worse company, both out there and in here. An intelligent, honorable, gentlemanly lawyer, (and more especially when a true Christian,) is the best and most improving companion imaginable. All things else being equal, I am ready to prefer a lawyer for my representative to almost any other class of men.

You ask, (rather sneeringly, domine,) when I am to become a candidate for Congress. I answer: about the time your reverence adds a cockade and sword to a black gown, and marches at the head of a pious congregation to shoot Mexicans for the good of the country.

However, my party is too small for the indulgence of this lofty notion. I have no special liking for what might await

a candidate of my stamp—groans and hisses, surely; and in favorable circumstances, tar and feathers. When the largest liberty party is swelled into immensity by the scum of foreign jails and poor-houses, a representative will be only the head of a grand boil, through which head its pus and feculence will run. In other words, representation will be a mere scab. This is acknowledged as a very mangy metaphor; still it expresses a truth: for if true, "like people, like priest," it is equally true, "like party, like representative."

Infidel demagogues and atheistic reformers affect to sneer at the priest; yet, a more soulless hypocrite exists not, than a pseudo-patriot and pseudo-philanthropist. And, what self-conceit can match the insufferable people's-man, (as, *par excellence*, he styles himself,) who is like the people's-line, or people's steamboat or stage, running his opposition against Bible-truths and customs, for the glory and frolic and profit of the service! Why, these men, for the station of an hour, or to please the restless and captious, and to gratify the feelings of ignorance and spite and prejudice, will at any time, as far as they can do it, rudely throw down every barrier the wisdom and experience of ages may have erected against presumption, insolence, and quackery!

If, Charles, it be true, as some say, that the literature and habits of a people make the laws, then may we regard lawmakers as indices, pointing to the degree in the moral and mental barometer and thermometer of the folk. And, although many representatives are mere gasometers, letting off the people's steam in the vapors of cant and prejudice, yet, if the people themselves are in this to blame, it seems a waste of time to defeat the election of the Hon. Mr. Timpkins, as he would only give place to the Hon. Mr. Simpkins. Let us cure the people, and the days of canting and traitorous demagogues are past; and the halls and councils of the nation will be adorned with men of wisdom, gravity, dignity, benevolence, Christianity.

Freely is it granted that wise and good men differ now, and perhaps must ever differ, as to the *policy* of certain restrictions, placed by the laws on the different fooleries and quackeries of their day, while they yet entirely agree in despising and condemning these evils; indeed, some excel-

lent and intelligent persons do honestly think that all sorts of *humbuggery* should have an unimpeded way, an ample scope, as the best method of staying their progress.

Other intelligent, but certainly not benevolent men, are indifferent who suffers, provided themselves escape; and others take a kind of malicious delight in seeing "the fools" gulled, satisfied that their own skill and caution must ever secure themselves from trickery. Public men of these kinds we may love and honor or respect, in different degrees; but who can respect, in any degree, the public man who deliberately avows and urges with an abuse of good logic, as *the* reason for repealing all laws against acknowledged quackeries, that science itself is little better than quackery!

Are we in the "nineteenth" century (and the politicians who run the people's-line use that term as a catch-word) to be soberly told that there is no science? Shall we be told that wisdom, and goodness, and learning, after years of toilsome study and experiment, and deep and patient investigation, can discover no laws of nature! and that laws of nature, when discovered, operate no better than chance! or that in some things—medicine, for instance—there is no nature, no laws to discover, no rules to apply! that health and sickness is chance, and may be left to chance! Credat Judæus, &c.

Men of science may, indeed, fall into errors; they may have various, and even opposite hypotheses, to account for the causes of facts; but does that prove that they have no truth, and that they cannot avail themselves of facts, even where they fail to assign just causes for them? It is a very easy matter to collect all the errors in any art or science—all the difficulties; all the admissions of fallacy; all the petulant murmurs of scientific men, uttered in moments of disappointment and chagrin—and then we can, if disposed to make jackasses stand *auribus erectis*, aggravate, and distort, and misinterpret, and sneer, till the shallow and the mischievous, and the sly chaps of medicated candy, bonied pills and the like, shall all, chuckling, exclaim, "Hurrah! quackery for ever!" And then we can vote down all noble edifices of science and overthrow all her bulwarks, and send, with legislative sanction, humbuggery to peddle its guzzles with becoming dignity throughout all Alleghania. But all this

malicious and solemn farce cannot alter our immovable and confident belief, that industry is better than indolence—knowledge than ignorance—modesty than impudence—truth than lying, and science than chance!

What moves me, Charles, to this little tirade against some of our sapient rulers, is a small pamphlet on my table, sent by a friend; which pamphlet contains some virulent and official speeches against the regular doctors, at a time when a bill was introduced in favor of the irregulars.

As far as the Hon. Dux-gregis sticks to mere policy and expedient, I can respect him, while, on those points, my views may differ, perchance, from his; but when I find him spouting forth the vulgar cant against the science of medicine and its learned professors, I stand amazed! Why, Charles, he deliberately places quackery and science on a par! and he tosses about the names of Hippocrates, and Boerhaave, and Rush, as if they were Lobelia, or Hydropath, or Smokimdri, or Swetumthro'!!

The gentlemen of the Faculty, it seems, complained of the speeches as an insult; but they should have recollected that a body politic must have its pustules, like the body natural, and that such, of necessity, must occasionally break and run.

Indeed, according to the mode of the speeches, one might easily show the futility of divinity, or music, or even law and politics, as a science. As to the latter, who could not collect all the sayings about the "glorious uncertainty of law?" and all the petulant expressions of learned lawyers and statesmen themselves, such as "a fig for the trial by jury," and then go on to show that every man shall be his own lawyer and statesman? Doubtless, before the close of the "nineteenth," every man that lives in a republic will, like Horace's wise man, be both a king and a cobbler, with "a touch of the snapping-turtle."

It is said by some that every man has a right to make a fool of himself, (especially, I suppose, in a free country,) but then, Charles, there is certainly a choice in the places.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XLII.

Dear Charles,—No, I am not surprised that your mind should be disturbed by certain affirmations in the numerous papers, circulars and pamphlets, rained down so incessantly on you through the medium of the post-office, and which so ferociously advocate the abolition of the death-penalty. The execution of the murderer out in your district lately, accounts for the fresh inundation of those blathering articles, deemed by their authors of consequence enough to subject the whole world to a forced tax, in the way of postage. I should feel myself mean, if I were never willing to pay postage for circulars and pamphlets, and the like; indeed, I often pay it willingly, and sometimes thankfully, for some such are sent by my friends and acquaintance; and others are intrinsically valuable. But it vexes me to pay for *quackery*, whether in the shape of advice or pills. Now itinerant quacks *do* give the advice gratis, even where they fail in selling nostrums at a thousand per cent. above cost; but the pseudo-philanthropic quack makes you pay for the advice itself; and even where such go about lecturing, collections are taken to pay for heating the poker.

I have in my turn reciprocated the favors of my personal friends, and sent them my circulars as they have sent me theirs; but I have often forborne sending, from unwillingness to make folks pay for *my* business. Once I adopted this expedient: I directed a circular, of great importance to myself, to Mr. Smith; and on the circular I *pre-paid* the *postage*, that Uncle Sam should receive no detriment, and the local postmasters might not be vexed. A circular, thus directed and pre-paid, was sent, unsealed, to several cities and large towns; with the hope that all the Smiths would read it in each place, and then make known my proposals to their friends and relatives. But sorry am I to say, the expedient did not answer the purpose designed: the honesty, perhaps, being so uncommon, was suspicious! Where all are crazy it is not safe for one to be sane.

But we must not forget "the hang of the thing." I think, then, Charles, we need not be disturbed if it is not in our power to show from documents, whether crime have

decreased or increased, in some communities and states, where it is alleged capital punishment has been abolished. For many incidental circumstances, separate from all laws, may, for short periods, either diminish or increase crime.

Doubtless, many political, economical, literary and moral changes in communities, affect for times the frequency and the nature of vices and crimes. Even *a good road*, it is said, has diminished highway robbery! But these very changes, if they accompany the passage of certain laws, are overlooked; and the infrequency of vice and crime is unjustly attributed to the law; while other things are the true cause.

Again, Charles, it is a remarkable fact that great crimes, like diseases and plagues, are every now and then epidemical or endemical, being suddenly increased both in number and intensity, periodically. Singular accidents sometimes occur simultaneously for weeks together. The tempter is always busy with us; but there are occasions, when his agency is *so* marked, that by way of eminence it is said, "the very devil seems to have got into men!" and this has a true and special sense, although it be rudely expressed. It is not our intention to look for the causes of these facts; but we remark in passing that the very books men read, have a strong efficiency, often, in engendering the moral diseases; and, by consequence, in bringing forth enormous crimes.

As for myself, Charles, I have learned that very little confidence is ever to be placed in *ex parte* testimony. Nor are the Anti-Suspenders any more careful in collecting and arranging facts, than other fierce reformers; whilst they are equally obstinate in *adhering* to what they once affirm. And yet, by their own showing, the favorable testimony for abolition is for very short periods; and short periods are not conclusive in support of an argument which, if worth any thing, must show that the abolition would be permanently and *for ever* beneficial. It is *not* in morals, as in mathematics—what is true of a small triangle drawn upon your slate, is true of a similar triangle which should be as large as the world—but in morals, what is true at one time is always modified by circumstances at another; and in some circumstances it may fail entirely.

In morals, therefore, we are happily not left to experiment nor to popular opinion. These methods may do in sciences, but not in virtues and vices, in rewards and punishments. Matters here are too sacred, too vital, too immediately necessary, to be rested on inductions. We need here eternal and imperative laws, authoritatively and explicitly set forth; and by these we may and must go boldly and safely, satisfied that whatever seeming evils may temporarily arise from obedience, and seeming advantages from disobedience, the laws are yet right. We may not, at our peril, for political expediency, or to gratify an erroneous public opinion, depart from such laws.

If we have recourse here to experimental methods, such as are adopted by radical reformers and foul-mouthed abolitionists, we learn very soon to judge of revelations from God as right or wrong from the immediate results; and, from the very spirit of "induction," we are soon *induced* to believe, and often both directly and indirectly to affirm that, in the "nineteenth century," the wisdom of man is a little better than the wisdom God! Hence many, in defending and propagating modern abolitionisms, do, without scruple, teach that any Book which commands the death penalty, or defensive war; or allows, under circumstances, a temporary and modified slavery; or a temperate use of wine—is not from God, and cannot be!

It cannot be concealed that, throughout the world, the spirit of liberty is aroused; but, like all other blessings, this state of the human mind is connected with some evils. The obvious and natural extreme of liberty is licentiousness and lawlessness; and if men have been for ages enslaved and chained down to a base thraldom by lordly masters, professedly Christian, and affecting to plead a divine warrant for their gross intolerance and tyranny, it is next to impossible that when *men* burst those shackles, they should not express dislike, and often hatred for a Book which vile priests and kings have ever hypocritically quoted, and *falsely*, against men's natural rights.

Hence, the many attempts to do without laws, divine or human. And hence, while endeavoring to do thus without law, by trusting to human nature, and believing in its perfectibility in an unrenewed state, it is natural to show, first,

if possible, that the Bible is obsolete, having had its use in former days of darkness and despotism; and then, that, if not wholly obsolete, it is of no authority, but must be classed with other good and mistaken books. That a state will yet be when the gallows (i. e. the death penalty) shall cease, is highly probable;—not that the death penalty, when deserved, is wrong or inhuman, or not refined enough for the age, but, that murders will cease. Christianity, it is believed, is to be universal; not as a mere nominal form, but vital Christianity.

Now, Charles, the Bible-men are *the* very men that are diligently laboring to bring on that epoch; and they will be instrumental in abolishing the gallows, by removing its cause. Religious society is, every hour, endeavoring to reform the vicious and to prevent crime; and that in ten thousand ways overlooked not only by the World, but by Radicals and Abolitionists themselves. And yet many of these self-styled Philanthropists choose maliciously to insinuate, and sometimes to affirm, that the Bible and its friends and advocates are the cause of crime and punishment! There is, indeed, a nominal, outside society, who may be purposely confounded with the Christian society, and who are engaged in their schemes of pleasure and ambition, careless who hangs, provided themselves escape. If *that* society be meant, no severity of language can exceed the blackness of its guilt; if the *true* Christian society be meant, no language can set forth the black villainy and the base hypocrisy of radical abolitionists in confounding the two together, and in thus vilifying the true.

The prisoner's friend, and assassin's nurse society, according to some of their impudent publications, represent punishment as revenge! Then, the Divine Being must be unrighteous, who taketh vengeance, or who orders it to be inflicted! For, if the Divine Being does take vengeance both in this life and in the other, as must be admitted by all who study providence or read the Bible, whence, then, arises the presumption *a priori* that his commands, "blood for blood, life for life," are not to be understood in any sense approximating the literal?—or that circumstances justify a substitution of "perpetual imprisonment?" Is the moral in our nature so unlike the moral in other parts of the universe,

or in the disembodied state, as to raise the presumption, that a punishment ordered by God, and sanctioned by his own action as a temporal judge in ancient Jewish times—the times of the theocracy—is too severe; and, therefore, must be otherwise interpreted or wholly abolished?

"Thou shalt not kill," says the learned and astute Doctor Daniel, "is imperative and absolute, and, therefore, thou shalt not hang the murderers!"—I quote from one of the pamphlets, Charles. And yet God himself—(unless some of your gordian knot-cutters affirm it was only Moses)—as the political governor and king of that very people, to whom the law was first formally given, did order Achan to be stoned to death, and appointed cities of refuge that accidental manslayers might be preserved from the legal and appointed doom of the malicious murderer! Imprisonment, till the death of the High-Priest, was, in those cities, allotted to the accidental homicide; but death, and without commutation of punishment, was the doom of the wilful murderer.

Doctor Daniel thinks also the command in Genesis was a "mere prediction, that men would kill a murderer!" Why?—because it would be wrong in the Most High to give such a command? Show that punishment is revenge, in a bad sense of the term; or that divine vengeance is essentially wrong, and then these attempts to fritter away plain English will seem less puerile and impious. But why even a prediction, if it were not certain that the voice of reason and nature, in all coming ages, must of necessity, like the very voice of the Supreme himself, cry out, "blood for blood?" "No cobbler beyond his last," Charles; and hence, without intending an affront to the artisan, or wishing an undue increase of second-rate leather conveniences, the learned doctor had better confine himself to making pegged boots and shoes.

But, please your reverence, is not imprisonment a punishment? and is that not also revenge? No, verily, imprisonment is mere reformation! and a benevolent return of good for evil!! Verily, these anti-hangers are the cream and milksops of humanity; and they have discovered, by induction, or reduction, or the rule of three direct, or some other scientific process, that perpetual incarceration changes the soul; and that, hereafter, the surest way to heaven will

be through a dungeon! Aye, this is a moral persuader, efficacious as the flames of Tophet to renovate the spirit, and purify a demon into an angel! Purgatory principles, Charles, are not confined to the papists.

One learned divine across the water, and he no dissenter, has discovered and announced that "the murderer was put to death under the law, only as a type! that now the antitype being come, the typical sacrifice of the murderer, as of all other animals, ceases of necessity!!—A murderer offered as typical of the innocent One! I hope we have misunderstood the quotation from his dissertation, and that the antigallows paper has (and perhaps) accidentally said of the English dignitary what is not true; but if not —— ——. I dare not trust my pen any further here. As typical of what, however, shall Rome hereafter, when fully reinstated, offer her bloody sacrifices of roasted heretics for a sweet-smelling savor, if this doctor has given a *probable* opinion?

Several of your pamphleteers contend that the fear of death *never* deters from murder. This cannot be proved; but if that does not, does the fear of perpetual imprisonment? If you answer, no; then how can that punishment diminish crime? If you say, yes; then must perpetual imprisonment be either equal to, or greater than, death. But if equal, it can be no more efficacious than the death penalty; and if a greater punishment, pray where is the boasted mercy and justice and benevolence that inflict on murderers a punishment severer than that of the Bible?

Another assassin's friend, in answering the argument drawn from our natural right to destroy what is about to destroy us, contends, that if any man could hold immovable a person threatening the other's life, he ought so to hold him; and, therefore, says the reasoner, "society ought only to hold the murderer fast!" Well, society has always done this. We hold in prison, or by bail, as fast as we can, the man that *threatens* our lives:—and we destroy the man that *takes* our lives. We prevent as long as possible, and then we punish. But it does not balance exactly in logic or common sense to say, that, as we would individually and mercifully hold fast one that *threatens and intends* a crime, and thus prevent the crime, so the community ought to hold fast one that has actually *committed* the crime.

Every man that has committed murder might justly have been, in self-defence, slain by his victim, had that victim been aware of the murderer's intention or been able to defend himself; and why may not that murderer be with equal justice slain by the community, the avenger of blood, representing the weak and helpless victim of assassination? All who "take the sword" to assassinate for malice or money, may righteously "perish by the sword:" and thus to defend and punish "the magistrate holds not the sword in vain," but, "he is God's minister" for that purpose. And "*cursed* be he that holdeth back his sword" then from the stroke of justice and of mercy:—he is false to his God and to his neighbor.

Charles, I believe all the points are now gone over, contained in the magazines and circulars lately sent, with a modest and polite request that you would preach at Somewhersburg a sermon in behalf of the "Benevolent and Humane Fraternity of the No Chokes:" but if any qualms remain I will try and quiet them in another epistle.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XLIII.

Dear Charles,—And why should I guard my words and speak more reverently of mock philanthropy and of pseudo-patriots? Do you clergy always weigh your words, and grease your phrases, and pucker up your sentences, in a free conversation, around a host's table, or at his fireside, at your clerical conventions, during recesses? Does a burning indignation there, sometimes vent itself in homely and unpremeditated terms—and wonder why some one does not dare to speak openly about such things, and call them by appropriate names? And then, when some one boldly looks humbug in the face, and honestly tells him he is a fool and a liar—you all at once grow grave—frown upon your brother—and wonder at his rashness and levity! I tell you, Charles, this is very ungenerous and not a little hypocritical.

Some connected with ultraists and radicals are doubtless

worthy, pious, and honest men. But very many abolitionists, and especially among the anti-gallows men, are sheer infidels —persons who dexterously avail themselves of peculiar states of the public, to bring the divine revelation into discredit. Besides, these milkmen do themselves speak very sneeringly of justice and of a solemn punishment authorized by the Most High, and call it—"choking, strangling, throttling, stretching," and the like.

And is not the chief ding-dong of their contemptible whine, addressed to the prejudices and the passions and evil principles of men? Is not their whole clatter an appeal to democratical principles—as if democracy were the Judge and the Ruler from whose decision and action ought to be, and could be, no appeal? Most rampant fellows would willingly decide moral and scientific questions by the vote of a mass meeting, as they decide questions of politics and economy! Their hired agents—like borers, or drill sergeants—would cry up and drum up voters to settle points of eternal moment by the ballot-box! All such are willing to *number* arguments and not to *weigh* them.

What an argument, domine, is that ever reiterated story which tells of the difficulty in empannelling a jury to try a man for murder when death is the penalty! Is it meant by this, that the majority of men every where have true opinions, and therefore will not be accessory to what is called legal murder? Then we utterly deny that their opinions are right; and affirm that many jurors are thus guilty of great sin who refuse to obey a law of eternal obligation. It may be the fashion to laud such persons; but they are utterly unworthy of being themselves protected by law, who disregard the nature of justice, and, whilst under oath, deliberately throw down the grand barriers against crime.

It is meant, however, that the moral sense of the age is so debased, and men think so lightly of crime and so badly of severe punishment, that we must lower the laws to their level. This doctrine of expediency is a great favorite with many who take part with false philanthropists in their measures, and who yet affect to say that the death penalty is doubtless right *per se*. It seems, then, that an age extolled to the heavens for advancement in all sorts of good things and refinements, is yet gone backward in the love of justice

and of stern morality! Well, if the age is so utterly and hopelessly lost as to debar the best laws, we must be content with the worse or the less good; if in an evil and adulterous generation we cannot have a natural and divine law, which demands the death of the murderer, we must of necessity be content with man's law, which orders him to be caged for a pet! While, however, we are compelled by numbers to yield to necessity, let our solitary voices ever be heard in decided protest against impiety and presumption. A near inspection will convince you, Charles, that very many who affect to deplore it, are yet secretly pleased with this rebellious state of the age; and while they prate about expediency and policy, which require the relaxed law, these fellows are inwardly delighted that eternal law cannot prevail.

Besides, these very persons do themselves in many ways produce, and cherish, this relaxed and sickly public opinion:—and then they plead that very state as the main reason for an accommodated law! In this way, all important laws may be assailed, and all virtue in certain communities annihilated. Depend on it, Charles, this world is at invincible enmity with solemn, sacred, and eternal truth—it is high, we cannot attain unto it! The human heart will not, if it can under any pretext avoid it, yield to a divine authority; it will devise endless schemes and seize every opportunity to throw off that authority. An accommodating Christianity will be received and praised—but a Christianity that pleads for justice as well as mercy is ever scornfully rejected and bitterly hated; and the advocates of such a religion will be deemed the enemies of the world, and would be destroyed if that world had its wish or the power. There is a more immediate and intimate connection between theological creeds and public opinion and action, than some would suppose. Belief and doctrine in regard to original and total depravity;—the native enmity of man towards the law of God;—the wilful powerlessness of our nature as to good;—the justice of God, and the necessity of an atonement;—belief and doctrine on such points affect the people, the lawmaker, the judge, the juror, the governor; and these do act accordingly, in their several capacities.

In all the abolition movements, however mildly and plausibly and benevolently they may really, or in appearance,

begin, there does very soon follow a species of reasoning striking at the root of some eternal truth; and more especially at the inflexible justice of God; which reasoning, if extended legitimately, must overthrow the government of the Most High, and would forbid all future doom of the wicked.

Some reasoning, if such it may be denominated, makes us distrust the divine benevolence. For instance, is it a good argument against "*the choking*" of a murderer, "that he is shockingly convulsed by it and evidentally in great pain?"—an argument I find in some pamphlets and newspapers. What then is the similar argument when we suffer by sickness, or by a natural dissolution? If conclusive against benevolence in one case, why not in another?

What means all the parading of the circumstances, the dwelling upon the pathos of the "tragedy," as it is called, but to beget a hatred of the punishment and the justice? Can no melancholy be found at the death of an infant? And why is not *that* a "tragedy" too? Yes—I well know the wincing such application of false or anti-gallows doctrines may make in some minds; yet, Charles, believe me, some hypocritical pseudo-philanthropists secretly *design* that such application shall be made, and inwardly chuckle at their successful adroitness!

The spirit of mawkish sentimentality prevails; and the spirit of infidelity combines with it, endeavoring, in the guise of an angel of light, to muster forces for a fierce conflict with revealed truth. And the spirit of infidelity does beguile in this way the "unstable and unlearned." But, Charles, when the voice of a brother's blood cries to men in vain from the earth, that blood shall be required at their hands, who have, with soft and silken tones of sickly and sentimental philanthropy, said to the murdered, crying thus from the bloody grave;—"Peace, peace,—cry not thus for vengeance, thou unholy one! Be forgiving—and stay that unrighteous brawling! Know, this enlightened and virtuous community will never minister to thy unchristian thirst for vengeance! We *feed* thy enemy—we *clothe* him—we return him *good* for *evil!* Rest quiet in thy gory grave, thou unchristian one!"

Thus *they* lay the ghost of the murdered, and with meek and saintly faces, look around for applause, while they

tread down the crimson earth upon the gashed bosom of the dead. Aye! that voice will cry again; and that despised and mocked one shall stand accusing at a throne where *justice* will be done! and there the democratic mass meeting of innumerable worlds dare not say—No!

Oh! ye truckling politicians—ye vile and false demagogues—ye betrayers of men, in not administering justice—where then your sophisms, and adroitness, and onion-created tears of crocodile hypocrisy, and your honors and greetings from human applause? Will these be veil enough in that day? The withering scorn of an everlasting contempt shall then begin, like a quenchless fire and undying worm, to prey on your conscience! To sport with the blood of your murdered brother is no small crime, and you will find then *how* you were a "brother's keeper;" and the gaping of his gory wounds will haunt you for ever; while the grinning assassin, an unholy apostate that trampled, in devilish malice, on his Maker's image, will dance around, and striking you with his bloody hand, thank you for benevolence and mercy!

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No, I cannot say that I am surprised at the course of that Legislature. I knew its former constituents; many of them *personally*, and all of them by character. This last act is only another exemplification of their moral cowardice and want of *stamina*. They always *did* maintain that the sovereignty intrusted to them by the people, should ever be thrown back to the people; and were ready to do what people or party wished, *right* or *wrong!* Now they have only essayed to please sovereigns of opposite sentiments, and, on the principle of the honest fellow who prayed both ways at once, being, as he said, uncertain into whose hands he might fall. Public opinion is their god; and hence, if a jury say *hang*, then *hanging* is justice; but if they say *imprison*, then *imprisonment* is justice! Yes, they have given the world the highest lesson of adroit and irresponsible and all-pleasing legislation! and yet no wonder, for they have practised long enough to be perfect.

But tell me, dominie, if hereafter crime diminish out there, to what will it be owing? Will it be to the fear of imprisonment, or of death? How is a doubtful sentence to

serve as the experiment? And will the difficulty in empannelling a jury to try a murderer be increased or diminished, by allowing the jury to say, in addition to guilty or not guilty, whether the criminal shall die, or be incarcerated? And will juries of opposite conscientious views be any more likely to agree than before?

Other anti-chokers are the milk, and cream too, of all humanity; but these backwoods sages are the blue milk philanthropists—sickly moralists, who live on the fetid breath of mere opinion, and to whom nothing is so important as a "seat in the House." If legislators always represent the independence and patriotism and wisdom of our country —alas for the scant patterns!

Yours ever,
R. Carlton.

LETTER XLIV.

Dear Charles,—"You wrong me every way." I *do not* say that no good and pious men can be found in extreme abolitionisms, and among the anti-death penalty advocates. Good men are often mistaken, and may frequently be found in bad company. But if a crane be entrapped with the geese or snared in their net, it must of necesity get now and then a rough handling around the neck.

Nor do I expect "to be elected grand hang-master general," any more than the meek Burleigh expects to be made grand soup-master of the murderer's pap-house; where Ethiopians shed their old coats and soon sport a new skin: in other words, where all bloody villains are made into saints by virtue of modern doctrines, and the sweet and gentle moral suasion of imprisonment for life! If such do shed an old hide, it is after the manner of venomous serpents, which come forth in early summer, new on the outside, but with the old nature within.

I am not moved by your appeal about the dreadful consequences of death to a murderer. For, if the life of a wilful and malicious murderer is forfeited by a divine command, and if the instinctive voice of unsophisticated nature

cries "blood for blood," the consequences of that murderer's death belong to himself. If he perish beyond the grave, it is his own act. But show, sir, if you can, why a man may not, and cannot, make his peace with God, in six weeks, as well as in six or sixty years?

Be it, first, as most of the anti-gallows men will probably affirm, that the whole power of changing our hearts is our own: then, why should not a man who knows assuredly that he must die within a given number of months, why should he not immediately change his heart and be ready? Or put it, in the second place, on our ground, that a man needs the divine aid to repent and believe; will not sincere and earnest prayer gain that aid as well now as at any subsequent period? For my part, I have very little confidence in the thorough evangelical penitence of pardoned murderers; yet whatever their penitence be, it need not be delayed a single hour.

It is more than probable, however, that many persons are deluded, and secretly believe that, if a murderer shall externally reform by the pressure of outward circumstances, he will become somewhat entitled to the grace of penitence and of faith; and, that many more believe that, when the enormity of his crime is diminished by length of time, and the *world* has in a measure forgotten that crime, all this takes place in the *Divine mind*. There is a perpetual and almost irresistible tendency in us, to make "God altogether such an one as ourselves;" and we do, in spite of our reason and judgment, often detect our hearts thus feeling and prompting our words and actions: thence, we are in danger of supposing that with God virtue and vice, and praise and blame, and reward and punishment, are matters of time, and place, and circumstances, and that He is moved by impulses as we are. Because we, in length of time forget or palliate the crime of the murderer, we suppose all is thus measurably forgotten before God.

Why is it, however, that under the most favorable circumstances, so very few criminals, after being years in prison, ever become true Christians? How rarely even honest men! I have had personal acquaintance with several such men, and they all were just as bad, to say the least, after their imprisonment as before. One that I em-

ployed in my family robbed me of whatever he could ; although I treated him with great kindness, and appealed continually to his *honor*, and reminded him repeatedly of the importance of redeeming his character from the stigma of the jail. Is there any special reason for thinking that murderers shall of necessity be exceptions ? Is there any thing in the enormity of their crime so potent, that thought about it, above all other crimes, shall change the assassin's heart ? that he shall go into prison a ferocious, blood-thirsty tiger, and come out, or there be made, a meek and innocent lamb ? Is the villain, who has done one murder, for that special reason, less likely to do another ? Or if the power is not resident in the nature of the crime to awaken the repentance of the soul, and to change its moral nature, is God so moved by the baseness and enormity of the murderer that He prefers (I speak most reverently) to convert that kind of criminal rather than any other ?

No ! no ! The wretch who has done one wilful murder, either for hate or gold, *will* for that reason do a thousand. He has tasted blood ; and a strange taste for blood awakes in his heart ! he has deliberately cast out all of heaven that may have remained in his heart, and all of hell has entered ! He may be unhappy, but he loves and cherishes the hellish principle ; it is his food ! And when he is liberated, or escapes from his dungeon, he comes forth a malignant fiend, and like Freeman, the negro-demon, he will wash his very soul in blood, and dance in triumph, flourishing his accursed knife, amidst the gashed and gory victims of his infernal hate !

It is more than probable—it is certain—that pseudo-philanthropy, in carrying out its absurd schemes, must end in inflicting on the imprisoned the most inhuman and atrocious tortures. Its tender mercy will become cruelty. Will a murderer, in all coming ages, never again murder a keeper —a fellow prisoner ? If so, then will meek and saintly and sickly false philanthropy begin with its disgustful twattle : " Oh ! you naughty man ! do *reflect* on what you have done ! Goodness alive ! how could you be so thoughtless as to commit this second crime—and in the very sanctuary of your penitence and reformation ? What ! in this enlightened age ! the schoolmaster abroad in the land ! locomotives

going at the rate of a mile a minute! and magnetic telegraphs in all directions!—in spite of all, kill your keeper! For shame!" And then, like a certain naval officer in some of Marryat's books, pseudo-philanthropy, warming itself into a natural indignation, by indulging in rebuke, ends at last with: "You infernal rascal and most blood-thirsty villain, if it were not contrary to our Christian principles, we would hang you up like a dog! but, any how, take *that!* and *that!*"

I repeat again and again, Charles, that I do entirely absolve some ultra folks from all evil intention; but the cool impertinence of many, and their very modest assumption of all the benevolence, and philanthropy, and virtue, and common sense of the world, is enough to provoke a saint; and, hence, we ordinary good men cannot be wholly unmoved.

It is often said that death has no terrors for very bad men; that when bent on murder they will commit the crime whatever be the penalty. Perhaps in sudden quarrels, where persons are slain, it may be that homicide occurs without thought of consequences; and that neither jails nor gallows can prevent such unpremeditated murders. But it is not true that the fear of death will not prevent cool and premeditated murder. It is the hope of escape by flight, by concealment, by bribery, by want of testimony, by breaking from jail, and in an hundred other modes, which emboldens the assassin. If the death penalty was in every case speedy and inevitable, deliberate and wilful murder, from hate or avarice, or revenge of wounded honor and pride, would be exceedingly rare.

Beauty, helplessness, innocence, remonstrance, and all such things deter not the highwayman from robbery and murder. Boldly rush upon him with a deadly weapon, and the fear of death often puts him to flight in a moment. Such men would infinitely rather be "living dogs than dead lions." And why this intense desire on the part of condemned criminals, and their nearest friends, to have the punishment of death commuted for banishment or perpetual imprisonment? And why do such criminals, when a change of punishment is announced, why do they leap almost frantic with joy, and seem ready to lick the very dust at your feet? Common sense understands why—but the

refined sense of sophistry can doubtless account for these things on principles diametrically opposite.

Charles, granting that neither the fear of death, nor of perpetual imprisonment, is any bar to the commission of murder, where men's moral feelings, sensibilities, and principles are wholly blunted and lost by long habits of wickedness, is there not remaining a great mass of society to be affected by good laws and wholesome examples of severity? It may be granted, that some men are beyond the reach of all human means of prevention and cure; shall it be concluded that all men are in that state?—and that because the execution of one murderer deters not another—who is a murderer already by the want of proper training, and malicious temper,—the execution will have no salutary and preventive influence on the better, or the less bad?

Judging from my own feelings and reflections at an execution, and from what I observed of other spectators at the time, and from the remarks afterwards made in my hearing, I must ever believe—unless human nature suddenly and wholly changes—that executions, *even in public*, do awe down the soul, and make one shudder at the possibility of committing such a crime as would make his life a just forfeit to the laws. Never was I so impressed with the value of human life, as when I saw in the solemnity of that execution for a wilful murder, how high God and Nature estimate our blood, in thus requiring it at our brother's hand.

If the awful nature of that unnatural crime was constantly inculcated by prompt visitations of blood for blood, on the head of the wilful murderer, the moral sense of the community would not become so debased that we come at length to think with David Hume, that "suicide or murder merely diverts a little red fluid from its ordinary channel!" No!—we should, on the contrary, feel that the wilful and deliberate murderer is an unholy apostate that most impiously dares put his accursed foot on the image of his Maker!—and, therefore, that he ought to die! We should feel that any other punishment was a presumptuous insult to the Governor of the world, who allows no expediency to palliate, much less excuse, a departure from his clearly expressed and positive laws.

That punishment is sometimes disciplinary and cor-

rective, is admitted; but that it is often intended to be utterly destructive, is evident. The Bible is full on this point. The daily and hourly providence of God in the government of the world is full. And even corrective punishment derives its efficacy from the premonition thus given, of a punishment that is final, destructive, and not disciplinary—it is always a foretaste of what irremediable evil must come, unless we reform. When a man is past reform, or when he commits certain crimes, marking, as an index point, the state of moral turpitude, that almost uniformly precludes his honest repentance, then comes the doom, of which previous chastisement was the type. As to this life, deliberate and wilful murder is a crime, which God says is beyond the efficacy of ordinary corrective inflictions (and all experience corroborates this fact)—and, therefore, such murder merits a destructive punishment; and that punishment is death.

The instinctive voice of nature will arm every man with deadly weapons, when the government of a country basely abandons his defence, and endeavors vainly to reform those that it should destroy. When and how communities may and should throw themselves back upon natural rights, and redress their own wrongs, is a nice question; but certain is it, that all falsely merciful principles, if pseudo-philanthropy shall prevail, must tend to provoke revolutionary movements. Nor does it matter under what pretexts legislators and judges and juries habitually acquit criminals; or change the death penalty for imprisonment; or pardon entirely;—a "state of insane affections," will at length arise in the community, and "violent fits of madness" coming upon the avengers of blood, homicides and wilful murderers all alike, without the mockery of trial, will instantly pay—"life for life."

I know mawkish and effeminate and affected mildness says, "Oh, I *guess* not!" But—why, Charles, we feel indignation now!—and after all the contemptible flummery, with which some would soothe and coax, and whine us into *their* mercy—we feel there might be times when we might become members of a lynch-law-club!

Charles!—and mark it!—justice is not mercy, nor is it love. It is separately and distinctly Justice, and nothing more nor less, nor any thing else. It *may*, indeed, be mer-

ciful to be just, but it can *never* be merciful to be unjust. Justice has its own peculiar and appropriate claims; and these claims must ever be regarded and met, or justice is outraged. Any other view will destroy the perfection of God; and He cannot then have the love and adoration of the universe. Error here lays of necessity the foundation for all false schemes of punishment, present or future; and hence Universalists, and every cognate infidelity, cry from their hundred mouths, "away with the death penalty!" Still we hold on, and sing back, "*Justitia fiat!*"

Let us, then, Charles, with the old fashioned philanthropists, "uphold the gallows;" whether the oily tongues of puling smoothfacedness say, we are fit for hangmen—or even, as is likely meant,—fit to be hanged.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XLV.

Dear Charles,—Yes I am, indeed, grieved; but I am not surprised to hear that our old acquaintance, Selden, has become an inebriate!

You think it passing strange this should be, in circumstances like his;—at the head of his profession;—with an easy fortune;—in the midst of a lovely family;—and after having been for long years a model of sobriety and virtue;—and his sudden inebriety without seeming temptation!

Some of your townsmen suppose his fall arose from refusal to take the pledge. No, no! Charles, his fall belonged to his new view. He had reached that most terrific point in life, whence the world, in its essential nothingness, its colorless nakedness, its insipid staleness, is clearly perceived, as if one saw into its intrinsic emptiness with the eyes of his very soul:—an hour fraught with infinite peril to a certain class of intellectual men!

Occasional glimpses of the world's vanity are caught through various loopholes and slight rendings in the screen of hope and fancy; but, in early manhood we can shut our eyes, and, retiring to a more secure part of the gauzy and

brilliant and magnificent concealment, can hug ourselves into comfort, as one does in his cushioned seat, near the winter hearth, while tempestuous winds are raging without.

As we advance towards the middle life, however, the curtain lifts itself by degrees from around us, and, sooner or later, suddenly vanishes for ever! Woe, *then*, to the man who has built an eternity of hope and joy on the baseless vision! That moment is the crisis of his destiny!

To such a man are but few alternatives; all of them desperate, save one,—and that only alternative the natural heart hates. The man must contrive to become wholly absorbed again in what is seen and felt to be essential vanity and hideous deformity; or he must betake himself to drunkenness and dissipation; or he must commit suicide; or he must honestly repent of his sins, and at once and for ever and totally abandon the world as a chief good, trample it under his feet, and "set his affections on things above."

Charles, I repeat,—that to some men of certain intellectual habits and peculiar tempers, the hour of full and clear perception of the absolute and essential emptiness in life, is an hour on which hangs heaven or hell! If such men will not then choose heaven, they *must* either stifle reflection and deaden conscience, or *die*—die, either the lingering death of drunkenness, or the instant death of what is commonly called suicide! Most prefer,—and it is a *choice* and not an *accident*,—most prefer the lingering death; not a few, the immediate suicide! Hence, Charles, the headlong, reckless worldliness and dissipation of these—hence the sudden and hopeless intemperance—hence the alarming and seemingly unaccountable self-murder!

Only the short-sighted and the inexperienced stand amazed, however, and say, "Why all this? such and such persons were in the midst of honors, and wealth, and usefulness, and happiness"—for, these very circumstances, so far from staying the crisis, only brought it on. It is the hopeless, irremediable, essential and disgustful vanity of these very things, that sickens the deep soul even unto death! They can no more rejoice in them than we can long after, and kiss, and eagerly swallow a hateful and loathsome medicine! They can no more draw near, than we can to the picture of food, or of fire, when we are perishing with hunger and cold! We inwardly curse all as demoniacal insults and mockeries!

And *would* you say to the tempted and wounded spirit, "Sign the Pledge?" Go—point your finger, earth-worm, against the tempest, and say to the warring elements, "Peace, be still!" Go—bid the angry waves of the wrathful ocean to be calm! Charles—dear Charles!—I tell you—(and it is the word of one that *has a right* to speak)—I solemnly tell you, that, to the anguished, melancholy soul, weighed down, —oh! by what mountain pressure of unspeakable woe, and tossed by its frightful tumults, and raging with the fires of an inward hell—I solemnly tell you, that this advice, well meant as it may be, is *a most pitiful mockery!* Listen to me, Charles:—our poor friend Selden must either *drink* or die; or he *must*, in all the religious sense of the term, choose God for his portion.

Charles, waste not *his* precious time by pointing our dear friend to the temperance pledge. Does *he*, do you think, need information about the fatal consequences of drinking? Is *he* to be affected by the common-place about the force of example, and the comeliness of sobriety? I tell you, *he is drinking to prevent suicide!* Take from Selden, just now, his intoxicating cup—and unless you can almost instantly give him the Christian's hope and joy—he will die by his own hand! He is now committing the crime—slowly indeed—but knowingly and deliberately!—he has seen the frightful vision of blank nothingness in all the things of earth, and with a terrified soul he is hiding away!

Oh! my friend, point him to the cross! Urge him to prayer! Pour upon his tumultuating and deeply-wounded spirit the oil and wine of our heavenly religion! Throw upon his sight the ineffable beauties, and unchanging excellence, of that immortality which the Son of God revealed! Show him that city whose foundation is eternal and whose maker and builder is God! If—oh! *if* you can!—help him to be reconciled to our Heavenly Father!—and in that moment he will dash to the earth the maddening, accursed, damning bowl! Let him be pervaded with the ravishments of *that* life—and *this* will fade away!—will vanish for ever! he will heed it not—he will know it not!

Without this, you may have, possibly, a temporary success. As long as his mind is diverted from reflection—and his eyes shut from seeing—and his ears from hearing,—"Vanity

of vanities—vanity of vanities—all is vanity,"—stamped indelibly upon all the lying forms of earthly glory and beauty, and crying out in all pervading tones of darkest melancholy with every passing breeze,—Selden may refrain. But, Charles, when, like the horrible fits of hydrophobia returning after the short calm produced by medicines having power to retard but not to cure; when the unutterable reality comes again and again, as it will to the sober;—then Selden, as many others, if unreconciled to God, *must* drink or die!

Alas! how often the calm ones pass some inebriate of this sort and say, "Wretched man, why did he not sign the pledge? Could he not sit down and think of his talents—and honors—and wealth—and family—and happiness—and example—and do as we have done—refrain from drinking?" Hear me, ye inexperienced and untempted;— —— the man *did* think of all these things!—and at the thought, and with the thought, and *because* of the thought, sprung up that howling and demon tempest!—and that hell-flame was kindled, which could not be hushed and quenched at your bidding nor at his! But one voice only in the universe can then speak peace!—and if he *will not* hear that voice,—and distinct enough it is amidst that raging hell,—the man must drink or die!

Pass not such scornfully, worldly wise man—child of pleasure—son of ambition—strong now in resolution never so assailed—full of the pride of life and the buoyancy of hope—and freshness of fancy—O thou, who boastest of honor, and adherest to the pledge!—for, when that hour of unimaginable and indescribable horror of darkness comes—faith in Jesus Christ will save thee from the drunkard's grave, but the pledge—never!

Charles, I do know, that this philosophy of intemperance and madness and suicide, as to many noble and generous and honorable persons, *is* true. I know it from observation, and—if you must have it—from experience. Oh! friend!—I have stood, and suddenly as if carried by the spirit, upon a high point, naked, bleak, cheerless, and isolated from all beings but God and my soul;—and thence have I, with strangely increased power of sight, looked forth upon the whole world revealed!—and, I do declare unto you, its whole glory and grandeur and power and wealth were as intrinsi-

cally worthless as the dust of a balance! All had no more force to move the desires of my soul than the veriest straw of vanity or bubble of emptiness that floats in the air or on the water!—yes! and, oh! the concentrated bitterness of that hour!—I felt, *if this is my all*, then be it all *accursed!* I renounce it!—I abhor it!—I shudder at it!—I flee from it! Oh! my God! be reconciled to me—reconcile my soul to thee! Give me a *good!* Give me thyself! Let me see and understand and value thy glory! Let me, by grace, come into some lowest and humblest place in *that* city—or I *must* even now *die!* Death is preferable to this—nature *cannot*—CANNOT endure this!

* * * * * *

Charles, had not some faint hope of winning Christ and heaven arisen!—had not some sweet dawn of that world been cast into my horror-stricken soul!—had not a thrill of a secret and strange emotion stirred, like the thrill of a heavenly music in my heart!—had not something akin to the ravishment of the ineffable come!—I must have died, or my intellect must have been wrecked for ever!

Mourn for those inebriates, Charles—throw your arms around their necks, and pour tears of piteous compassion on their cheeks—they have seen that sight! Tell them, there is hope and happiness and joy and peace and honor and wealth, and all infinitely transcending what, in that sudden revelation, vanished for ever!—but tell them all this belongs to *that* life, and not to *this!* Tell, them, it is God's Spirit that has made this revelation to their secret souls, to drive them into Heaven! It is a revelation of mercy, and not of wrath.

Charles, I *do* know why some comparatively virtuous persons become on a sudden inebriates; why some die by their own hands; and why others become the inmates of a mad-house! And I *do* know that such must be pointed by devout Christians, not to the Temperance pledge, but to the *Cross!*

Yours ever,

R. CARLTON.

LETTER XLVI.

DEAR CHARLES,—It may be that some true Christians, in fits of insanity, have died by their own act. We know

that often devout and excellent persons have departed this life with melancholy and yet unfounded forebodings of evil to come; but I am altogether sure that so far from religion causing melancholy, it is the best, and with some men, the only cure of melancholy.

There is a melancholy mainly owing to physical causes, and which may be removed by removing its natural cause, by medicine or regimen. This species of melancholy, whether regarded as the primary or secondary disease, inclines, nay, indeed, forces us to look at religion, as at all other things, through colored and distorted mediums. Hence many will perversely extract fresh misery from what, if rightly understood, would even for disordered nerves become the greatest alleviation, if not entire cure.

Unlike the bee, which extracts honey from deadly plants, physical melancholy draws poison and bitterness from health-giving sweetness.

But, Charles, there is a melancholy arising from moral causes. That melancholy in some cases cannot be healed or eradicated except by moral means,—except the mind can be satisfied that it has a peace and quietude based upon a rock.

This kind of melancholy tends, indeed, to produce physical disorder, and that disorder will induce physical melancholy. The evil is continually aggravated, unless the originating cause be removed. It is wholly in vain often to use medicines, or take journeys, or seek pleasant company, or to try any modified dissipation, or frequent scenes of mere amusement; by these very medicines and alleviations, moral melancholy will be rapidly increased, and become at length so insupportable as to end in madness or suicide, or more frequently in drunkenness. All such cures are a mockery. The sick and wounded soul, stretched night and day on a rack of indescribable torture, is relieved by such matters, as a poor victim would be amused and soothed by witnessing a game of jack-straws, as he writhed upon a cross!

My own deep and abiding conviction is, that the moral melancholy—if so we may distinguish it from melancholy arising solely from mere physical causes—the moral melancholy, in all its many degrees of intensity, is one of the ordinary means which the Divine Spirit employs to convert our

souls from earth to heaven. It ought, therefore, ever to be regarded as a visitation of great mercy. So it would prove, if men would go whither that melancholy is sent to drive them—to the religion of Jesus Christ.

That, Charles, is the rock, and the only rock, in this wide universe, on which the agitated and gloomy soul can securely stand—there and there only can the melancholy rest. And if the melancholy man once gets there, he will assuredly find "a peace" the world *cannot* give, and which it cannot—no, most truly and emphatically—*cannot* take away! Standing there, cloud after cloud will disperse and pass away; and the very world, which before seemed so unspeakably frightful, will become invested with strange beauty and glory.

And now with his selfishness removed, and with a new motive and desire implanted, the renovated man will cheerfully descend to his worldly duties; not for the purpose of enjoying pleasure, or indulging ambition, or getting wealth and power;—not to make himself the centre and to aggregate all of possible earthly good around his person and seat, and to become a god to himself and to fit up the earth as a heaven;—but simply and mainly to please a Heavenly Father, as a loving and revereful son to do a father's will! This miraculously renovated man will exemplify in the best and highest possible sense, the change beautifully figured in the tablet of Cebes; and he will have a most wonderful and joyous perception of that promise, even fulfilled to the very letter, when we believe it and obediently act according to it, "Seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you!" Yes, yes, the man feels that he now *has* the world—and riches, and fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, a thousand-fold! By throwing away the world he has found it—by resolutely turning heavenward, he has got heaven, and with it the universe!

Nor shall the *moral* melancholy return, except so far as the man approximates again his former thoughts and ways, and forgets God. This man shall be every day and every hour more and more satisfied that it is not religion, but the want of religion, which makes men wretched and melancholy.

The gay world—it is, alas! too true—will make light of all this; the worldly wise will smile with contemptuous pity; the infidel will hug himself into self-complacent and falsely

philosophic thought of exemption from cynical priestcraft and puritanism and superstitions; the epicurean will flourish his glass and cry, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die:"—but, oh! ye dear brothers! whose souls are dark and joyless, and who choose strangling and death rather than life, let one who has been far down into the abyss of the dark waters; who has struggled in the deep pit and its miry clay; who cared not to live, and yet feared to die; oh! brothers, let that one, with the arms of a true pity around your neck, and with a soul of profoundest sympathy clinging to yours, let him, with streaming eyes and voice of tenderest love, exhort you to try *this* remedy for the "wounded spirit!"

Brothers!—brothers!—for your sakes, and for Christ's sake, let me be called a fool and a fanatic—but I *do* know there "is balm in Gilead," to heal and soothe, and "a peace" the Son of God can give, and does give; and that the change in the inmost spirit is as the change from the woes of damnation to the joys of paradise! And all these are "words of truth and soberness;" and with the gushings of a full and honest soul the redeemed one would thus win you from melancholy to joy!

But know, brothers, that this special mercy of God in moving upon the dark and troubled waters, by sending this moral melancholy into our bosoms, is very near to a special and remediless danger! I shudder—but it is the last appeal! To those that hear, it is the voice of thunder! To those that see, it is the flash of keenest lightning! As came a voice to the Apostle Paul, unheard by the attendants, who were struck down by that terrifying brightness above the light of the sun, so is the voice of the Lord God Almighty loud, clear, articulate, awful in our melancholy souls, saying, *not* in wrath, but in infinite tenderness and love, "Son, give *me* thine heart!"

Beware!—oh! by all that is measureless in the weal or woe of eternity!—by that agony and bloody sweat of the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world!—by that wrath of the Holy One that when kindled burneth to the lowest hell!—Beware! If we heed not this last invitation and rebuke!—if we deliberately refuse Him *so* speaking to us from heaven!—if in the midst of a joyless, rayless, hope-

less melancholy, we yet despise His blood-bought hope and joy and peace!—*that*, oh! brothers, is akin to a wilful and deliberate rejection of mercy!—a trampling that blood! * * * * * * * And is it wonderful if *then* we should be rejected?—or given over to believe a lie?—or abandoned to Satan?—or left to drunkenness?—or to die by our own act?

Melancholy ones!—*you* shall never!—no! never! find peace again but with the Son of God! The crisis of *your* changeless destiny is come—heaven or hell!

In this way, dear Charles, would I exhort and weep over Selden and all others in his alarming state. Read him my letters, and read with tears in your eyes.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XLVII.

Dear Charles,—What that unpardonable sin mentioned by our Saviour is, may be difficult, perhaps, to ascertain. And it is not my present intention to inquire; but there is reason to fear that in some cases (it may be in all) a crisis occurs when our eternal destiny is fixed irretrievably.

A time comes when the long-grieved and wilfully insulted God says, "Let him alone!" And I do mean, Charles, to express by these remarks, my own conviction that men do often, with a peculiar wilfulness and deliberation, *choose* to turn away from God, from hope, from heaven!

There is a class of persons learned, tasteful, refined, free from gross and presumptuous external sin, and encompassed by all circumstances combining to make this a terrestrial paradise, who, by the very gifts of God showered around in exuberant abundance, instead of being won to penitence, gratitude and devotion, are unhappily led to the worship of the creature and not of the Creator. To them, vain all ordinary argument to convict of folly, impiety and danger; for while the coloring of beauty and glory and the form of excellence cover and invest life, these persons *will* "love the world and the things of the world."

To these comes, in mercy, God's last voice—the voice of the rod. He speaks in a severe affliction—the severest ever sent; the severest that can be endured in this life—the moral melancholy! If that fails—and it may!—there comes no more His voice in love—the next voice is that of doom!

Combined with the moral melancholy, either preceding as partial cause or following as effect, is usually found physical or nervous melancholy. Hence, with the moral means of cure, let the best physical remedies and alleviations be promptly and perseveringly tried; but, Charles, the *moral melancholy cannot be eradicated except by spiritual means.* It is a divine messenger sent in special mercy to drive men to the cross! And the blood of its sacrifice is the only remedy appointed for that healing. And that spiritual remedy will, almost in an instant, banish the melancholy attributable to moral causes, and greatly alleviate and aid in the entire cure of what may be referred to physical causes. The causes of many bodily ailings is a morbid mind; and many a wise and benevolent physician has healed the body by administering to the spirit.

A physical melancholy is not unfrequently aggravated by mistake and misconception of religion and its duties, especially when penances, and ceremonies, and forms are recommended, or are, by previous education, deemed religion; but if these errors are detected or avoided, and the true interior nature of spiritual religion is clearly perceived and honestly approved, religion is to melancholy persons the surest cure, the sweetest cordial, and most soothing and invigorating restorative.

Moral melancholy arises from the distinct perception of the world's ineffable vanity, contemplated as the summum bonum, and while yet the carnal heart utterly hates holiness!

To *feel* that joy in this life, in the things of earth, can *never* be in the heart again—and to *feel* no taste for the joys of that other life!—to awake from delusion and be keenly sensible to the dark emptiness!—to taste the wormwood and the gall in the drained cup!—to hunger and thirst, and yet to know these appetites shall never be satisfied!—to *wish* to love, and still feel the object to be worthless and base; and amidst all this disappointment to turn with shuddering dread and death-like apathy, aye, and secret hate, from the spiritual

and heavenly now offering itself to our watchful, sensitive soul, as the only good in the universe!—that, Charles, creates the moral melancholy, and renders the soul dark as the very shades of death!

Here is the crisis! And as men now voluntarily disregard or obey this special, merciful, and final voice of the Holy Ghost, so is their eternal state!

Of infinite moment, then, that persons *thus* melancholy betake themselves to immediate, persevering, fervent, effectual prayer—a prayer for such change in the inmost core of the carnal heart, as that the only remedy for its sadness may be willingly and instantly received. If these persons *will* not, woe is almost inevitable; and if abandoned, it is not to me the least wonderful that drunkenness, madness, suicide follow!

To myself, Charles, the morally melancholy man is an object of intense interest; for, having been in that furnace, I *see* in his spirit an awful battle between light and darkness! His soul is an arena, where heaven and hell are struggling for victory! And he, at times, is as keenly pierced as if he felt a burning arrow, a "fiery dart" in his breast! I well know if this man *will*, in his utter and hopeless despair, cry to the Mighty One—I well know that war of indescribable horror and "great fight of afflictions" shall cease!—the tumultuating waves of the turbid and bitter waters shall subside into calm!—the harsh winds of the howling tempest die away into the hush of peace; and the sereneness of an almost cloudless sky smile so as to thrill the whole soul with sweet and ineffable joys!

* * * * * *

Son of God! to the world thou art as a root out of the dry ground, and without form and comeliness! But to the melancholy soul, turning to thy cross for healing, thou art, O Christ! in very deed, the chief among ten thousand, and one altogether lovely! Saviour! that man believes not only—he *experiences* that thou art the Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world! and *knows*, in his soul, that thou didst come down from the Father, and didst thence bring life and immortality to light! He may fail to convince others; but he is a witness unto himself! Elder Brother! first-born among many brethren! the ransomed one would

fain, like the Magdalene, weep tears of penitence and love upon thy sacred feet! He understands how "soul, body and spirit," are all thine; and he humbly prays for power to lay all on thy altar—a reasonable sacrifice—a joyous service! He knows there *is* meaning in the song of the blood-bought, "Worthy the Lamb!" * * * *

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XLVIII.

Dear Charles,—You are pleased to say that "such thoughts ought to be preached." Were the sacred desk my station, as it is yours, Charles, then would I strive to preach as I write; but why may not private Christians *write* and *talk* preaching, while the clergy *preach* preaching?

Our informal words might not have the dignity and stateliness of set-discourses; yet, for that very reason, they might, perhaps, attract and rivet attention to solemn thought, in many cases, where men would listen to a sermon as a matter of mere taste and custom, or merely to pass the hour.

It is indeed, and beyond all doubt, by "the foolishness of preaching" good is generally done morally and spiritually; but "preaching" is too commonly regarded by the worldly sort as a species of *trade;* and the good accomplished by it comes to be blended in their thoughts with a profession and a day. Could men, however, be caused to see and to feel that goodness is a principle and not a mere result, and that, like a living stream, it should ever flow from a perennial fountain; and hence that all true believers love to be bound, and feel that obligation a precious privilege, in every possible way to do good, then would much erroneous sentiment and much prejudice be removed from men's bosoms.

Were it in my power, Charles, (but it is in no human power,)—were it in my power, by any art or contrivance, to show our neighbors the full meaning, or the meaning as far as careful Christians do often perceive, and which is conveyed to their minds in such scriptural sayings as these, "the Lord's freemen," "the glorious liberty of the sons of God;" oh! my friend, it could not fail so to captivate and

delight them. If it did not make them converts, it would make them cease wondering why true Christians should joyfully do, in the week, what the preacher shows on the Sabbath to be their duty.

Why, Charles, it is, strictly, an honor, a privilege, a liberty, a delight, a favor to serve God! Duty, indeed, it is; and good men too often sink down to the mere duty-point in their feelings; yet often do they rise so far above that point, as to forget the obligation, and to glory and rejoice in the privilege. And well may one, enriched and blessed with such a feeling, rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory! He then has the deep assurance, and the rich foretaste of heaven. He feels and knows that power is given him to be a son of God! All the glowing words of devout men on this topic, and what usually passes for extravagance, and not infrequently for raging fanaticism, are, after all, really tame and spiritless compared with the truth! It is wholly impossible here for words to show the truth: that truth is a revelation to each man's spiritual perception. When any one, even in a small degree, appreciates that truth, he exclaims in his wondering soul: "What manner of love is this, that *we* should be called the *sons* of God!"

I am well aware the following remark cannot be appreciated by worldly men, and that it may provoke a sneer, yet it is soberly and truly said now: a genuine Christian is intrinsically (by a divine birth) a person of great value and dignity. And this is said not figuratively, not by way of contrast and comparison, not to make the most of the case, but simply because the remark is truth. A real Christian is in a special sense a son of God. Thus constituted, he is transformed from baseness to excellence; and that in very many points of view. He is as truly a new creature as if formed again, and coming into life by a new birth. He differs from his former self as really and as widely as opposites on the two sides of an impassable gulf! Here is a most amazing difference: he *does* habitually, and with heartfelt delight, strive in all his thoughts and words and actions to please God! He feels that his imperfect love and obedience are an acceptable sacrifice of sweet savor, which he offers by the Spirit, through the Son, to the Father. This is part of his present heaven, and not to do it, would be part of his present hell.

Worldly men do, indeed, affect independence. They are comparatively more and less moral, in a loose sense of the term; but so long as they serve not God, they are intrinsically worthless and base. This is not improper language, nor to be compared in strength with Scriptural language, which represents men, when unrenewed, as slaves of sin—as children of Satan.

All argument evincive of this truth, even if believed, cannot make men love the truth. Indeed, the natural heart so rises in proud and scornful and bitter hatred, that a man, just in proportion to his logical success in this argument, becomes the object of a deep and intense contempt. Here is the precise place where "the carnal heart is enmity against God; is not reconciled to his law, and neither indeed *can* be."

Usually, however, all effort to *prove* here is regarded as sophistry; and he that reasons of "righteousness, and temperance, and a judgment to come," is commonly deemed a narrow-minded philosopher, filled with one strange idea! He is thought to be a setter forth of strange gods! At all events, he is esteemed a mere partisan, who for pay or for friendship is doing all he can for his sect or party. And from these things no talents, nor learning, nor suavity, nor benevolence, nor personal nor official dignity *can* secure him. He must deliberately make up his mind always to be thought, and not rarely called, for Christ's sake, a fool!

Charles, while "our most holy religion" is *not*—as Hume to the contrary sneeringly affirms—is *not* founded on faith in opposition to reason, still a spiritual capacity is indispensable to the perception, and a spiritual taste to the enjoyment of spiritual truths. And this perception is accompanied by feelings and emotions new, distinct, real. In all this is felt that internal conviction of the truth, which cannot, by mere argument, be wrought in the carnal or worldly mind.

Hence the genuine Christian knows and feels that the service of the regenerate is freedom, and that of the unregenerate, slavery. This *feeling* is in nothing more unnatural or unphilosophic than any other feeling consequent upon true perceptions. Good men do, therefore, unaffectedly and naturally loathe and abominate and stand amazed

at their former life; and they rejoice in, and prefer, their new course. At times these persons do also feel so happy in the service of God, as to find all expressions of the most fervid minds inadequate to state the truth.

In every respect there is difference, and in most, direct opposition between the men of earth and the men of heaven: the one are slaves, the other freemen. Should a person say "I *know* I live to please and serve God, and *do* have delight in his service," that man, if his views are intelligent of the nature and requirement of that service, that man is a Christian. Should he further ask what is the service required, I answer, in the words of holy writ: "*Whatsoever* you do, do all for the glory of God." For I do most stoutly maintain that in all our thoughts, and words, and actions, in all our business throughout the day, there ever is, in a good man's spirit, some reference, direct or indirect, to God: "God *is* in *all* his thoughts." And I further maintain, that a good man perceives such entire devotion and self-consecration to be a most reasonable service, while a bad man secretly abhors it as an intolerable burden.

If such hints in any of my letters, Charles, can aid in constructing your sermons, use them; it will not be plagiarism.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER XLIX.

Dear Charles,—It is, indeed, a mistake made by many good men, and especially by young men, that God can be served only in religious ways. Hence the tendency towards the pulpit, and towards the life of a missionary.

Beyond all doubt, God is served, and specially served in these ways; and happy are they who are chosen by Him for such special duties. But it seems not only an error, it is a great and *pernicious* error, to undervalue or overlook our secular duties. Many, and it is to be feared very many, think, for they act as if they so thought, that God cannot be glorified except we do it in religious and sacred

acts. How a minister of the gospel, or a missionary, or a Sabbath school teacher, can "do all for the glory of God," is, they imagine, plain enough; but they do not see how we can glorify God in our secular pursuits. In some minds, therefore, if services are not directly sacred and officially religious, there are strong tendencies towards the cloister or the hermitage. They think all secular things are more or less inconsistent with a life of piety, and with the glory of God; and hence, if they cannot have a sacred employment, they will invent one for themselves.

It is the case with some, that mere mistake disaffects them towards secular duties; with not a few there is also positive discontent, and they are really too proud and ambitious to glorify God in subordinate stations. Rather than be "diligent in business and fervent in spirit," loving God, and "doing good unto all men as they have opportunity," if they cannot be preachers and missionaries, they will be "pillar saints," and stand idle for half a century on the top of a post.

And not a few prefer being sacred clams or oysters, encased in some monastic shell, and lying dormant in inglorious and stupid sanctity.

Charles, it is possible, however, to glorify God in all we do, and to walk closely with God in all the lawful duties of a secular life. If this point be truly perceived, ordinary Christians may have a daily happiness and peace, infinitely transcending any to be found in deserting our civil and domestic duties, under a silly pretence of perpetual prayer, with or without beads.

According to the theory of some, the immense majority of men are shut out from all possibility of serving God every hour. The mass may, indeed, serve him at their hours of devotion; or when bestowing alms, or building a church, or supporting the ministry; but to serve Him all the time, and in every act and work, is deemed possible only for selected classes, whose sole employment is religion.

This is a very narrow and mistaken, and, indeed, a very mischievous view of the case.

Here, be assured, is the truth. Good men are the sons of God. And, in this world, the Heavenly Father has appointed each child his duties. To some, are subordinate sta-

tions; to some, inferior ones, and to others, intermediate. These have secular employments; those, sacred ones. Among the ordinary secular employments are all mechanical trades, merchandise, farming, and all the professions. Here, also, may be ranked the fine arts; for, it is a very prejudiced mind that would deny the lawfulness and utility of the fine arts, whether as a recreation or an employment. In short, here belong all and every art, pursuit, profession, employment and enterprise, that is "honest and of good report."

Now, let a man realize that he is "bought with a price," and is one of "the peculiar people zealous of good works;" and let him feel that he belongs to Christ, "soul, body and spirit;" and let him be in the daily, or rather hourly and uninterrupted habit of trying to please God, and he shall soon discover a secret. He shall find how easy and delightful it is "to do *every* thing for the glory of God." These words are often in our mouth, Charles, when not in our hearts; but the "secret of the Lord," in this, as well as in all other spiritual matters, is "with those that fear Him."

A man will come to learn that God, as a Father, is present with him; that every action is under His inspection—is, indeed, done directly to God and not to men; and that it is done for God, not as to a task-master, "an austere man," but to a wise, benevolent, kind, indulgent, loving Father. He will come to feel that there are no *accidents* in his life or business. He will know that his business prospers or declines, increases or diminishes, as God pleases. He will be wholly satisfied that customers, and payments, and salaries, and all and every thing pertaining to his business, depend on God.

All this is entirely consistent with a man's industry, and choice of means, and use of instruments, and with his forethought, prudence, calmness, deliberation; and with a wise watchfulness over changing circumstances—for God has taught the man of faith that while means have no intrinsic efficiency—they have an appointed, a positive use; and the man of faith joyfully and willingly uses the means, because God says they *must* be used, and because thus God is pleased and glorified. The good man, therefore, actually learns to be content in any situation or employment. He is comparatively little affected and influenced by the *mere honor* and *re-*

spectability of his employment. It is said, sometimes, that an angel would be equally willing, at the command of the Most High, "to sweep a street or destroy a kingdom." This is doubtless true. A good man does come to be very happy and cheerful, in the lowest as well as the highest situation in life.

The child of God regards men as his brethren. He learns a very great secret here, too. He learns, in his employment, to do them good; he takes lessons in loving his neighbor as himself. He sees how all need the services of the others, and that the services mutually and reciprocally done, increase the comfort, and intelligence, and improvement, and happiness of his fellows. How deplorable the state of the world, if all arts, and sciences, and manufactures, and commerce, and merchandise, and learning, suddenly ceased! The child of God has learned the delightful secret of exercising his art and using his employment, not for self-aggrandizement, but for his neighbor's welfare. He would continue in it, often, simply because it is a mite contributed to the world's happiness.

Dear Charles! there is a nobility, a grandeur in a true Christian's secret character, which this low and grovelling world cannot understand, and at which, in its base selfishness, it cannot but sneer. "*Number One*," is their motto—and a very Satanic motto it is; a fit badge to be worn by his slaves. "God and my neighbor," is the Christian motto, and none but the "Lord's freemen" can wear it, can wish to wear it; "it is high, we cannot attain unto it!"

Let us apply these general remarks, Charles, to a special case; and although such an illustration may make you smile, perhaps it may notwithstanding do you good. I select puposely from the inferior trades, lest reverence and dignity might mistake me, and suppose that I deemed the Most High "a God of the Jews only, and not of the Gentiles also."

I select then, a shoemaker, or a tailor, or a butcher. These Christian brethren may say, "My heavenly Father wishes me to aid in clothing and feeding men. Well, I am determined to do it most faithfully and with benevolence. He will give me my wages in the prices paid for my work. True, I have not many customers, because God does not design I shall take care of any more of my neighbors. How

I do rejoice that there are larger tradesmen, who act on a more extensive scale! Still, if I am faithful in the least, perhaps my business will increase: and yet, if it does not, I shall please and glorify God to the extent He designs."

The merchant may reason and believe and act in the same way; and so may the farmer; and, in short, every one engaged in employments that arise not to the dignity of the purely intellectual. And how does this view of the case still more highly exalt the profession of law, of medicine, of teaching, of preaching! And what a preventive and a cure for all jealousy, and envy, and slander, and ill-will! And how would every member of Christ's spiritual body thus be content with his station, if each considered himself as in his allotted place! And how would all, acting from love to God and love to man, constitute a grand, harmonious, beautiful whole!

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Yours ever,
R. Carlton.

LETTER L.

Dear Charles,—Of course I rejoice with you at the completion of your "New Church;" but, alas! dominie! what a narrow-minded Puritan I am becoming! I cannot cordially approve your "contemplated Fair."

Not that I am always wise; for, like the good old vicar of Goldsmith, I do swim now and then with the flood. I have eaten pound-cake, and swallowed oysters, and peeped into funny little show-boxes filled with wax dolls, for the good of poor orphans and weak churches; but still, I have never, in imitation of the London alderman, who imbibed turtle-soup by the ladle and danced at a charity-ball—I have never—at the religio-politico squeezes and jams, rubbed my hands in the fatness of my worldly heart "and thanked God there were so many poor!"

Friend Charles! expedients are hateful, where there is a path of duty straight, open, plain. It is humiliating either to take a bribe ourselves or offer one to others "to do jus-

tice and love mercy!" Piety is, forsooth, laced tight enough, when she requires a piece of ginger-bread, or a stick of taffy, or some saccharine confection, to relax her sympathies and coax out her niggardly sixpences and coppers. Alas! there is a fashionable piety, which after having thus doled out its pittances, will, at the completion of its herculean labors of benevolence, turn in and treat itself to a more special jollification, and eat and drink, if not to the glory of God, yet with a proud satisfaction that its former labors that way built a church or bought an organ. However, this is the era of great inventions. If we have machinery for praying, why not a labor-saving method of "eating and drinking to the glory of God!"

Eating goodies is not, indeed, always the fashionable road; but buying trinkets and gewgaws, and making noisy and gabbling bazars and places of rendezvous, do not hush my qualms, and do away my secret scruples and misgivings. Nay, even if all was strictly *honest* at a fair—but all is not *fair* even at a fair—there is no small quantum of whitish mendacity—hem!—and not a little very clever humbugging and usurial screwing! Yes, yes; the end, the understanding, and all that! But lying is lying, all the world over, and cheating is cheating. A holy cause needs no such ally, even in fun.

A large number of folks, and very clever folks too, care no more for the sacred or charitable object, than they do for your humble servant, Charles. They crack it up as a favorable pretext or occasion for a little frolic, and good fellowship extra. Not a few tolerably good sort of people will also uphold, in this way, doubtful men, places, and doings—why yes, they will fiddle and dance in a Sabbath concert, for the benefit of a half-orphan society! Numbers will raffle and draw lots for holy purposes, calling down an occasional thunder from the *religious* press; as if an abuse of a trick, however, and not as if the whole trick itself were an abuse!

Far from me any double-refined morality, such as refusing voluntary gifts from our worldly friends, generously bestowed for religious uses: but, Charles, I do most earnestly contend that such gifts ought to be wholly voluntary—they must not be *wormed* out by tortuous and torturing expedients. On the other hand, let our worldly friends be expli-

citly and honestly told that money spent for our own sensual gratification, although a *part* may find its way into a charity box, is, in no good and legitimate sense, Charity.

A facetious, and, perhaps, rather malicious writer, once sent forth an essay on "milking the goats:" now, it does seem to me as much like that felicitous manipulation as possible, when we, by trick and expedient, get at the cash snugly hoarded in unwilling purses. At least it is akin to udder-greasing; which, before the era of chemical agriculture and scientific milking, was found promotive of more easy flowing lacteal streams from obstinate dugs.

Many most excellent reasons of a worldly nature may be urged in behalf of any moral or religious object for which we desire donations; why, therefore, may not men be asked and exhorted to give on these grounds, supposing spiritual reasons are kept out of view? Neutral ground does not, indeed, exist; but there is undoubtedly a *common* ground where all may meet. And while worldly persons may give for one proper reason, heavenly persons may give for that and the spiritual reason also. Separate action is in few things possible, and, indeed, not even benevolent, politic, or desirable.

Why not appeal, therefore, to men's good judgment and conscience, and, if you please, interest and policy? If our spiritual schemes aid their temporal ones, why should they not know the fact, and be asked to avail themselves, at a small cost, of the advantage? Are worldly men necessarily fools or children? Must they be tickled, and coaxed, and flattered, and gulled? Charles, it cannot be that worldly men think any the better of Christianity by these indirections in the accomplishment of religious purposes: although many may like sufficiently well the opportunity of a church fair, for buying one sort of kisses and stealing others.

Come, dominie, try a charity-mart, and leave out the girls!—and write me, if you scraped together enough to pay for your pulpit trimmings and new organ. Even oysters done in three different styles, with the aid of chicken-salad, charlotte-ruse, and all the other ruses, will not always open Charity's knotted purses, unless all the luxuries and dainties are administered by a rounded arm and jewelled fingers. Bah!—good easy man!—the beaux care precious little for

your crimson and scarlet cushions, and grand choral organs —they come, you green-horn, to see the girls! Why I can cushion every pulpit in the nation, and furnish organs, and bass-viols for every choir, if you will place at my order all the interesting young ladies of the country! Perhaps your politic reverence may design to promote matrimony in your congregation—well, that is legitimate; but then, why do you not honestly say so?

Where an object for donations is not a moral or religious one, but simply patriotic, for instance, I am comparatively indifferent whether the money be raised by a tax direct or indirect. Other things may be had in view besides the ostensible design; and gatherings at a fair for that purpose, may be no more sinful or evil, than any other mere worldly assembly. I cannot see, indeed, what praise is due to men for patriotism or public spirit, who aid in erecting monuments and the like, by what is left after their appetites and tastes are gratified. It is admitted that here may mingle good and bad motives and feelings, and that often men *must* have attention fixed to a noble purpose conceived by noble minds. This speaks little, however, for a patriotism so dormant, and a generosity so sluggish as to need the awakening expedient.

Could the names of the unselfish women who really build certain monuments, be indestructibly wreathed around the pinnacles, *that* would be right!—but *never*, the names of men who gave a penny and devoured a dollar!

Classic Greece and Imperial Rome would have scorned our pitiful expedients. *Men*, in those days, asked not *women* to build temples and triumphal arches, by the avails of embroidery and confectionery—by the needle and the patty-pan! That sublime invention belongs to Alleghania, and shall immortalize the patriotism of Yankeedoonia for ever! "Yankee-doodle keep it up!—Yankee-doodle-dandy!"

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I anticipate a *Caudling* from your reverence's wife, for this scurrilous epistle; but I shall imitate the first Mrs. Caudle's husband, and snore in spite of it.

Yours ever,

R. Carlton.

LETTER LI.

DEAR CHARLES,—You pretend I ridicule for the want of better argument! Now, in the first place, my worthy sir, I do not ridicule; in the next place, folks do not *always* ridicule for the want of a better logic; and in the third and last place, ridicule is often a legitimate weapon, and in some respects a test of truth.

A trifling and ill-natured man may, indeed, even in the most serious and solemn matters, see something which may be so exhibited as to excite laughter; or a malicious man may wilfully distort sober truth into a laughable caricature: but then why do we laugh? Simply because we see, or think we see, for the moment, what is intrinsically ludicrous.

If any thing be, however, essentially silly, and some things are unquestionably of that stamp, then let it be laughed at; that it deserves, and that will sooner or later destroy its existence. Here then I hold, that provided any affair be *truly* narrated, or in any way *truly* represented, the essential character of such affair is to be known by its effects on us. Narrate or represent what is agreeable, it will awaken pleasant emotions; narrate or represent what is essentially sober, or ludicrous, and corresponding serious reflections, or laughter and scorn ensue: legitimate effects follow, and none other can. If indignation, and laughter, and scorn are wrong, so also are pleasant emotions, and serious reflections.

Only tell the truth, therefore, about any folly, and laughter is legitimate and inevitable. To insist that the writer who makes a fair representation of an essentially ridiculous subject or practice ridicules it, is eminently preposterous. He barely shows a true picture, and we are affected not by the writer, but by what we see. He does for his subject no more than what a writer, or painter, or sculptor, does with a serious and solemn subject: he simply shows it. There is intrinsic folly and wickedness and fraud in some matters, and the competent artist or author reveals it by the pencil, the chisel, or the pen. This is not, in the popular and improper sense, to ridicule.

To ridicule is to make a false representation of truth; to place sobriety and decency and fitness in a wrong light, or to invest them in fool's garments, in a harlequin's dress. But because this is sometimes improperly done, to affirm that we may not put folly, and fraud, and cant, and wickedness in their true light, or exhibit a ridiculous matter as such, is too absurd to be tolerated.

Sobriety, decency, fitness, religion *cannot* be overthrown by ridicule; for there is nothing in them essentially foolish. They may be misrepresented, but that misrepresentation will soon be detected, and the "violent doings" of the caricaturist "will come down upon his own pate." Wicked men do indeed resort to ridiculing truth, because they have no sober argument against it; but wise and good men avail themselves of a legitimate weapon against folly, when they exhibit folly in its true light.

It is, therefore, very silly to affirm that a thing essentially ridiculous is laughed at, because there is no logic against it: for the best logic against such a thing is itself, and the inevitable laughter its true exhibition creates.

But do tell Mrs. C. that I aim not to show up your intended fair, as if silly in all its parts. Yet somehow, in spite of all my urbanity, it stirs my risibility, (inward I mean, for we have to do in this world a good deal of internal laughter,) to enter a large room, furnished with temporary stalls and counters, attended by fascinating young ladies wreathed in the most bewitching smiles, and find a gay and sportive assembly of bucks and—does?—(yes, that is the correlative,) and of beaux and belles, ogling and bowing, and saying all sorts of complimentary nihilities, and selling and buying gewgaws and ginger-bread, and even wax and wooden dolls of various sizes and colors, and eating fruit cake and ices, sipping lemonade, and doing up oysters—not for pleasure, nor for the gratification of appetite, nor even the fun of the thing; but for what? yes, for what? Oh! glorious nineteenth! for the relief of the poor! for a whole-and-half orphan society!! for the education of colored missionaries for Africa!!! for the Bunker Hill Monument!!!! or the Reverend Charles Clarence, A. M.'s red pulpit-cushion, and his new organ!!!!!

Will your reverence's wife call this caricature? Or is

there something in the thing itself virtually laughter-provoking? Or will the lady say, "the peevish old codger of a puritan has no taste, and is wicked enough to ridicule a very *solemn* means of doing much good?"

How would it read, if the apostle Paul in his advice to Timothy had directed him to hold a modern fair for the advantage of the congregations? Would it have comported with all that sobriety and gravity and good report from those without, so largely insisted on in those pastoral letters? And what if the Church at Corinth, instead of being directed to "lay by in store as God had prospered them," so that "no gatherings for the poor would be necessary" when he came, had been taught to use an *indirection* for that purpose?

Feasts were indeed made in those days—but here was the difference—the poor used to eat such feasts in propria persona—now they eat by representatives! Money now is sent to the poor, but, *after* all expenses of the entertainment are paid! The latter is the way *we* find pleasure in doing good; the simple and unlearned believers of primitive days found pleasure in the *act* itself! Intellect is improved, and morals "is riz," and "peace comes now to men of *good will*," according to the Catholic version.

You insist, however, and so does Mrs. C. and all the pious ladies of your charge, on "a serious refutation!" Then most seriously do I ask, Should a Christian regulate his charities by system or by accident? Shall he honestly and joyously tax his income, or give only when coaxed or flattered, or trapped or sneered at?

For myself, I cannot approve any art or contrivance or management to catch a person in public, when the fear of man is before his eyes; when he is influenced by mere love of show and popularity; or when time is denied him for all examination and thought, and a natural timidity forbids him to question the character of what is lauded by set orators, and their clap-trappery figures. As well place the person in a *screw*, and squeeze till he bleeds out in a paroxysm of seeming benevolence, more than he is soberly willing to bestow, and not rarely, more than he ought to bestow. *That*, I repeat, is much like milking goats and silly sheep too.

Charles, like ambition, Christian charity "should be

made of sterner stuff;" in other words, it must be a principle. Good men, who have any well-grounded reason for believing themselves "bought with a price," must feel that all, yes, all, absolutely ALL, belongs to Christ. He has bought them, and in no sense are they their own. And in this is no figure, no extravagance, no special pleading, no making the most of the case for effect; but it is strictly and literally true, that genuine Christians belong wholly to Christ. Hence they ought, at stated periods, on system, to lay by whatever is possible for benevolent purposes.

To this there is no exception—there can be no exception—there should be no exception. *He that wishes an exception in his own favor cannot be a Christian.* What sum each one is to lay by, depends on many circumstances; but it is a much larger sum than most do lay by: for in proportion to our obligation and our ability the best of us do too little. If, however, we only approximated our *lowest* amount, all expedients for raising moneys for charitable objects would be abandoned: fairs and all other flattering indirections for wrenching out of niggardly souls a few pence, by the lure and bribe of a dollar's worth of fancy and pleasure, would be indignantly scorned as a gross insult on Christian love and beneficence.

I shall, however, say no more on the subject, Charles; yet do not too hastily conclude that I "have exhausted all my sarcasm;" we could contrive to "bring out of our treasury things new and old," in that way, if you are not satisfied. And we have more "logic and serious argument," too, than your "pious ladies" can easily answer. Do not provoke another letter.

Yours ever,
R. CARLTON.

LETTER LII.

DEAR CHARLES,—I readily admit that "the abuse of a *good* thing is no valid argument against its use;" yet, if by showing the ridiculous character of the abuse we prevent that abuse at least, we render some service to the cause of

religion. Nor are all men who set forth the absurdities and odious things that have become attached to the forms of religion to be regarded as enemies to religion. Some such are, perhaps, glad of this pretext to assault true religion itself; but they cannot do half the evil to it that is done by an obstinate and prejudiced adherence to folly. Such friends to religion are guilty of a living caricature of truth; and if truth is not wholly destroyed by their outrageous abominations, it is owing to the magnitude of the truth itself, and the almost uneradicable hold it has upon the human mind.

A good thing is unquestionably abused when made a pretence for violating a known duty, or for enlisting doubtful instrumentalities. For instance, it is an abuse of the temperance principles, when we so hold meetings for their promotion on the Sabbath as to make temperance, in its present technical and restrictive sense, paramount to religious duties, and place this phase of morality in a kind of antagonism to Christianity. It is an abuse of charity to hold sacred (?) concerts on the Sabbath; to say nothing about the fact, that very often all is sheer hypocritical canting about the poor, to cover a worldly taste for music on a day tedious without amusement. It is an abuse to employ a *danseuse* or a *comedian*, low or high, to give benefits in favor of hospitals or churches. In these ways we teach that the end justifies the means, unless we at once take the worldly side of the question, and openly contend that *poetic nakedness*, as well as the *poetry of motion* and buffoonery, are wholesome for public morals.

Infidelity avails itself most adroitly of the current tastes and tendencies, and changing into an angel of light, unites most complacently and benevolently with nominal Christianity in promoting certain charities, and separate moralities. It may be found curiously curled with serpent-like sinuosities, into peace societies, abolition societies, temperance movements, church fairs, Sunday concerts, and even Odd-Fellowships.

Hence the subtle innuendoes, the sly allusions, the triumphant comparisons, by which Christianity and its vital doctrines are continually assailed by *some* members of all these combinations: not that the combinations are not in many things right, *per se*, but that they are convenient plat-

forms for the erection of *masked* batteries, whence to dart fiery arrows against truth.

Why do so many abolitionists sneer at Moses and the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures? Why do some temperance lecturers reproach Christ for turning water into wine, and try to show there was mistake when wine was employed in the Lord's Supper? And why do many Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance sometimes ask, "Whether Christian professors *could* do more for one another than these benevolent associations do for their members?" Aye! to my eyes, plain enough is the gleam of a fiery scale, and to my ear the hiss of a venomous tongue, there! I wait not for the head to erect itself boldly amid its huge and curving body; I am alarmed at one gleam and one hiss—a snake!

It is not my wish to enter into the argument, at this time, by which the sophistry is exposed of boastful philanthropy and lop-sided philosophy; enough, that in many modern schemes, originally designed by good men and for good purposes, can now be discerned a spirit of antagonism to any religion that is worthy the name. Yet, mistake me not; there is a lawfulness and a utility in many combinations, and to some extent men may avail themselves of the advantages of mutual assurance or insurance. But, this I hold: that in all moral organizations involving one or two points only, is resident a strong and almost uncontrollable tendency towards supercilious opposition to pure Christianity—a determination to elevate the part above the whole—a dormant spirit of infidelity, that in favorable circumstances will attack truth and aim to bring it into discredit. As a general rule, with rare exceptions, let Christians, and especially clergymen, "having a better way," stand aloof; lest by their conduct they seem to say, the church and its plans are not enough for the government of life.

Charles, you are exempted from military duties, and from serving on juries:—why? Because such matters are intrinsically wrong? No; but for some real or seeming reasons, such matters are deemed inconsistent with clerical duties and character. Believe me, you are for similar reasons exempted from speculations in stocks—from dealing in horses—from many things in which other men may, by universal consent, take part, and without injury to their reputa-

tion. And, in the view of a proper public opinion—not of "the upper ten thousand," nor of the lower fifty thousand, but a public opinion of very many wise, good, experienced, and learned men—you are exempted from any necessity of joining secret societies, whether odd in name or nature.

Can you not, Charles, preach a funeral sermon when a stranger dies in your neighborhood, without inquiring whether he be or be not a member of some assurance or insurance society? I know, indeed, that you have repeatedly officiated on these mournful occasions, when the deceased was a stranger and far from home; but I know, too, Charles, that neither you nor your friends published the fact in the village papers. You did not, with ostentatious triumph, announce the wonderful result of your principles; nor did you with self-complacent meekness wonder if people elsewhere behaved as well; nor did you query if other folks did, may be, neglect such obvious duties!

Something godlike seems to be in certain associations in the old world, where men are banded as brothers to carry the wounded and sick to the hospitals, and there to administer to their wants; but secrecy in such associations differs from a Masonic secrecy, concealing not thoughts, but actors; and the good that is done, like the expansive love of the Bible, is done, not to an Odd Fellow, but to a man!

If the men of this generation see fit, nothing forbids their forming mutual assurance societies of a moral nature, and they may, without sin, vow to bury and nurse one another; but let Christians do all sorts of good to all sorts of men, "as they have opportunity, and especially to the household of faith." And whilst odd and even fellows make a sputter in those cases where they have helped a member—a *worthy* member, and one who punctually *pays* his dues—and while they cry it up as *the* charity and *the* love *par excellence*, let Christians, if they are compelled to boast in self-defence, point to their hospitals, and infirmaries, and alms-houses, and orphan and widow asylums; to their Bible societies, and tract societies, and missionary societies, and societies for the relief of the poor, innumerable! Yea! let every separate congregation, of every denomination, disclose *all its secret* aid to poor brethren "fallen into decay;" which aid, from delicate love, has never been disclosed; and let nameless and

countless Christian individuals, whose "right hand" has concealed from "the left," deeds of kindness to all;—let these speak for Christian love and kindness!

Charles, there is a perverse propensity in man "to seek out inventions;" some neglect the gospel morality, and some despise it, and others are led away by the deafening clamors of an oblique philanthropy, which having laid its egg knows how to cackle over it.

Yours ever,
R. Carlton.

LETTER LIII.

Dear Charles,—I am not censorious; and yet it is probable enough my sentiments might subject me to the charge of being over-nice and bigoted. And such charge may be made, if "my enemy" could persuade me "to write a book" on the various subjects discussed between us. In that case, if the world noticed me at all, I should naturally expect a torrent of abuse, especially from every Sunday newspaper in the country, and from all moralists who deem a *part* superior to the *whole*.

But how can we repress the elevation of dander, at seeing these noisy fellows ever flinging at Christianity; and at finding here and there a silly sheep of our own number trotting after some crankle-horned bellwether, and bleating on his side; and ever and anon a small sheep-master essaying to lead and pipe away his flock, lambs and all, into barren and weedy pastures?

I have more than once read apologies from Reverend *Odd*-Fellows, in behalf of this and that moral oddity. In spite of all, I still feel as if their reverences were, notwithstanding, in very *odd* positions; and that the apologies were, indeed, truly needed. In many mere worldly matters, I repeat, we as citizens may properly enough act with our fellow-citizens; but never ought we so to commit ourselves, or so act as if any thing could, by any possibility, be a substitute for the Gospel.

Badges, and collars, and ribbons, and stars, and garters

look essentially ludicrous and actually funny over some black coats; and not rarely in some minds among the spectators of the pageant, beget contempt for the cloth, even when all are sported and strutted majestically. I doubt not some clerical oddities, after having kicked up a dust in a procession to the tune of old Dan Tucker, have themselves felt flat the day after in the pulpit—votes and toasts in their favor not preventing!

Most honestly do I believe, and many are the reasons with me for so thinking, and even on suitable occasions, publicly and privately, have I both said and written, that all in all, as a body, the clergy are the best or among the best of men: and, for that cause, I am truly solicitous they should do nothing to impair, or perhaps destroy their influence.

From time to time, Charles, I have furnished sixteen reasons for my "intolerable censoriousness" in statements and opinions; if you persist in your abusive letters I shall certainly punish you with sixteen more.

* * * * * *

Yours ever,
R. Carlton.

LETTER LIV.

Dear Charles,—You are absolutely provoking! and with what assurance you cry out "*Ohe! jam satis!*"—and then go on and request my "notions on choirs!"

Charles!—what have I done, that you should deliberately, and of malice aforethought, try to lure me with so many complimentary words into that discord? Why wish me to hear the buzz when that hornet's nest is waked about my ears? Can you not rest in solitary discomfort? And must the open mouths of your singers be set to concert pitch—or a little higher—against "that insufferable and meddlesome Carlton?"

Where was prudence or kindness when you intimated to the amiable young folks in the gallery at the last meeting, that you intended to ask the advice of your friend at Kaleidaville? Was it not certain the Misses Perte and the young Bases would call us—"insufferable?"

But, reverend sir, I humbly conceive you clergy have small right to complain. The many evils of irreligious choirs were told and prophesied a hundred times; and many a church, otherwise prospering, had been sadly injured by such an unchristian committee installed to *do singing*—a kind of labor-saving machinery for idle Christians below. True, you have had more *science*, and *taste*, and *entertainment!* but such advantages are not to be considered an equivalent for the abomination of a trifling, giggling, note-inditing, whisper-loving company of irreverent young choristers. "How do I know all this?" say you.—In many ways: among others I have been in choirs myself:—and spite of the presence of a clergyman there with us, and of two church officers in addition—the gay and mirth-loving young folks *would* have their amusement! Nor could we all look them down—they were past such rebuke.

Rather, by far, would I recall the solitary clerk who in former days rose in his desk under the pulpit, and not only *set* the tune for the people, but *set* the people themselves so a-going that hundreds of voices, and "with the heart" in them, would, in unity, pour forth a hymn of praise that would wake and move the very soul of the worshippers.

Yet these moderns talk of our discord in those times! Discord, indeed!—we might retort, and tell of what it is more likely many most loud in their abuse of congregational singing are ignorant—a deep melody of the interior heart that was an acceptable song in the ears of God! But, sir, we *did not* make discord, even in the sense of polished and scientific moderns. Our plain old tunes were so known, and, from long habit, so natural to us, that without any shuffling parade of note books, we could sing, and we did sing in tune and time; and, in most long established congregations, and especially where the clerk had a singing-school during the whole year, the combined melody was wonderfully rich, solemn, and spiritualizing. And why not? Had people no voice, no ear in former days? And how could we make discord with tunes so easy, so familiar, so solemn as were ours? I have heard as much discord and as bad time in most choirs as were heard among Christians. And even organs, flutes, and bass-viols are sometimes rebellious, and do the worship contrary to the rules in all books from—I forget where—down to the Boston Academy's.

Even in the most favored churches, where perhaps, singers are all that can be wished morally, intellectually, and musically, sometimes, we fear the singing is prone to become a mere entertainment, rather than a devotion;—the error being in the system and not in the persons.

But, Charles, I do not wholly condemn choir singing. Perhaps it might be made a more profitable means of leading our devotions than the former way. Certainly an entire congregation could be trained, by judicious management, to sing with a choir as we once sang with a precentor or clerk. This, indeed, is the case with some of our choirs and congregations in Kaleidaville, especially the * * * * *; although there is room for improvement in * * *

When you get out of your existing trouble, which by the way will plague you and your church officers no little—then, never—*no*—NEVER,—allow your choir to be composed of irreligious people, and particularly of young ones. If they should not, as is more commonly the case, destroy your peace, and threaten temporary ruin to your church, it does strike me as a gross absurdity, and as something not very far off from impiety. What! a company of wicked and irreverent young men and women a committee to praise God on behalf of believers!

No!—give me, in preference, a hand-organ, and work it by a crank. Both contrivances are machines equally destitute of grace and a devotional spirit; but the one does not laugh at me while it does the job, and the other does—adding insult to injury.

Use this opinion, Charles, if it can avail you any thing. I have looked in the face of too many angry *men*, to be very greatly moved by the pouting and sneering of your ill-bred young folks.

Yours truly,
R. CARLTON.

LETTER LV.

Letter from Clarence.

DEAR ROBERT,—I will honestly confess that your arguments expressed and implied have modified my views on the

several subjects about which we have been battling for some months past. Still I do think you are sometimes a little *snappish*, and write as if you lived in a tub and were cramped for room. Certainly your chirography looks as if you did not know the writing masters were abroad in the land; which makes me believe you do not mingle much with the world, confining your movement to the circumference of a very small circle—moving, indeed, pretty actively, yet like a squirrel in a cage.

In other words, Robert, I fear you are behind the age. If you wish to overtake the times you must move more ahead. Perhaps we are both wrong, I too lax, you too rigid. If we were adroitly twisted into one, our cord would be stronger and draw a greater burden. Grown folks are very much like children, and we must occasionally humor them; for if they are sick and *will* not take your medicines *exhibited*, you must conceal the doses in coating of sugar-plums and by admixtures of delicious syrups. Many a cunning fellow will have *cascaded* the public by means of his popular nostrums covering most nauseating doses, before fellows like you can persuade them to take physic.

I am aware how these remarks will stir you, Robert; and it would not be difficult, from my intimate acquaintance with your style, to say pretty much all you can answer, and in the same way, even to your commenting on the change of figures from *cord* to *cascade*, in the last paragraph; but to tell the truth I am disposed, for a season at least, to have a suspension of hostilities. Do not think, however, my ammunition is expended, but my time is so occupied that I must beg a truce.

As I intend soon to crave your aid, I may as well say at once, that a literary gentleman at Somewhersburg is about to become editor of a periodical; that I am engaged to furnish something weekly; and that I shall request you to forward something in the shape of prose or poetry, since whatever you furnish will be in lieu of mine.

By the way, will you permit me to publish in Mr. Keen's Magazine some of your letters? I have reason to believe many would be acceptable, and might do some good—come, what do you say?

At all events, send on just now, to begin with, some verse;

and yet be admonished, Keen is difficult to please, and may very possibly reject your rhymes.

But *mark* me, Carlton, you must allow us the stanzas and so forth, *pro bono publico*—we do not pay in this quarter. And for this liberal policy we have two good reasons, superior to any sixteen to the contrary—in the first place we have no money, and in the second, poetry and tales of the very first chop, and in any quantity, can be had for the asking; and, indeed, some clever geniuses will often pay to be printed.

In haste,

Yours, &c.

C. Clarence.

LETTER LVI.

Dear Charles,—"In haste"—no doubt. And so you cry *peccavi!* Very well I will let you off; although like the retreating Parthian you send back an arrow or two in your flight. You have improved also in modesty as much as in generosity; and your note is quite a *multum in parvo.* Pray, did you learn modesty from the writing masters, as well as penmanship—many of those professors can teach manners as well as writing. As for myself, I write as well as I can; and considering that I have done all my letters with about three quills, it would be easy for a stranger to form a rational conjecture about the excellence of my chirography, without your aid.

But to business. As to the letters—what an idea! Charles? Would you really publish fiddle-faddle? I have marked *you*—now mark *me;*—if my letters are opened to the public, then the public may pay the postage! Do you take? So Mr. Keen does not get *them,* at least *pro bono.* And if he wait till *we* pay to have them appear, he will live beyond Tithonus.

Pray, who is Mr. Keen? Has he a pointed nose, or an edge to his tongue? Both are essential to a sagacious critic; and if well furnished with such tools, he may cut and thrust as *keenly* as * * * * * *

As to the verse, *that* you may have for the gathering.

Flowers are made "to waste their sweetness on the desert air." Our publications are perfectly redolent from full rose beds, where grows the article in exuberance and variety, enchanting and bewildering—some wild, some tame—some red, some white, and some of no color at all. Plant my beauties among the rest; although I have had them on hand so long, that to me they have become very oddly deprived of an elegance and perfume they seemed once to have. At all events their *sublimity* has evaporated. As they are intended for one reading only in Keen's magazine, perhaps, they will bear that. Then let them pass for dry leaves.

Inclosed, or rather appended, are "two bricks" from my store; judge from them whether our poetic doings are fit for your pages.

STANZAS,

On witnessing some young girls at a Boarding-School, dancing to the sound of a Flute, played by the Music Teacher; while they affectionately kissed each other, and shed tears in prospect of their final separation.

Enchantment rais'd, 'mid wastes of life, the scene!
Oasis-like, where cool and od'rous breeze
Fans brow of fainting trav'ler, on the green
By moss-crown'd fount reclin'd; the whisp'ring trees
The while touch kissing leaves, and golden wings
Flash bright, as warble back from echo rings!

With noiseless step, through mazy dance, and arms
Alternate wreath'd 'round airy forms, sprites move
O'er elfin meads, to sweet Arcadian charms
Of sylvan reed; and nymphs, with lips of love
To lips of Houris, nectar'd dews impart,
While heart responsive throbs to sister heart.

Saloon, with portraits from the touch divine,
And statues chisel'd by that skill! Can pride
Of pictur'd canvass, sculptur'd stone, with thine
Compare? In blush of youth, see! at our side
Breathes nature's self! Her joy and hope, her tear
And voice, her grace and beauty, all are here!

Oh matchless fair! when science lights the mind,
And virtue guards the path; when, like wrought gold
To circled gem, music and arts refin'd

Add grace to beauty! Ne'er can joys be told
That cluster thick around the household life,
Where such are lov'd,—friend, sister, mother, wife!

Sweet scene, with lovely flow'rets here, adieu!
Conflict and toil, along life's arid plains,
Reluctant, yet refresh'd, we seek anew;
The battle fought, the vict'ry won, remains,
In that far land beyond the gorgeous West,
Where sunset shows the curtain'd gate—a rest!

TO A LADY OF THE SOUTH,

Who, in her smile, look, and voice, recalled the departed Anna

Smile!—Maid of the orange bower,
Where the sunny land teems,
Fragrant with its fruit and flower!—
From the hazy past, gleams
Vision forth of rosy hue,
Round a sainted form shed!—
'Tis she of the bosom true!
Smiles the dear one, long dead!

Look!—Maid of the isle-girt coast!—
Eyes of heav'nly blue shine,
Angel's mid the seraph host!
In the by-gone hours, thine
Ravish'd thro' my deepest heart,
On the joyous morn wed,
Sudden ere the eve to part!—
Looks the dear one, long dead!

Speak!—Maid of the sea-side home!
Voice of early love's day,
Thrilling, as when wont to roam,
Where the silver moon lay
Pictur'd in the dark lake's wave,
Ere that Indian shaft sped!—
Hark! from her bloody wood's grave
Speaks the dear one, long dead!

Stay!—Maid of the sylph-like form!
Maid of magic voice, stay!
Spell entrancing, vivid, warm,
Soft, embodied!—Oh! stay!—
Vision, at the word farewell,
Like an empty dream's fled!—
Ever in my heart she'll dwell
With the dear one, long dead!

LETTER LVII.

Dear Charles,—Mr. Keen is certainly a keener! He objects to the first poem because it *seems* to recommend dancing! and to the second because it is—moonshiny! Maybe he expects *pay* for publishing them—he will whistle awhile before that wind comes!

If, however, he be honest in his objection to the first, I forgive his scruples, and the sentence it compels him to pass upon the stanzas. Dancing, in the usual meaning attached to the thing in the world, I cannot approve myself. In the circumstances I saw it, the whole seemed on a par with jumping the rope, or playing hide-and-go-seek. And could dancing be always, as it was then, nothing could be, of a mere worldly nature, so innocent—it was the joyous play of little girls and young ladies! They looked so happy—so guileless—so mutually loving—so like sisters of one family! —pity an innocent amusement and healthful recreation should be so abused, so prostituted! Alas! that fallen man so pollutes and poisons!

* * * * * * * *

As to "writing songs"—remember I do not write such now. They were done in the past times—before the dark hour, Charles! But, having a few among my papers, I thought they would be harmless, if not actually profitable. That is a very overstrained morality, which objects to every thing not purely doctrinal and didactic. Thousands of things in nature seem to have no use, except to recreate and delight us;—the color and form of leaf and feather and flower—the perfume of fragrant grass—the rich juice of luscious fruits—the sparkle of dew-gems—the mysterious dyes of the evening clouds—the voice of birds—the chirp of insects—all, all are for harmless pleasure. And why not moderately pursue the harmless pleasures of literature?

The severe censure cast by some worthy men upon all poetry, not decidedly of a religious character, seems to me unreasonable. Nor can I believe that all and every kind of light literature is to be eschewed; nor that such has not a valuable use. It may be of a bad character—and it may be excessively indulged, both in writer and reader—but the

abuse and the excess are wholly unnecessary. Argument against it, on such grounds, may easily be extended to overthrow every thing in literature and learning, except Biblical Criticism, Church History, and Sermonizing.

Light and playful literature differs from frothy and tasteless; and it is not necessary to be silly in being cheerful. Nor if literature, when merely playful, is not decidedly religious, must it of consequence, become immoral? There is unquestionably a common ground where moralities of the world and of the church may stand; or where *externally* good men may meet, and with what they hold in common.

How far professors of religion and doctors of divinity may write *out* of their line, and occasionally indulge in the harmless elegance and recreation of the allowable light literature, is a question that each man must determine himself. If others determine for him, let the others at least remember the Saviour's admonition—"Judge not that ye be not judged." Some persons possess versatility of mind; and amidst labors almost countless, and whilst discharging many important offices, weighty with many grave responsibilities, can yet, and in wonderfully short times, throw off many an innocent pleasantry, and either from the mouth or the pen. Let me commend to some censors Charlotte Elizabeth's chapter on idols, in her Flower Garden; which, by the way, has almost made me resolve, if not to write a sermon, yet perhaps something worse—a book on idolatry.

Appended is another trifle.

Yours ever,
R. CARLTON.

On seeing the AMERICAN FLAG wave over a Temperance Meeting in the Park, Trenton, N. J., 184---.

Pride of the Free!
With sheen unfurl'd of starry ray,
Bound on the viewless wind away!
In azure sea,
Thwart field of light,
As streamlets bright,
Proudly thy stripes their gorgeous flow
Curve o'er yon Temp'rance Host below!

Thy glories stream'd
Amid our fathers' legions high,
Where wreath'd the clouds of battle's sky!
Thy proud stars gleam'd,
When foemen fled,
And left their dead
Pil'd thick upon the gory plain,
Round corse of patriot warrior slain!

In sulph'rous fires,
Wild, that billowy breast has toss'd,
Where lightning brands of steel have cross'd!
The sons, like sires,
On land and main,
Fought not in vain,
And forth as water blood they gave
Ever to have thee honor'd wave!

No martial beams
Around now flash from war's dread arms,
Nor trumpet peals its harsh alarms!
No proud plume streams
From helmed head,
Nor spearmen tread
With measur'd step, while thunders roll,
And frenzy fires the madd'ning soul!

The good and brave,
Knit soul to soul, in yonder band,
Firm fix'd in godlike purpose stand!
Soon ev'ry slave
Shall burst from thrall,
And ransomed, all,
From mountain's top to ocean's coast,
Or on its waves, shall freedom boast!

Child of the light!
Be crown of stars for ever thine!
O'er virtue's host for ever shine!
For endless fight
With demon foe,
Oh! ever flow,
Swelling upon the crystal flood,
Thou Flag! bought with our Fathers' blood!

LETTER LVIII.

DEAR CHARLES,—"Mr. Keen says the Flag is tolerable!" Well, that is more than Mr. Keen is. If he is so hard to please, why does he not do his own articles, and let us have a specimen of perfection? I suppose, however, Mr. Keen, like most other critics, imagines his duty is simply to criticise, although incapable of writing himself.

I have more than once read little poems and long tales, of a very unmerciful and desperately unsparing and wholly unpleasable cynic, which were certainly a little inferior to his neighbor's wares, that in the same magazine had been ruthlessly dashed and torn. Many a looker-on thinks he could play chess better than either of the two engaged, who, when his turn comes, moves with egregious blundering.

However, as I never set up for a tall poet, I have not far to fall. Come, I will try again—two sonnets are suffixed, like a long bob-tail to a little kite.

Yours ever,
R. CARLTON.

SONNET—PRIMO.

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

I.

O come, love!
Our home is very sad!
Oh! do not stay
So long away,
But haste to make us glad
Once more, love!

II.

O come, love!
Our brood requires thy wing!
They climb my seat,
And there repeat
Thy name—I bid them sing
Thy song, love!

III.

O come, love!
Our food is tasteless now;

It needs thy care
To dress our fare,
And drive from low'ring brow
The clouds, love!

IV.

O come, love!
Our flow'rs bloom not so gay!
I watch and train,
But all in vain—
They smell, nor look to-day
So sweet, love!

V.

O come, love!
Our music all is flown!
Sad is the flute
Without thy lute;
I cannot bear alone
To play, love!

VI.

O come, love!
Our babes within my breast
Close tearful eyes,
And with their sighs
For thee, prevent my rest
At night, love!

VII.

O come, love!
Our home is very drear,
Till thy lov'd face
In every place
Beam smiles, and there we hear
Thy voice, love!

SONNET—SECUNDO.

THE WIFE'S REPLY.

I.

I come, dear!
Our home!—it thrills my heart
With joys and fears,
Mid gushing tears!
Sweet home!—we must not part
Again, dear.

II.

I come, dear!
Our brood!—I hear their voice,
Like birds in nest
'Neath feather'd breast!
The song!—I must rejoice
With thee, dear!

III.

I come, dear!
Our food!—the coarsest meal
Is sweet with you,
My fond and true!
To spread our board I feel
So proud, dear?

IV.

I come, dear!
Our flow'rs! how bright and fair
In parterre neat,
With fragrance sweet
Grateful they grow for care
From thee, dear!

V.

I come, dear!
Our music!—how we'll sing
At twilight's hour
In favorite bower,
Till mountain echo ring
With "home," dear!

VI.

I come, dear!
Our babes!—they shall not weep!
A mother's arm,
Thrown round, like charm,
Soon lulls to gentle sleep
The babes, dear!

VII.

I come, dear!
Oh, joy!—our home!—our home!
No! no!—I stay
Too long away!
Sad lot were mine to roam
From that, dear!

LETTER LIX.

DEAR CHARLES,—Keen is hypercritical. He wishes to know if "sweet" is the author's favorite epithet, and if the author thinks it renders his verses "luscious?" If the sonnets please him, let him change the words for some synonym. As he gets the things for nothing, let him tinker them to his purpose.

You wish, however, articles more decidedly religious, as your magazine is intended for the religious world. I have no leisure just now to do any thing new in that way, so I send you three that have already appeared in religious journals.

Yours ever,
R. CARLTON.

STANZAS,

Sung at the dismission of a School, after the death of a Pupil.

Sweet repose! all tasks are ended!
Home's bright vision thrills the heart!
Yet our souls with other blended,
Feel the pang when call'd to part!
Ever thus midst this world's pleasures,
Steals some pain to mar the joy;
Seek we then the blood-bought treasures,
Where is found no base alloy.

Time! how swift thy onward flying,
Since was spoke the last adieu!
Wise to keep the hour of dying,
E'en amid our joys in view!
One, alas! snatch'd from this number,
Sings no more its farewell song!
No voice wakes his dreamless slumber
In the silent church-yard throng.

Far beyond this shadowy dwelling,
When we cease the songs of earth,
May we join in anthems swelling,
Brothers made by heav'nly birth!
Hope like this will pleasure heighten,
Nerve for every work of life,
Darkness on the pathway brighten,
Conquer in the final strife!

LINES,

At the return of a Missionary's Wife from Africa, immediately after burying her Husband, who died in a few months after he had commenced there his labors.

Come, thou bereav'd one! Christian love spreads wide
Her arms to fold thee near our tend'rest hearts!
There rest thy head, while with thy sorrow's tide
Our grief commingles: thine, fresh gushing, starts,
For thou, Naomi-like, art widow'd come,
So stricken back, to seek thy childhood's home!

Sister! tears sadden'd, late, thy farewell hour;
Yet buoy'd with hope, and strong in faith, and warm
With heav'nly zeal, thou shedd'st a sunlit shower—
Joy so gleam'd mid tears; and firmly on th' arm
Of warrior true—but not to shed men's blood—
Trustful inclin'd, thou daredst the billowy flood.

Sister! that youth was 'listed for the life!
Sworn at thy bridal his, for weal or woe,
Thou wast, the campaign through, a soldier's wife;
And bless'd wast thou, when bid of God to go,
Tho' thy sole task to stay his fainting breast
With words of Christ, and see him pass to rest.

Sister! how soon the call for battle came
With the grim foe! How soon, alas! 'twas thine,
Though not amid the tented field of fame,
Where men of strife, gory and gash'd, recline
On honor's bed, yet still to see him slain!
But conq'ror then, he found death's dart was vain.

Sister! thy soul in that sad hour was rent
With keenest pangs! Yet with thy bitter cries
Rose mingled thanks to God, that thou wast sent
To that far land, to shut those darken'd eyes,
The death-damps from that changing face to lave,
And lay thy lov'd one in that strange, lone grave!

Sister! oh! sob no more, as tho' the strings
Burst from thy swelling heart! From Afric's shores
Heav'nward bend thy thoughts:—see! on seraph wings
Triumphing, he, thro' burning hosts, upsoars,
Eyeing that crown, gift of redeeming love!
Oh! stay thy tears! He reigns with Christ above!

Sister! thy husband's God will ever shield
His wife. Faith, zeal, and toil for pagan lands,
From love of souls, or mid the scorching field,
Or ocean's waste, Christ graves upon his hands!
The honor'd spouse that shar'd dear Alward's fight,
Shares joy and praise, when faith is lost in sight.

LUTHER AT THE DIET OF WORMS.

"Hier stehe ich: ich kan nicht anders: Gott helfe mir!"

Thou there! but yesterday the cloister's cell
Echoed thy groans, and thy crushed spirit fell
E'en at a zephyr's breath!
Thou there alone against the world! O sight
For angels! Lo! thy weakness chang'd to might
That braves all forms of death,
And bids defiance unto Hell! God's power,
O man of faith! doth help thee in this hour.

Yes! there thou art! Awe-struck the gods, intent,
Both sceptered king and mitred priest are bent
Tow'rd thee with steadfast gaze!
'Tis Heaven's own grandeur stamped upon that brow,
That shames all pride and pomp of pageant now.
So looked men at the rays
From prophet's unveiled face, till at the sight
Appalled they fled, blind with celestial light.

What though the mighty ones are sworn and met,
With vengeful soul, an empty seal to set
On thine eternal fate?
What though is broke the hush of solemn spell
By muttered threat and curse of earth and hell,
And taunt of scorn and hate?
Thou moveless art, mid storm of fiercest ire,
As that famed rock that bears the beacon fire.

Vain hope! to weave for thee the darkest maze
Of cunning toils. Thou walkest mid full blaze
That streams from upper throne.
No lure to thee is bribe of rank and gold;
Like Him to whom long since by tempter bold
This world's whole pomp was shown,
Due price for homage done, stern dost thou say
To timid friends and treacherous foes—Away!

Stand deathless on thy lofty mountain height—
A glory sent our lower world to light,
Till heaven and earth are past!
Ever thy words shall stir the deep profound
Of inmost soul, and bid the bosom bound
With thought for speech too vast!
O Rome! for thee that voice has mystic tone
With this prophetic knell—"Fall'n is thy throne!"

LETTER LX.

Dear Charles,—I am glad your critical friend likes the "spirit" of the last articles. He durst not say they were not worth printing, since men as good judges as himself had actually printed them. I now send, for the last attempt at the "Art of Poetry," *A Thunder Storm on the Lake*—not with the expectation of having Keen print it, but to elicit his opinion.

Let me know at your earliest leisure what he says; although for the present I cannot promise to answer your letters, except with the greatest brevity.

Yours ever,
R. Carlton.

THUNDER STORM ON THE LAKE.

Profound the hush around the silv'ry stream!
A hush, like musing melancholy's dream!
See! sprung from mirror wave, a vault of blue
Uparch'd and join'd to inverse semblance true,
Makes concave sphere, where, hast'ning to its rest,
Sun sinking meets sun rising in the West!
And curving banks with fringe of living green
Picture below, revers'd, a magic scene;
By bathing wing or leaping fish so stirr'd,
As in that phantom land breath'd wind, unheard
Above, where forms and colors moveless stand—
Sweet, matchless paintings, trac'd by master hand!

Hark! what and whence that dread and solemn swell?—
A mystic shout that grandly rose and fell,
As in the deep of mirror'd world some spirit choir
Responsive sang to theme of burning lyre!

Up starts the waking sense, intent to hear
That voice again—the heart the while in fear!
Nor vain; that voice, great tempest king, was thine,
Bidding fierce hosts of fire around thee shine,
And marshall'd from the hazy West to rise,
Mid darkness, o'er serene of smiling skies—
There, hark! a longer and a harsher peal
The lagging chides, and orders quick to wheel,
With magazine of rain and forked light,
To where their angry lord holds back from flight
The winged steeds beneath his car of cloud—
Winds chaf'd and uttering howls of discord loud!

Behold! like first faint dim from om'nous wings
When death, at distance coming, sadness flings
On infant face of lov'd and smitten child,
O'er picture scene below, solemn and wild,
Steals awe with shade—true portent that the car,
On whirlwinds borne, is rushing from afar!
With terror fraught, akin to day of doom,
It casts a deep and yet a deeper gloom—
Strange seeming shadows, mix'd with fiery red
Of sun obscure, thro' dimming sackcloth shed!

Loud thunder, now, speaks all the terror near;
And yonder imag'd world, as mov'd in fear
Its frame should pass, shakes in the quiv'ring lake,
And dreads, when next th' electric cloud shall break.
Ha! scatheful glare! how quick at vivid gleam,
Vanish'd, dissolv'd, my bright and gentle dream!
See! e'en yon tow'ring crag of frowning rock
Now quakes and smokes from vast and instant shock!

He comes! he comes! enshrin'd in that black cloud
Dense veil'd around his throne—an awful shroud!
Its edges light with curl of silv'ry wreaths,
As smoke the deep-voic'd cannon breathes!—
Away!—to shelt'ring cave away!—the crash
Is here!—the deaf'ning roar!—the dazzling flash!—
The strife of winds and waves—beneath, around,
Above, is madness all! The solid ground
Staggers! and o'er the lake, its foamy white,
Lash'd by wrathful winds in giant might,
Rages—a sea of mingled mist and fire!
The trees, fierce shaken, in the ruthless ire
Of unseen potent forms, down crush'd, low bend,
And cries of woe, with frantic gestures, send!
Fast streams, from upper air, the torrent rain!
With noise, it beats reiterant the plain;
Or crystal rods, to fragments is it hurl'd,
Or myriad sparkles blown!—a chaos world

Becomes the mass conglomerate of sky,
And earth, and fire, and flood! Wild fury's cry
His triumph marks, and rage, mid sullen light,
Thro' darkness struggling of sepulchral night!

But past the stormy car of sable cloud;
That voice, in distant thunder long and loud,
The elemental strife bids instant stay!
Swift squadrons wheel, on ready winds, away,
Darting from rank to rank the signal light,
And all, or far, or near, speed on the flight!

Lo! what a sudden tide of golden beams
From yon rich mellow blaze of beauty streams!
'Tis essence burning from ambrosial grove,
Round couch, with sumptuous veiling, wove
From fleecy cloud, soft mist, and azure sky,
Suffus'd by angel art with gorgeous dye!—
Rest meet to wait the splendent prince of day,
Majestic sinking from the scene away!

See, too, behind where night of tempest lowers,
Soft gems of rainbow dew in copious showers
Forth shed by tempest's lord, as sign of love,
Are ranged in yonder ample arch above!
The blending hues curve that vast circle's round,
Whose plane of light metes out distinct the bound
Between that zone of storm and this of rest,
Where earth smiles joyous in fresh verdure drest.

And lo! yet mingled, as in fitful dream,
With quiv'ring dyes of heaven and sunshine gleam,
Amidst the dancing waves, like sep'rate parts
Of picture torn, the vision world forth starts!
Thus, to our view, breaks first the spirit land,
When pass'd, disrob'd of flesh, we awe-struck stand
Beyond the wave, on Jordan's farther shore,
And curious catch the distant blended roar—
The words mysterious, and strange solemn notes—
A seraph song mid empyrean floats!
Dread sounds!—a voice wakes in the ravish'd soul—
An echo comes like farewell thunder's roll.

THE END.

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